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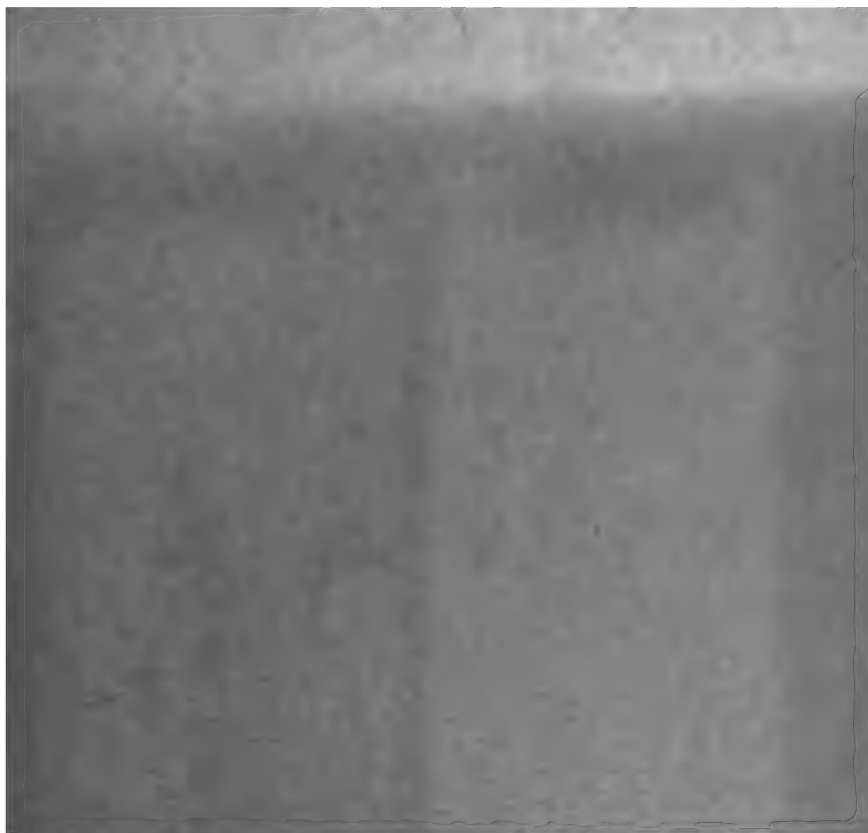






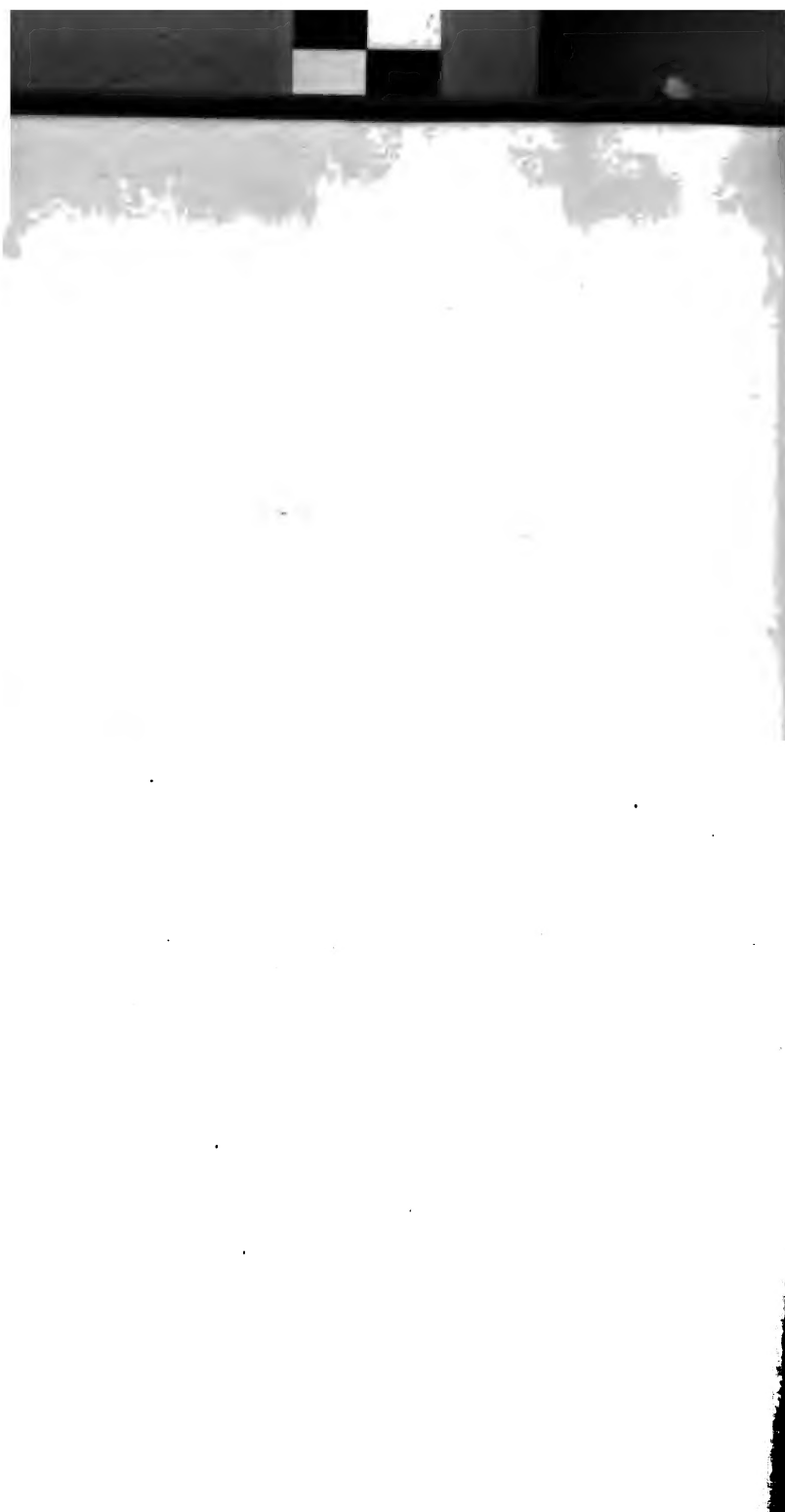
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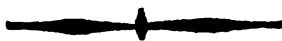
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1785.





HARRISON'S EDITION.



THE  
**T A T L E R;**

OR,

**LUCUBRATIONS**

OF

**ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.**

*City of London.*

**IN FOUR VOLUMES.**



**L O N D O N:**

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N<sup>o</sup> 18, Paternoster Row,

**MDCCLXXXV.**



TO  
MR. MAYNWARING.

SIR,

THE state of conversation and business in this town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in both kinds; in order to open mens eyes against such abuses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publish a Paper, which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable as well as the busy part of mankind. To make this generally read, it seemed the most proper method to form it by way of a Letter of Intelligence, consisting of such parts as might gratify the curiosity of persons of all conditions, and of each sex. But a work of this nature requiring time to grow into the notice of the world, it happened very luckily, that, a little before I had resolved upon this design, a Gentleman had written predictions, and two or three other pieces in my name, which had rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

By this good fortune the name of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit; and the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a multitude of other readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the opinion of the town, that these Lucubrations were written by the same hand with the first works which were published under my name; but before I lost the participation of that Author's fame, I had already found the advantage of his authority, to which I owe the sudden acceptance which my labours met with in the world.

The general purpose of this Paper is to expose the false arts of life; to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation; and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour. No man has a better judgment for the discovery, or a nobler spirit for the contempt, of all imposture, than yourself; which qualities render you the most proper patron for the Author of these Essays. In the general, the design, however executed, has met with so great success, that there is hardly a name now eminent among us for power, wit, beauty, valour, or wisdom, which is not subscribed for the encouragement of these volumes. This is, indeed, an honour, for which it is impossible to express a suitable gratitude; and there is nothing could be an addition to the pleasure I take in it but the reflection, that it gives me the most conspicuous occasion I can ever have, of subscribing myself,

SIR,

Your most obliged, most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.





THE  
T A T L E R.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

N<sup>o</sup> I. TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.

JUV. SAT. I. V. 34, 35.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—  
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

**T**HOUGH the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, report and consider all matters, of what kind soever, that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve also to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair-sex, in honour of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnest-

ly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present gratis, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner.

All accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, and Entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning, under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from Saint James's Coffee-house;

house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under six-pence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good Observer cannot speak with even Kidney at Saint James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my gratis stock is exhausted) of a penny a piece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of suggestion, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are past, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.

#### WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 7.

THE deplorable condition of a very pretty gentleman, who walks here at the hours when men of quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His history is, that on the ninth of September 1705, being in his one and twentieth year, he was washing his teeth at a tavern-window in Pall Mall, when a fine equipage passed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him; away goes the coach; and the young gentleman pulled off his night-cap, and instead of rubbing his gums, as he ought to do, out of the window until about four of the clock, sits him down and spoke not a word until twelve at night; after which he began to enquire if any body knew the lady. The company asked—'What lady?' but he said no more until they broke up at six in the morning. All the ensuing winter he went from church to church every Sunday, and from playhouse to playhouse every night in the week; but could never find the original of the picture which dwelt in his bosom. In a word, his attention to any thing but his passion was utterly gone. He has lost all the me-

ney he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered upon since the moment he first saw her. He is of a noble family, has naturally a very good air, and is of a frank honest temper; but this passion has so extremely mauled him, that his features are set and uninformed, and his whole visage is deadened, by a long absence of thought. He never appears in any alacrity, but when raised by wine; at which time he is sure to come lothly, and throw away a great deal of wit on fellows who have no sense farther than just to observe, that our poor lover has most understanding when he is drunk, and is least in his senses when he is sober.

#### WHITE'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 8.

ON Thursday last was acted, for the benefit of Mr. Beaton, the celebrated comedy called Love for Love. Those excellent players, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Burdett, and Mr. Dogget, though not at present concerned in the house, acted on that occasion. There has not been known so great a concourse of persons of distinction as at that time; the stage itself was covered with gentlemen and ladies; and when the curtain was drawn, it discovered even there a very splendid audience. This unusual encouragement, which was given to a play for the advantage of so great an actor, gives an undeniable instance that the true relish for manly entertainments and rational pleasures is not wholly lost. All the parts were acted to perfection: the actors were careful of their carriage, and no one was guilty of the affectation to insert witticisms of his own; but a due respect was had to the audience, for encouraging this accomplished player. It is not now doubted but plays will revive, and take their usual place in the opinion of persons of wit and merit, notwithstanding their late apostacy in favour of dress and sound. This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires, in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game. But however the company is altered, all have shown a great respect for Mr. Betterton's

and the very gaming part of this house have been so much touched with a sense of the uncertainty of human affairs, (which alter with themselves every moment) that in this gentleman they pitied Mark Anthony of Rome, Hamlet of Denmark, Mithridates of Pontus, Theodorus of Greece, and Henry the Eighth of England. It is well known, he has been in the condition of each of those illustrious personages for several hours together, and behaved himself in those high stations, in all the changes of the scene, with suitable dignity. For these reasons, we intend to repeat this favour to him on a proper occasion, lest he, who can instruct us so well in personating feigned sorrows, should be lost to us by suffering under real ones. The town is at present in very great expectation of seeing a comedy now in rehearsal, which is the twenty-fifth production of my honoured friend Mr. Thomas D'Urfey; who, besides his great abilities in the dramatic, has a peculiar talent in the lyric way of writing, and that with a manner wholly new and unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the translators of the modern Italian operas.

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 11.

LETTERS from the Hague of the sixteenth say, that Major General Cadogan was gone to Brussels, with orders to disperse proper instructions for assembling the whole force of the Allies in Flanders, in the beginning of the next month. The late offers concerning peace were made in the style of persons who think themselves upon equal terms: but the Allies have so just a sense of their present advantages, that they will not admit of a truce, except France offers what is more suitable to her present condition. At the same time we make preparations, as if we were alarmed by a greater force than that which we are carrying into the field. Thus the point seems now to be argued sword in hand. This was what a great general alluded to, when being asked the names of those who were to be plenipotentiaries for the ensuing peace, he answered with a serious air—'There are about an hundred thousand of us.' Mr. Kidney, who has the ear of the greatest politicians that come hither, tells me, there is a mail come in to-day with letters, dated Hague, April the nineteenth, N. S. which

say, a design of bringing part of our troops into the field, at the latter end of this month, is now altered to a resolution of marching towards the camp about the twentieth of the next. There happened the other day, in the road of Scheveling, an engagement between a privateer of Zeeland and one of Dunkirk. The Dunkirker, carrying thirty-three pieces of cannon, was taken and brought into the Texel. It is said the courier of Monsieur Rouille is returned to him from the Court of France. Monsieur Vendosme, being reinstated in the favour of the Dutchess of Burgundy, is to command in Flanders.

Mr. Kidney added, that there were letters of the seventeenth from Ghent, which give an account that the enemy had formed a design to surprize two battalions of the Allies which lay at Aloft: but those battalions received advice of their march, and retired to Dendermond. Lieutenant General Wood appeared on this occasion at the head of five hundred foot and one thousand horse; upon which the enemy withdrew, without making any farther attempt.

## FROM MY OWN APARTMENT.

I AM sorry I am obliged to trouble the public with so much discourse upon a matter which I at the very first mentioned as a trifle, viz. the death of Mr. Partridge, under whose name there is an Almanack come out for the year 1709. In one page of which it is asserted by the said John Partridge, that he is still living, and not only so, but that he was also living some time before, and even at the instant when I writ of his death. I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead; and, if he has any shame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance: for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear, and perform their animal functions; yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his art is gone, the man is gone. I am, as I said, concerned, that this little matter should make so much noise; but since I am engaged, I take myself obliged in honour to go on in my Lucubrations, and by the help of those arts of which I am master, as well as my skill in astrological speculations, I shall, as I see occasion, proceed to confute other dead



dead men, who pretend to be in being, that they are actually deceased. I therefore give all men fair warning to amend their manners; for I shall from time to time print bills of mortality: and I beg

the pardon of all such who named therein, if they who: nothing shall find themselves ber of the deceased.

## Nº II. THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1709

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 13.

**T**HERE has lain all this evening on the table the following poem. The subject of it being matter very useful for families, I thought it deserved to be considered, and made more public. The turn the poet gives it is very happy; but the foundation is from a real accident which happened among my acquaintance. A young gentleman of a great estate fell desperately in love with a great beauty of very high quality, but as ill-natured as long flattery and an habitual self-will could make her. However, my young spark ventures upon her, like a man of quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever saluted her, until it was a crime to kiss any woman else. Beauty is a thing which palls with possession; and the charms of this lady soon wanted the support of good-humour and complacency of manners. Upon this my spark flies to the bottle for relief from his satiety. She disdains him for being tired with that for which all men envied him; and he never came home, but it was—  
 ‘Was there no sot that would stay  
 ‘longer? Would any man living but  
 ‘you? Did I leave all the world for  
 ‘this usage?’ To which he—‘Ma-  
 ‘dam, split me, you are very imperti-  
 ‘nent!’ In a word, this match was wedlock in it’s most terrible appearances. She at last, weary of railing to no purpose, applies to a good uncle, who gives her a bottle he pretended he had bought of a conjuror. ‘This,’ said he, ‘I  
 ‘gave ten guineas for. “The virtue of  
 ‘the enchanted liquor,” said he that sold  
 ‘it, “is such, that if the woman you  
 ‘marry proves a scold,” (which it seems,  
 ‘my dear niece, is your misfortune, as  
 ‘it was your good mother’s before you)  
 ‘let her hold three spoonfuls in her  
 ‘mouth for a full half hour after you  
 ‘come home.” But I find I am not  
 in humour for telling a tale; and no-  
 thing in nature is so ingrateful as story-

telling against the grain; tho  
 it as the author has given it

### THE MEDICINE.

#### A TALE—FOR THE LA

**M**ISS Molly, a fam’d toast,  
 young,  
 Had wealth and charms—but tl  
 tongue!

From morn to night th’ eternal  
 Which often lost those hearts here

Sir John was smitten, and confes  
 Sigh’d out the usual time, then w  
 Posses’d he thought of ev’ry joy  
 But his dear Molly prov’d a ver  
 Excess of fondness did in time d  
 Madam lov’d money, and the  
 wine.

From whence some petty discords  
 As—‘You’re a fool!’ and—‘Yc  
 ‘wife!’

Tho’ he and all the world allow  
 Her voice was shrill, and rather low  
 When she began, for hat and sw  
 Then after a faint kiss, cry—‘B’  
 ‘Supper and friends expect me at  
 ‘And what, Sir John, you’ll ge  
 dose!

‘Go, stink of smoke, and guzzl  
 ‘Sure, never virtuous love was us

Oft as the watchful bell-man  
 round,

At a fresh bottle gay Sir John!  
 By four the knight would get hist  
 And only then reel’d off, becau  
 Full well he knew the dreadful st  
 But arm’d with Bourdeaux, he  
 home.

My lady with her tongue was stil  
 She rattl’d loud, and he impati  
 ‘Tis a fine hour! In a sweet p  
 ‘And this, Sir John, is ev’ry d  
 ‘Here I sit moping all the live-  
 ‘Devour’d with spleen, and stran  
 ‘Till morn sends stag’ring hor  
 ‘beast,

‘Resolv’d to break my heart, a

‘Hey! hoop! d’ye hear my  
 ‘strep’rous spouse,

‘What, can’t you find one bed ab

'Will that perpetual clack lie never still?  
'That rival to the softness of a mill!  
'Some couch and distant room must be my  
    'choice,  
'Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and  
    'noise.'

Long this uncomfortable life they led,  
With snarling meals, and each a sep'rate bed.  
To an old uncle oft the would complain,  
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.  
Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was,  
'Cheer up,' cry'd he! 'and I'll remove the  
    'cause.'

'A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,  
'Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose  
'Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,  
'The best elixir t' appease man and wife:  
'Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;  
'Tis water call'd, but worth it's weight in  
    'wine.  
'If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,  
'Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth  
    '—then mum!  
'Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage  
    'and scold,  
'Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;  
'One month this sympathetic mod'cine try'd,  
'He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.  
'But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret  
    'close,  
'Or ev'ry prattling huffey 'ill beg a dose.'

A water-bottle's brought for her relief;  
Not Nants could sooner ease the lady's grief:  
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,  
And, female like, impatient for th' event!

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,  
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war:  
Ear'ning, he cries—'Hey! where's our thun-  
    'd-r fled!

'No hurricane'—Betty's your lady dead?'  
Macam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,  
Carters, looks kind, but not a word she  
    'speaks:

Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his eye believ'd,  
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.

'Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet  
    'now?'

She smiles, and answers only with a bow.  
Then clasping her about—'Why, let me die!

'These night-cloaths, Moll, become thee  
    'mightily'

With that, he sigh'd, her hand began to press,  
And Betty calls, her lady to undress.

'Nay, kiss me, Molly; for I'm much in-  
    'clin'd.'

Her lace she cut; to take him in the mind,  
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,  
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

*For many days these fond endearments pass,  
The reconciling bottle fails at last;*

'Twas us'd and gone—Then midnight storms  
    arose,

And looks and words the union discompose.  
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies,  
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;  
Transported, does the strange effects relate,  
Her knight's conversion, and her happy state!

'Why, niece,' says he 'I pry'thee apprehend,  
'The water's water—be thyself thy friend;  
'Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,  
'But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:  
'Be silent and complying. You'll soon find,  
'Sir John, without a medicine will be kind.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 13:

LETTERS from Venice say, the dis-  
appointment of their expectation to  
see his Danish Majesty has very much  
disquieted the court of Rome. Our last  
advices from Germany inform us, that  
the minister of Hanover has urged the  
council at Ratisbonne to exert themselves  
in behalf of the common cause, and  
taken the liberty to say, that the dig-  
nity, the virtue, the prudence, of his  
Electoral Highness, his master, were call-  
ed to the head of their affairs in vain,  
if they thought fit to leave him naked  
of the proper means to make those ex-  
cellencies useful for the honour and safe-  
ty of the empire. They write from  
Berlin of the thirteenth, O.S. that the  
true design of General Fleming's visit to  
that court was, to insinuate that it will  
be for the mutual interest of the King of  
Prussia and King Augustus to enter into  
a new alliance; but that the ministers of  
Prussia are not inclined to his sentiments.  
We hear from Vienna, that his Imperial  
Majesty has expressed great satisfaction  
in their High Mightinesses having com-  
municated to him the whole that has  
passed in the affair of a peace. Though  
there have been practices used by the  
agents of France, in all the courts of  
Europe, to break the good understand-  
ing of the Allies, they have had no other  
effect, but to make all the members con-  
cerned in the alliance more doubtful of  
their safety from the great offers of the  
enemy. The Emperor is roused by this  
alarm, and the frontiers of all the French  
dominions are in danger of being insult-  
ed the ensuing campaign. Advices from  
all parts confirm, that it is impossible  
for France to find a way to obtain so  
much credit as to gain any one poten-  
tate of the Allies, or conceive any hope  
for safety from other prospects.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 13.

I FIND it of great use, now I am setting up for a writer of news, that I am an adept in astrological speculations; by which means I avoid speaking of things which may offend great persons. But, at the same time, I must not prostitute the liberal sciences so far, as not to utter the truth in cases which do immediately concern the good of my native country. I must therefore contradict what has been so assuredly reported by the new-writers of England, that France is in the most deplorable condition, and that their people die in great multitudes. I will therefore let the world know, that my correspondent, by the way of Brussels, informs me, upon his honour, that the gentleman who writes the Gazette of Paris, and ought to know as well as

any man, has told him, that ever since the king has been past his sixty-third year, or grand climacteric, there has not died one man of the French nation who was younger than his majesty, except very few, who were taken suddenly near the village of Hocstet in Germany; and some more, who were straitened for lodging at a place called Ramelies, and died on the road to Ghent and Bruges. There are also other things given out by the Allies, which are shifts below a conquering nation to make use of. Among others it is said, there is a general murmuring among the people of France, though at the same time all my letters agree, that there is so good an understanding among them, that there is not one moriel carried out of any market in the kingdom but what is delivered upon credit.

### Nº III. SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 14.

THIS evening the comedy called the Country Wife was acted in Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Bignell. The part which gives name to the play was performed by herself. Through the whole action she made a very pretty figure, and exactly entered into the nature of the part. Her husband, in the drama, is represented to be one of those debauchees who run through the vices of the town, and believe, when they think fit, they can marry and settle at their ease. His own knowledge of the iniquity of the age makes him chuse a wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his security in her want of skill to abuse him. The poet, on many occasions, where the propriety of the character will admit of it, insinuates, that there is no defence against vice, but the contempt of it; and has, in the natural ideas of an untainted innocent, shown the gradual steps to ruin and destruction, which persons of condition run into, without the help of a good education to form their conduct. The torment of a jealous coxcomb, which arises from his own false maxims, and the aggravation of his pain, by the very words in which he sees her innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive satire. The character of Horner, and

the design of it, is a good representation of the age in which that comedy was written; at which time love and wenching were the business of life, and the gallant manner of pursuing women was the best recommendation at court. To this only it is to be imputed, that a gentleman of Mr. Wycherley's character and sense condescends to represent the insults done to the honour of the bed without just reproof; but to have drawn a man of probity with regard to such considerations, had been a monster; and a poet had at that time discovered his want of knowing the manners of the court he lived in, by a virtuous character in his fine Gentleman, as he would show his ignorance, by drawing a vicious one to please the present audience. Mrs. Bignell did her part very happily, and had a certain grace in her rusticity, which gave us hopes of seeing her a very skilful player, and in some parts supply our loss of Mrs. Verbruggen. I cannot be of the same opinion with my friends and fellow-labourers, the reformers of manners, in their severity towards play but must allow, that a good play before a well-bred audience must very proper incitements to good behaviour, and be the most quick and prevailing method of giving young people a turn of sense and breeding as I have set up for a week

I resolve to be a faithful one; and therefore take this public occasion to admonish a young nobleman, who came flustered into the box last night, and let him know how much all his friends were out of countenance for him. The women sat in terror of hearing something that should shock their modesty, and all the gentlemen in as much pain out of compassion to the ladies, and perhaps repentment for the indignity which was offered in coming into their presence in so disrespectful a manner. Wine made him say nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon condition he never will hazard his offending more in this kind. As I just now hinted, I own myself of the society for reformation of manners. We have lower instruments than those of the family of Bickerstaff, for punishing great crimes, and exposing the abandoned. Therefore, as I design to have notices from all public assemblies, I shall take upon me only indecorums, improprieties, and negligences, in such as should give us better examples. After this declaration, if a fine lady thinks fit to giggle at church, or a great beau come in drunk to a play, either shall be sure to hear of it in my ensuing paper. For, merely as a well-bred man, I cannot bear these enormities.

After the play, we naturally stroll to this coffee-house, in hopes of meeting some new poem, or other entertainment, among the men of wit and pleasure, where there is a dearth at present. But it is wonderful there should be so few writers, when the art is become merely mechanic, and men may make themselves great that way, by as certain and infallible rules as you may be a joiner or a mason. There happens a good instance of this in what the hawker has just now offered to sale, to wit, 'Instructions to Vanderbank—A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets—A Poem, occasioned by the glorious Success of her Majesty's Arms, under the Command of the Duke of Marlborough, the last Year in Flanders.' Here you are to understand, that the author, finding the poets would not take his advice, troubles himself no more about them; but has met with one Vanderbank, who works in arras, and makes very good tapestry-hangings: therefore, in order to celebrate the hero of the age, he claps together all that can be said of a man that makes hangings:

Then, artist, who dost Nature's face express  
In silk and gold, and scenes of action dress;  
Dost figur'd arras animat'd leave,  
Spin a bright story, or a passion weave;  
By mingling threads, can'st mingle shade and  
light,  
Delineate triumphs, or describe a fight?

Well, what shall this workman do? Why, to shew how great an hero the poet intends, he provides him a very good horse—

Champing his foam, and bounding on the  
plain,  
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his  
mane.

Now, as to the intrepidity, the calm courage, the constant application of the hero, it is not necessary to take that upon yourself; you may, in the lump, bid him you employ raise him as high as he can, and if he does it not, let him answer for disobeying orders.

Let fame and victory in inferior sky  
Hover with balanc'd wings, and smiling fly  
Above his head, &c.

A whole poem of this kind may be ready against an ensuing campaign, as well as a space left in the canvas of a piece of tapestry for the principal figure, while the under parts are working; so that in effect the adviser copies after the man he pretends to direct. This method should, methinks, encourage young beginners: for the invention is so fitted to all capacities, that by the help of it a man may make a receipt for a poem. A young man may observe, that the jig of the thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said in his way whom you employ to set forth your worthy. Wailer and Denham had worn out the expedient of advice to a painter: this author has transferred the work, and sent his advice to the poets; that is to say, to the turners of verse, as he calls them. Well, that thought is worn out also; therefore he directs his genius to the loom, and will have a new set of hangings in honour of the last year in Flanders. I must own to you, I approve extremely this invention, and it might be improved for the benefit of manufactory: as, suppose an ingenious gentleman should write a poem of advice to a callico-printer, do you think there is a girl in England that would wear anything but the Taking of Lille, or the  
B 2 Barba

Battle of Oudenarde: they would certainly be all the fashion, until the heroes abroad had cut out some more patterns. I should fancy small skirmishes might do for under-petticoats, provided they had a siege for the upper. If our adviser were well imitated, many industrious people might be put to work. Little Mr. Dactile, now in the room, who formerly writ a song and an half, is a week gone in a very pretty work, upon this hint: he is writing an epigram to a young virgin who knits very well: (it is a thousand pities he is a Jacobite) but his epigram is by way of advice to this damsel, to knit all the actions of the Pretender and the Duke of Burgundy's last campaign, in the clock of a stocking. It were endless to enumerate the many hands and trades that may be employed by poets, of so useful a turn as this adviser. I shall think of it; and, in this time of taxes, shall consult a great critic employed in the Custom-house, in order to propose what tax may be proper to put upon knives, seals, rings, hangings, wrought-beds, gowns and petticoats, where any of these commodities bear mottos that are worked upon poetical grounds.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 15.

LETTERS from Turin of the third instant, N. S. inform us, that his Royal Highness employs all his address in alarming the enemy, and perplexing their speculations concerning his real designs the ensuing campaign. Contracts are entered into with the merchants of Milan, for a great number of mules to transport his provisions and ammunition. His Royal Highness has or-

dered the train of artillery to be conveyed to Susa before the twenty-sixth of next month. In the mean time, all accounts agree, that the enemy are very backward in their preparations, and almost incapable of defending themselves against an invasion, by reason of the general murmurs of their own people; which, they find, are no way to be quieted but by giving them hopes of a speedy peace. When these letters were dispatched, the Marshal de Thellie was arrived at Genoa, where he has taken much pains to keep the correspondents of the merchants of France in hopes that measures will be found out to support the credit and commerce between that state and Lyons: but the late declaration of the agents of Monsieur Bernard, that they cannot discharge the demands made upon them, has quite dispirited all those who are engaged in the remittances of France.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 15.

IT is a very natural passion in all good members of the commonwealth, to take what care they can of their families. Therefore, I hope the reader will forgive me, that I desire he would go to the play called the Stratagem, this evening, which is to be acted for the benefit of my near kinsman Mr. John Bickerstaff. I protest to you, the gentleman has not spoke to me to desire this favour; but I have a respect for him, as well in regard to consanguinity, as that he is an intimate friend of that famous and heroic actor, Mr. George Powell; who formerly played Alexander the Great in all places, though he is lately grown so reserved, as to act it only on the stage.

#### N<sup>o</sup> IV. TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1709.

IT is usual with persons who mount the stage, for the cure or information of the crowd about them, to make solemn professions of their being wholly disinterested in the pains they take for the public good. At the same time those very men, who make harangues in plush doublets, and extol their own abilities and generous inclinations, tear their lungs in vending a drug, and shew no act of bounty, except it be, that they *lower a demand of a crown to six*, nay,

to one penny. We have a contempt for such poultry barterers, and have therefore all along informed the public, that we intend to give them our advices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our Lucubrations come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain that many other schemes have been proposed to me; as a friend offered to shew me in a treatise he had writ which he called, 'The whole Art-

Life; or, the Introduction to great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards.' But being a novice at all manner of play, I declined the offer. Another advised me, for want of money, to set up my coach, and practise phytic; but having been bred a scholar, I feared I should not succeed that way neither, therefore resolved to go on in my present project. But you are to understand, that I shall not pretend to raise a credit to this work upon the weight of my politic news only, but, as my Latin sentence in the title-page informs you, shall take any thing that offers for the subject of my discourse. Thus new persons, as well as new things, are to come under my consideration; as when a toast or wit is first pronounced such, you shall have the freest advice of their preferment, from me, with a description of the Beauty's manners, and the Wit's stile; as also in whose places they are advanced. For this town is never good-natured enough to raise one without depressing another. But it is my design to avoid saying any thing of any person which ought justly to displease; but shall endeavour, by the variety of the matter and stile, to give entertainment for men of pleasure, without offence to those of business.

## WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 18.

ALL hearts at present pant for two ladies only, who have for some time engrossed the dominion of the town. They are indeed both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their excellencies. The beauty of Clarissa is soft, that of Chloe piercing. When you look at Clarissa, you see the most exact harmony of feature, complexion, and shape; you find in Chloe nothing extraordinary in any one of those particulars, but the whole woman irresistible; Clarissa looks languishing; Chloe killing; Clarissa never fails of gaining admiration; Chloe of moving desire. The gazers at Clarissa are at first unconcerned, as if they were observing a fine picture: they who behold Chloe, at the first glance discover transport, as if they met with their dearest friend. These different perfections are suitably represented by the last great painter Italy has sent us, Mr. Jervase. Clarissa is by that skilful hand placed in a manner that looks artless, and innocent of the torments she gives; Chloe is drawn with a liveliness

that shows she is conscious of, but not affected with, her perfections. Clarissa is a shepherdess, Chloe a country girl. I must own, the design of Chloe's picture shows, to me, great mastery in the painter; for nothing could be better imagined than the dress he has given her of a straw-hat and a ribband, to represent that sort of beauty which enters the heart with a certain familiarity, and cheats it into a belief that it has received a lover as well as an object of love. The force of their different beauties is seen also in the effects it makes on their lovers. The admirers of Chloe are eternally gay and well-pleased; those of Clarissa melancholy and thoughtful. And as this passion always changes the natural man into a quite different creature from what he was before, the love of Chloe makes coxcombs; that of Clarissa, madmen. There were of each kind just now in this room. Here was one that whistles, laughs, sings, and cuts capers, for love of Chloe. Another hath just now writ three lines to Clarissa, then taken a turn in the garden, then came back again, then tore his fragment, then called for some chocolate, then went away without it.

Chloe has so many admirers in the house at present, that there is too much noise to proceed in my narration: so that the progress of the loves of Clarissa and Chloe, together with the bottles that are drank each night for the one, and the many sighs which are uttered, and songs written on the other, must be our subject on future occasions.

## WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 18.

LETTERS from the Haymarket inform us, that on Saturday night last the opera of Pyrrhus and Demetrius was performed with great applause. This intelligence is not very acceptable to us friends of the theatre; for the stage being an entertainment of the reason and all our faculties, this way of being pleased with the suspense of them for three hours together, and being given up to the shallow satisfaction of the eyes and ears only, seems to arise rather from the degeneracy of our understanding than an improvement of our diversions. That the understanding has no part in the pleasure, is evident from what these letters very positively assert, to wit, that a great part of the performance was  
done

done in Italian; and a great critic fell into fits in the gallery, at seeing, not only time and place, but languages and nations, confused in the most incorrigible manner. His spleen is so extremely moved on this occasion, that he is going to publish a treatise against operas, which, he thinks, have already inclined us to thoughts of peace, and if tolerated, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on the war. He has communicated his scheme to the whole room, and declared in what manner things of this kind were first introduced. He has upon this occasion considered the nature of sounds in general, and made a very elaborate digression upon the London Cries, wherein he has shown from reason and philosophy, why oysters are cried, card-matches sung, and turneps and all other vegetables neither cried, sung, nor said, but sold, with an accent and tone neither natural to man nor beast. This piece seems to be taken from the model of that excellent discourse of Mrs. Manly the school-mistress, concerning samplers. Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say, that May-fair is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. Pinkethman has removed his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich. But other letters from Deptford say, the company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several heathen gods and goddesses, which are to defend in machines, landed at the King's Head Stairs last Saturday. Venus and Cupid went on foot from thence to Greenwich; Mars got drunk in the town, and broke his landlord's head, for which he sat in the stocks the whole evening; but Mr. Pinkethman giving security that he should do nothing this ensuing summer, he was set at liberty. The most melancholy part of all was, that Diana was taken in the act of fornication with a boatman, and committed by Justice Wrathful, which has, it seems, put a stop to the diversions of the theatre of Blackheath. But there goes down another Diana and a Patient Grissel next tide from Billingsgate.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE HOUSE, APRIL 18.

THEY write from Saxony of the 13th instant, N.S. that the grand General of the Crown of Poland was so far from entering into a treaty with King Stanislaus, that he had written circular letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatines

to join against him; declaring that this was the most favourable conjuncture for asserting their liberty.

Letters from the Hague of the 23d instant, N. S. say, they have advices from Vienna, which import, that his Electoral Highness of Hanover had signified to the Imperial Court, that he did not intend to put himself at the head of the troops of the empire, except more effectual measures were taken for acting vigorously against the enemy the ensuing campaign. Upon this representation, the Emperor has given orders to several regiments to march towards the Rhine, and dispatched expresses to the respective princes of the empire to desire an augmentation of their forces.

These letters add, that an express arrived at the Hague on the 20th instant, with advice, that the enemy having made a detachment from Tournay, of fifteen hundred horse, each trooper carrying a foot soldier behind him, in order to surprize the garrison of Alost; the Allies, upon notice of their march, sent out a strong body of troops from Ghent, which engaged the enemy at Alsche, and took two hundred of them prisoners, obliging the rest to retire without making any farther attempt. On the 22d in the morning, a fleet of merchant-ships coming from Scotland, were attacked by six French privateers at the entrance of the Meuse. We have yet no certain advice of the event: but letters from Rotterdam say, that a Dutch man of war of forty guns, which was convoy to the said fleet, was taken; as were also eighteen of the merchants. The Swiss troops in the service of the States have completed the augmentation of their respective companies. Those of Wirtemberg and Prussia are expected on the frontiers within a few days; and the auxiliaries from Saxony, as also a battalion of Holsten, and another of Wolfenbüttele, are advancing thither with all expedition. On the 21st instant, the Deputies of the States had a conference near Woerden with the President Rouille, but the matter which was therein debated is not made public. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene continue at the Hague.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL

I HAVE lately been very studious intelligence; and have just now, astrological flying-post, received a

from Felicia, an island in America, with an account that gives me great satisfaction, and lets me understand that the island was never in greater prosperity, or the administration in so good hands, since the death of their late glorious King. Their letters import, that the chief minister has entered into a firm league with the ablest and best men of the nation, to carry on the cause of liberty, to the encouragement of religion, virtue, and honour. Those persons at the helm are so useful, and in themselves of such weight, that their strict alliance must needs tend to the universal prosperity of the people. Camillo, it seems, presides over the deliberations of state; and is so highly valued by all men for his singular probity, courage, affability, and love of mankind, that his being placed in that station has diminished the fears of that people, who of all the world are the most jealous of their liberty and happiness. The next member of their society is Horatio, who makes all the public dispatches. This minister is master of all the languages in use to great perfection: he is held in the highest veneration imaginable for a serene honesty, and love of his country: he lives in a court unfilled with any of its artifices, the refuge of the oppressed,

and terror of oppressors. Martio has joined himself to this council; a man of most undaunted resolution and great knowledge in maritime affairs; famous for destroying the navy of the Franks, and singularly happy in one particular, that he never preferred a man who has not proved remarkably serviceable to his country. Philander is mentioned with particular distinction; a nobleman who has the most refined taste of the true pleasures and elegance of life, joined to an indefatigable industry in business; a man eloquent in assemblies, agreeable in conversation, and dextrous in all manner of public negotiations. These letters add, that Verono, who is also of this council, has lately set sail to his government of Patricia, with design to confirm the affections of the people in the interests of his queen. This minister is master of great abilities; and is as industrious and restless for the preservation of the liberties of the people, as the greatest enemy can be to subvert them. The influence of these personages, who are men of such distinguished parts and virtues, makes the people enjoy the utmost tranquillity in the midst of a war, and gives them undoubted hopes of a secure peace from their vigilance and integrity.

## Nº V. THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 20.

**W**HO natures that lost thing, love,  
without a tear,  
since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?  
To an exact perfection they have brought  
The scorn, love, the passion is forgot.

This was long ago a witty author's lamentation, but the evil still continues; and if a man of any delicacy were to attend the discourses of the young fellows of this age, he would believe there were none but prostitutes to make the objects of passion. So true it is what the author of the above verses said, a little before his death, of the modern pretenders to gallantry: 'They set up for wits in this age, by saying, when they are sober, what they of the last spoke only when they were drunk.' But Cupid is not only blind at present, but dead drunk; he has lost all his faculties: else how should *Celia* be so long a maid, with that agreeable behaviour? *Continua*

with that sprightly wit? *Lesbia* with that heavenly voice? and *Sacharissa* with all those excellencies in one person, frequent the park, the play, and murder the poor tits that drag her to public places, and not a man turn pale at her appearance? But such is the fallen state of love, that if it were not for honest *Cynthia*, who is true to the cause, we should hardly have a pattern left of the ancient worthies that way: and indeed he has, but very little encouragement to persevere; but he has a devotion, rather than love, for his mistress, and says—

Only tell her that I love,  
Leave the rest to her and fate;  
Some kind planet from above,  
May, perhaps, her passion move;  
Lovers on their stars must wait.

But the stars I am so intimately acquainted with, that I can assure him that he will never have her: for, would you believe it? though *Cynthia* has wit, good sense, fortune, and his very being depends



depends upon her, the termagant for whom he sighs is in love with a fellow who stares in the glass all the time he is with her, and lets her plainly see she may possibly be his rival, but never his mistress. Yet Cynthia, the same unhappy man whom I mentioned in my first narrative, pleases himself with a vain imagination, that with the language of his eyes, now he has found who she is, he shall conquer her, though her eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the sex. It is certainly a mistake in the ancients to draw the little gentleman, Love, as a blind boy; for his real character is a little thief that squints. For ask Mrs. Meddle, who is a confident, or spy, upon all passions in town, and she will tell you that the whole is a game of cross purposes. The lover is generally pursuing one who is in pursuit of another, and running from one that desires to meet him. Nay, the nature of this passion is so justly represented in a squinting little thief, who is always in a double action, that do but observe Clarissa next time you see her, and you will find, when her eyes have made their soft tour round the company, she makes no stay on him they say she is to marry, but rests two seconds of a minute on Willair, who neither looks nor thinks on her, or any woman else. However, Cynthia had a bow from her the other day, upon which he is very much come to himself; and I heard him send his man of an errand yesterday, without any manner of hesitation; a quarter of an hour after which he reckoned twenty, remembered he was to sup with a friend, and went exactly to his appointment. I sent to know how he did this morning, and I find that he hath not forgot that he spoke to me yesterday.

## WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 20.

THIS week being sacred to holy things, and no public diversions allowed, there has been taken notice of, even here, a little treatise, called 'A Project for the Advancement of Religion: dedicated to the Countess of Berkeley.' The title was so uncommon, and promised so peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it, and as many as have done so have approved it. It is written with the spirit of one who has seen the world enough to undervalue it with good-breeding.

The author must certainly be a man of wisdom as well as piety, and have spent much time in the exercise of both. The real causes of the decay of the interest of religion are set forth in a clear and lively manner, without unseasonable passions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the sentiments, and the reasonings, shews it was written by one whose virtues sit easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was said by one of this company, alluding to that knowledge of the world the author seems to have, the man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to Heaven with a very good mien.

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 20.

LETTERS from Italy say, that the Marquis de Prie, upon the receipt of an express from the court of Vienna, went immediately to the palace of Paulucci, minister of state to his Holiness, and demanded in the name of his Imperial Majesty, that King Charles should forthwith be acknowledged King of Spain, by a solemn act of the congregation of cardinals appointed for that purpose: he declared at the same time, that if the least hesitation were made in this most important article of the late treaty, he should not only be obliged to leave Rome himself, but also transmit his master's orders to the Imperial troops to face about, and return into the Ecclesiastical dominions. When the Cardinal reported this message to the Pope, his Holiness was struck with so sensible an affliction, that he burst into tears: his sorrow was aggravated by letters which immediately after arrived from the court of Madrid, wherein his nuncio acquainted him, that upon the news of his accommodation with the Emperor, he had received a message to forbear coming to court; and the people were so highly provoked, that they could hardly be restrained from insulting his palace. These letters add, that the King of Denmark was gone from Florence to Pisa and from Pisa to Leghorn, where the governor paid his majesty all imaginable honours. The king designed to go thence to Lucca, where a magnificent tournament was prepared for his son. An English man of war came from Port Mahon to Ler six days, brought advice, that commander by Admiral

He's arrived at Barcelona, with the troops and ammunition which he had taken in at Naples.

General Boneval, governor of Comanchio, had summoned the magistrates of all the towns near that place to appear before him, and take an oath of fidelity to his Imperial Majesty, commanding all the gentry to pay him homage, on pain of death and confiscation of goods. Advises from Switzerland inform us, that the bankers of Geneva were utterly ruined by the failure of Mr. Bernard. They add, that the deputies of the Swiss Cantons were returned from Soleure, where they were assembled at the instance of the French ambassador, but were very much dissatisfied with the reception they had from that minister. It seems he omitted no civilities or expressions of friendship from his master, but he took no notice of their pensions and arrears: what further provoked their indignation was, that instead of twenty-five pistoles, formerly allowed to each ambassador for their charge in coming to elect, he had presented them with six only. They write from Dresden, that King Augustus was still busy in recruiting his cavalry, and that the Danish troops that lately served in Hungary had orders to be in Saxony by the middle of May; and that his Majesty of Denmark was expected at Dresden in the beginning of that month. King Augustus makes great preparations for his reception, and has appointed sixty coaches, set down by six horses, for that purpose: the interview of these princes affords great matter for speculation. Letters from Paris of the 22<sup>d</sup> of this month say, that Marshal Harcourt and the Duke of Brunswick were preparing to go into Alsace and Dauphiné, but that their troops were in want of all manner of necessaries. The court of France had received advices from Madrid, that on the 7<sup>th</sup> of this month the States of Spain had with much magnificence acknowledged the Prince of Asturias presumptive-heir to the crown. This was performed at Bar-a-Retro; the deputies took the oaths on that occasion from the hands of Cardenal Portocarrero. These advices add, that it was signified to the Pope's nuncio, by order of council, to depart from that court in twenty-four hours, and that a guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to Bayonne.

Letters from the Hague of the 26<sup>th</sup> instant inform us, that Prince Eugene was to set out the next day for Brussels, to put all things in a readiness for opening the campaign. They add, that the Grand Pensioner having reported to the Duke of Marlborough what passed in the last conference with Mr. Rouille, his Grace had taken a resolution immediately to return to Great Britain, to communicate to her Majesty all that has been transacted in that important affair.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 20.

THE nature of my miscellaneous work is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for news such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a Tatler any farther than in an incorrectness of stile, and writing in an air of common speech. Thus, if any thing that is said, even of old Anchises or Æneases, be set by me in a different light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inspire the love and admiration of worthy actions, you will, gentle reader, I hope, accept of it for intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a narrative, the matter of which I know to be true: it is not only doing justice to the deserved merit of such persons, as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but also an instance of the greatness of spirit in the lowest of her Majesty's subjects. Take it as follows:

At the siege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Union a corporal, and one Valentine a private centinel. There happened between those two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravation, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Union being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one hectoring, the other complaining; when in the midst of

this rage towards each other, they were comiranded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell. The French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy—'Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Uenion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying—'Ah, Valentine! was it for me who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee.' He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day still calling up n Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

It may be a question among men of noble sentiments, whether of these unfortunate persons had the greater soul? he that was so generous as to venture his life for his enemy, or he who could not survive the man that died, in laying upon him such an obligation?

When we see spirits like these in a people, to what heights may we not suppose their glory may rise? but (as it is excellently observed in Sallust) it is not only to the general bent of a nation that

great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary genius that led them. On which occasion he proceeds to say, that the Roman greatness was neither to be attributed to their superior policy, for in that the Carthaginians excelled; nor to their valour, for in that the French were preferable; but to particular men, who were born for the good of their country, and formed for great attempts. This he says to introduce the characters of Cæsar and Cato. It would be entering into too weighty a discourse for this place, if I attempted to shew, that our nation has produced as great and able men for public affairs as any other. But I believe the reader out-runs me, and fixes his imagination upon the Duke of Marlborough. It is, methinks, a pleasing reflection to consider the dispensations of Providence in the fortune of this illustrious man, who, in the space of forty years, has passed through all the gradations of human life, until he has ascended to the character of a prince, and become the scourge of a tyrant, who sat in one of the greatest thrones in Europe, before the man who was to have the greatest part in his downfall had made one step into the world. But such elevations are the natural consequences of an exact prudence, a calm courage, a well-governed temper, a patient ambition, and an affable behaviour. These arts, as they were the steps to his greatness, so they are the pillars of it now it is raised. To this, her glorious son, Great Britain is indebted for the happy conduct of her arms, in whom she can boast, that she has produced a man formed by nature to lead a nation of heroes.

## Nº VI. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 22.

I Am just come from visiting Sappho, a fine lady, who writes verses, sings, dances, and can do and do whatever she pleases, without the imputation of any thing that can injure her character; for she is so well known to have no passion but self-love; folly, but self-love; that now, upon any occasion, they only cry—'It is her way,' and 'that is so like her,' without farther reflection. As

I came into the room, she cries—'Oh Mr Bickerstaff, I am utterly undone I have broke that pretty Italian fr showed you when you were here wherein were so admirably drawn first parents in Paradise, asleep in other's arms. But there is such finity between painting and that I have been improving th which were raised by that pi reading the same representati of our greatest poets. L'

'are the passages in Milton and in Dryden. All Milton's thoughts are wonderfully just and natural, in that inimitable description which Adam makes of himself in the eighth book of *Paradise Lost*. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following lines, where he tells us his thoughts, when he was falling asleep a little after the creation :

While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,

From whence I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light; when answer none return'd,  
On a green swardy bank, profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with lost oppression seiz'd  
My drownd sense, untroubled, though I thought

I then was passing to my former state  
Invisible, and forthwith to dissolve.

'But now I cannot forgive this odious thing, this Dryden, who, in his *State of Innocence*, has given my grandmother Eve the same apprehension of annihilation on a very different occasion; as Adam pronounces it of himself, when he was seized with a pleasing kind of stupor and deadness, 'Eve fancies herself falling away, and dissolving in the hurry of a rapture. However, the verses are very good, and I do not know but what she says may be natural; I will read them :

When your kind eyes look'd languishing on mine,

And wreathing arms did soft embraces join;  
A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,  
Then warmth, and a warmth unknown before;  
What follow'd was all extasy and trance,  
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes  
Did dance,

And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumults  
I sit,

I thought my breath and my new being lost.

She went, and said a thousand good things at random, but so strangely mixed, that you would be apt to say all her wit is mere good luck, and not the effect of reason and judgment. When I made my escape hither, I found a gentleman playing the critic on two other great poets, even Virgil and Homer. He was observing, that Virgil is more judicious than the other in the epithets he gives his hero. 'Homer's usual epithet, said he, is *Πολύς αἶμα*, or *Πολύαἷμος*, and his indiscretion has been often railled by the critics, for mentioning the im-

bleness of foot in Achilles, though he describes him standing, sitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other circumstance, however foreign or repugnant to speed and activity. Virgil's common epithet to Æneas is *Pater*, or *Pater*. I have therefore considered, said he, what passage there is in any of his hero's actions, where either of these appellations would have been most improper, to see if I could catch him at the same fault with Homer: and this, I think, is his meeting with Dido in the cave, where Pius Æneas would have been absurd, and Pater Æneas a burlesque: the poet has therefore wisely dropped them both for Dux Trojanus—

*Speluncam Dido dux e Trojanus eandem  
Ducunt*

which he has repeated twice in Juno's speech and his own narration: for he very well knew a loose action might be consistent enough with the usual manners of a soldier, though it became neither the chastity of a pious man, nor the gravity of the father of a people.'

#### GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 22.

WHILE other parts of the town are amused with the present actions, we generally spend the evening at this table in enquiries into antiquity, and think any thing news which gives us new knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleasant entertainment to ourselves, in putting the actions of Homer's *Iliad* into an exact journal.

This poem is introduced by Chryses, King of Chrysa and priest of Apollo, who comes to re-demand his daughter, who had been carried off at the taking of that city, and given to Agamemnon for his part of the booty. The refusal he received enrages Apollo, who for nine days showered down darts upon them, which occasioned the pestilence.

The tenth day Achilles assembled the council, and encourages Chalcas to speak for the surrender of Chryseis, to appease Apollo. Agamemnon and Achilles storm at one another; notwithstanding which, Agamemnon will not release his prisoner, unless he has Briseis in her stead. After long contestations, where-in Agamemnon gives a glorious character

rafter of Achilles's valour, he determines to restore Chryſeis to her father, and ſends two heralds to fetch away Briſeis from Achilles, who abandons himſelf to ſorrow and deſpair. His mother, Thetis, comes to comfort him under his affliction, and promiſes to reſent his ſorrowful lamentation to Jupiter: but he could not attend to it; for the evening before, he had appointed to divert himſelf for two days beyond the ſeas with the harmleſs *Æthiopians*.

It was the twenty-ſiſt day after Chryſeis's arrival at the camp, that Thetis went very early to demand an audience of Jupiter. The means he uſed to ſatisfy her were, to perſuade the Greeks to attack the Trojans; that ſo they might perceive the conſequence of contemning Achilles, and the miſeries they ſuffer, if he does not head them. The next night he orders Agamemnon, in a dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the hopes of obtaining a victory, and alſo taking the city, without ſuaring the honour with Achilles.

On the twenty-ſecond in the morning he aſſembles the council, and having made a ſeint of raiſing the ſiege and retiring, he declares to them his dream; and, together with Neſtor and Ulyſſes, reſolves on an engagement.

This was the twenty-third day, which is full of incidents, and which continues from almoſt the beginning of the ſecond Iliad to the eighth. The armies being then drawn up in view of one another, Hector brings it about that Menelaus and Paris, the two perſons concerned in the quarrel, ſhould decide it by a ſingle combat, which tending to the advantage of Menelaus, was interrupted by a cowardice inſufed by Minerva: then both armies engage, where the Trojans have the diſadvantage; but being afterwards animated by Apollo, they repulſe the enemy, yet they are once again forced to give ground; but their affairs were reſtored by Hector, who has a ſingle combat with Ajax. The gods threw themſelves into the battle; Juno and Minerva took the Grecians part, and Apollo and Mars the Trojans: but Mars and Venus are both wounded by Diomedes.

The truce for burying the ſlain ended the twenty-third day, after which the *Greeks* threw up a great intrenchment, to ſecure their navy from danger. *Councils are held on both ſides. On the*

morning of the twenty-fourth day the battle is renewed, but in a very diſadvantageous manner to the Greeks, who are beaten back to their intrenchments. Agamemnon, being in deſpair at this ill ſucceſs, propoſes to the council to quit the enterprize, and retire from Troy. But by the advice of Neſtor, he is perſuaded to regain Achilles, by returning Briſeis, and ſending him conſiderable preſents. Hereupon Ulyſſes and Ajax are ſent to that hero, who continues inflexible in his anger. Ulyſſes, at his return, joins himſelf with Diomedes, and goes in the night to gain intelligence of the enemy: they enter into their very camp, where finding the centinels aſleep, they made a great ſlaughter. Rheius, who was juſt then arrived with recruits from Thrace for the Trojans, was killed in that action. Here ends the tenth Iliad. The ſequel of this journal will be inſerted in the next article from this piece.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 22.

WE hear from Italy, that notwithſtanding the Pope has received a letter from the Duke of Anjou, demanding of him to explain himſelf upon the affair of acknowledging King Charles, his Holineſs has not yet thought fit to ſend any answer to that prince. The Court of Rome appears very much mortified, that they are not to ſee his Maſteſty of Denmark in that city, having perhaps given themſelves vain hopes from a viſit made by a Proteſtant prince to that ſee. The Pope has diſpatched a gentleman to compliment his Maſteſty, and ſent the king a preſent of all the curioſities and antiquities of Rome, reprinted in ſeventeen volumes very richly bound, which were taken out of the Vatican library.—Letters from Genoa of the fourteenth inſtant ſay, that a Felucca was arrived there in five days from Marſeilles, with an account, that the people of that city had made an inſurrection, by reaſon of the ſcarcity of provisions; and that the intendant had ordered ſome companies of marines, and the men belonging to the galleys, ſtand to their arms to protect himſelf violence; but that he began to be much apprehenſion of his guard thoſe from whom they were to ſave him. When that veſſel came away ſoldiers murmured publicly.

may; and it was generally believed they would pillage the magazines, as the garrisons of Grenoble and other towns of France had already done.—A vessel which lately came into Leghorn brought advice, that the British Squadron was arrived at Port-Mahon, where they were taking in more troops, in order to attempt the relief of Alicant, which still made a very vigorous defence. It is said Admiral Byng will be at the head of that expedition. The King of Denmark was gone from Leghorn towards Lucca.

They write from Vienna, that in case the Allies should enter into a treaty of peace with France, Count Zinzendorf will be appointed first plenipotentiary, the Count de Goes the second, and Monsieur Van Konstruch a third. Major-General Palmes, envoy-extraordinary from her Britannic Majesty, has been very urgent with that court to make their utmost efforts against France the ensuing campaign, in order to oblige it to such a peace as may establish the tranquillity of Europe for the future.

We are also informed, that the Pope uses all imaginable shifts to elude the treaty concluded with the Emperor; and that he demanded the immediate restitution of Comacchio; insisting also, that his Imperial Majesty should ask pardon, and desire absolution for what had formerly passed, before he would solemnly acknowledge King Charles. But this was utterly refused.

They hear at Vienna, by letters from Constantinople, dated the twenty-second of February last, that on the twelfth of that month the Grand Seignior took occasion, at the celebration of the festivals of the Mussulmen, to let all the Christian slaves which were in the galleries at liberty.

Advice from Switzerland in port, that the preachers of the county of Tockenberg continue to create new jealousies of the Protestants; and some disturbances lately happened there on that account. The Protestants and Papists in the town of Hamman go to divine service one after another in the same church, as is usual in many parts of Switzerland; but on Sunday the tenth instant, the Popish curate, having ended his service, attempted to hinder the Protestants from entering into the church according to custom; but the Protestants briskly at-

tacked him and his party, and broke into it by force.

Last night between seven and eight, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough arrived at court.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 22.

THE present great captains of the age, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, having been the subject of the discourse of the last company I was in; it has naturally led me into a consideration of Alexander and Cæsar, the two greatest names that ever appeared before this century. In order to enter into their characters, there needs no more but examining their behaviour in parallel circumstances. It must be allowed, that they had an equal greatness of soul; but Cæsar's was more corrected and allayed by a mixture of prudence and circumspection. This is seen conspicuously in one particular in their histories, wherein they seem to have shewn exactly the difference of their tempers. When Alexander, after a long course of victories, would still have led his soldiers farther from home, they unanimously refused to follow him. We meet with the like behaviour in Cæsar's army in the midst of his march against Ariovidus. Let us therefore observe the conduct of our two generals in so nice an affair; and here we find Alexander at the head of his army, upbraiding them with their cowardice, and meanness of spirit; and in the end telling them plainly, he would go forward himself, though not a man followed him. This shewed indeed an excessive bravery; but how would the commander have come off, if the speech had not succeeded, and the soldiers had taken him at his word? The project seems of a piece with Mr. Bay's in the Rehearsal, who, to gain a cap in his Prologue, comes out with a terrible fellow in a fur cap following him, and tells his audience, if they would not like his play, he would lie down and have his head struck off. If this gained a clap, all was well; but if not, there was nothing left but for the executioner to do his office. But Cæsar would not leave the success of his speech to such uncertain events: he shews his men the unreasonableness of their fears in an obliging manner, and concludes, that if none

else would march along with him, he would go himself with the tenth legion, for he was assured of their fidelity and valour, though all the rest forsook him; not but that, in all probability, they were as much against the march as the rest. The result of all was very na-

tural: the tenth legion, fired with the praises of their general, sends thanks to him for the just opinion he entertains of them; and the rest, ashamed to be out-done, assure him, that they are as ready to follow where he pleases to lead them, as any other part of the army.

## Nº VII. TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1709.

**I**T is so just an observation, that Mock-ing is Catching, that I am become an unhappy instance of it; and am (in the same manner that I have represented Mr. Partridge) myself a dying man, in comparison of the vigour with which I first set out in the world. Had it been otherwise, you may be sure I would not have pretended to have given for news, as I did last Saturday, a diary of the siege of Troy. But man is a creature very inconsistent with himself: the greatest heroes are sometimes fearful; the sprightliest wits at some hours dull; and the greatest politicians on some occasions whimsical. But I shall not pretend to palliate or excuse the matter; for I find, by a calculation of my own nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit longer than two minutes after twelve of the clock at night, between the eighteenth and nineteenth of the next month: for which space of time you may still expect to hear from me, but no longer; except you will transmit to me the occurrences you meet with relating to your amours, or any other subject within the rules by which I have proposed to walk. If any gentleman or lady sends to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. at Mr. Mopew's near Stationers-Hall, by the penny-post, the grief or joy of their soul, what they think fit of the matter shall be related in colours as much to their advantage, as those in which Gervase has drawn the agreeable Chice. But since, without such assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a month's wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound health and senses, to make my Will and Testament; which I do in manner and form following:

*Imprimis*, I give to the stock-Jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a security for the trusts daily reposed in them, all my real estate; which I do

hereby vest in the said body of worthy citizens for ever.

*Item*, Forasmuch as it is very hard to keep land in repair without ready cash, I do, out of my personal estate, bestow the bear-skin, which I have frequently lent to several societies about this town, to supply their necessities; I say, I give also the said bear-skin, as an immediate fund to the said citizens for ever.

*Item*, I do hereby appoint a certain number of the said citizens to take all the custom-house or customary oaths concerning all goods imported by the whole city; strictly directing, that some select members, and not the whole number of a body corporate, should be per-jured.

*Item*, I forbid all n——s and persons of q——ty to watch bargains near and about the Exchange, to the diminution and wrong of the said Stock-Jobbers.

Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a manner as any will can appear, until it is explained by the learned, I have disposed of my real and personal estate: but as I am an adept, I have by birth an equal right to give also an indefeasible title to my endowments and qualifications, which I do in the following manner:

*Item*, I give my chastity to all virgins who have withstood their market.

*Item*, I give my courage among all who are ashamed of their distressed friends, all sneakers in assemblies, and men who shew valour in common conversation.

*Item*, I give my wit (as rich men give to the rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the legacy, I give it to Bentivolio, to defend his works, from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.

*Item*, I bestow my learning upon the honorary members of the Royal Society. Now for the disposal of this body.

As

As these eyes must one day cease to gaze on Teraminta, and this heart shall one day pant no more for her indignation; that is to say, since this body must be earth, I shall commit it to the dust in a manner suitable to my character. Therefore, as there are those who dispute, whether there is any such real person as Isaac Bickerstaff, or not; I shall excuse all persons who appear what they really are, from coming to my funeral. But all those who are, in their way of life, Personæ, as the Latins have it, persons assumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that solemnity.

The body shall be carried by six watchmen, who are never seen in the day.

*Item*, The pall shall be held up by the six most known pretenders to honesty, wealth, and power, who are not possessed of any of them. The two first, a Heli-lawyer, a complete Justice. The two next, a Chymist, a Projector. The third couple, a Treasury-solicitor, and a small Courtier.

To make my funeral (what that solemnity, when done to common men, really is in itself) a very farce; and since all mourners are mere actors on these occasions, I shall desire those who are professedly such to attend mine. I humbly therefore beseech Mrs. Barry to act once more, and be my widow. When she sits down away at the church-porch, I appoint the merry Sir John Falstaff, and the gay Sir Harry Watour, to support her. I desire Mr. Pinkethman to follow in the habit of a Cardinal, and Mr. Bullock in that of a Privy-counsellor. To make up the rest of the appearance, I desire all the ladies from the balconies to weep with Mrs. Barry, as they hope to be wives and widows themselves. I invite all, who have nothing else to do, to accept of gloves and scarves.

Thus, with the great Charles V. of Spain, I resign the glories of this transitory world; yet, at the same time, to show you my indifference, and that my desires are not too much fixed upon any thing, I own to you, I am as willing to stay as to go: therefore leave it in the choice of my gentle readers, whether I shall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 25.

*ESTER Day being a time when you cannot well meet with any but humble adventures; and there being such a*

thing as low-gallantry, as well as low comedy, Colonel Ramble and myself went early this morning into the fields, which were threwn with shepherds and shepherdesses, but indeed of a different turn from the simplicity of those of Arcadia. Every hedge was conscious of more than what the representations of enamoured swains admit of. While we were surveying the crowd around us, we saw at a distance a company coming towards Pancras-church; but though there was not much disorder, we thought we saw the figure of a man stuck through with a sword, and at every step ready to fall, if a woman by his side had not supported him; the rest followed two and two. When we came nearer this appearance, who should it be but Monsieur Guardeloop, mine and Ramble's French taylor, attended by others, leading one of Madame Depingle's maids to the church, in order to their espousals. It was his sword stuck so high above his waist, and the circumflex which persons of his profession take in their walking, that made him appear at a distance wounded and falling. But the morning being rainy, methought the march to this wedding was but too lively a picture of wedlock itself. They seemed both to have a month's mind to make the best of their way single; yet both tugged arm in arm; and when they were in a dirty way, he was but deeper in the mire, by endeavouring to pull out his companion, and yet without helping her. The bridegroom's feathers in his hat all drooped, one of his shoes had lost an heel. In short, he was in his whole person and dress so extremely soufed, that there did not appear one inch or single thread about him unmarried. Pardon me, that the melancholy object still dwells upon me so far, as to reduce me to punning. However, we attended them to the chapel, where we staid to hear the invincible words pronounced upon our old servant, and made the best of our way to town. I took a resolution to forbear all married persons, or any in danger of being such, for four and twenty hours at least; therefore dressed, and went to visit Florimel, the vainest thing in town, where I knew would drop in Colonel Picket, just come from the camp, her professed admirer. He is of that order of men who has much honour and merit, but withal a cockcomb; the other of that set of females, who has innocence and wit, but the first of coquets.



quels. It is easy to believe, these must be admirers of each other. She says, the colonel rides the best of any man in England; the colonel says, she talks the best of any woman. At the same time, he understands wit just as she does horsemanship. You are to know these extraordinary persons see each other daily; and they themselves, as well as the town, think it will be a match; but it can never happen that they can come to the point; for instead of addressing to each other, they spend their whole time in reports of themselves: he is astonished if he can convince her he is a fine gentleman, and a man of consequence; and she, in appearing to him an accomplished lady and a wit, without further design. Thus he tells her of his manner of posting his men at such a paces, with the numbers he commanded on that detachment: she tells him, how she was dressed on such a day at court, and what offers were made her the week following. She seems to hear the repetition of his mere names with admiration, and waits only to answer him with as false a muster of lovers. They talk to each other not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are so like, that they are to be ever distant, and the parallel lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

WELLS'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 25.

THIS evening the comedy called *Epsom Wells* was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bullock, who, though he is a person of much wit and ingenuity, has a peculiar talent of looking like a fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the part of Basket in this play. I cannot indeed sufficiently admire his way of bearing a beating, as he does in this drama, and that with such a natural air and propriety of folly, that one cannot help wishing the whip in one's own hands; so richly does he seem to deserve his chastisement. Skilful actors think it a very peculiar happiness to play in a scene with such as top their parts. Therefore I cannot but say, when the judgment of any good author directs him to write a beating for Mr. Bullock from Mr. William Pinkethman, or for Mr. William Pinkethman from Mr. Bullock, those excellent players seem to be in their most shining circumstances, and please me more, but with a different

sort of delight, than that which I receive from those grave scenes of *Brutus* and *Collins*, or *Anthony* and *Ventidius*. The whole comedy is very just, and the low part of human life represented with much humour and wit.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 25.

WE are advised from Vienna, by letters of the twentieth instant, that the Emperor hath lately added twenty new members to his council of state, but they have not yet taken their places at the board. General Thaur is returned from Baden, his health being to well re-established by the baths of that place, that he designs to set out next week for Turin, to his command of the Imperial troops in the service of the Duke of Savoy. His Imperial Majesty has advanced his brother, Count Henry Thaur, to be a brigadier, and a counsellor of the Aulic Council of War. These letters import, that King Stanislaus and the Swedish General Craffau are directing their march to the Nieper, to join the King of Sweden's army in Ukraina: that the States of Austria have furnished Marshal Heister with a considerable sum of money, to enable him to push on the war vigorously in Hungary, where all things as yet are in perfect tranquillity: and that General Thungen has been very importunate for a speedy reinforcement of the forces on the Upper Rhine, representing at the same time what miseries the inhabitants must necessarily undergo, if the designs of France on those parts be not speedily and effectually prevented.

Letters from Rome, dated the thirteenth instant, say, that on the preceding Sunday his Holiness was carried in an open chair from St. Peter's to St. Mary's, attended by the sacred college in cavalcade; and after mass distributed several dowries for the marriage of poor and distressed virgins. The pretences of that court are very dilly-dally concerning the recognition of King Charles notwithstanding the pressing instigation of the Marquis de Prie, who has said that if this affair be not wholly settled by the fifteenth instant, he will come from that court, and order the troops to return into the Ecclesiastical State. On the other hand, the Anjou's minister has, in the same matter, demanded of his

plain himself on that affair; which, it is said, will be finally determined in a confistory to be held on Monday next; the Duke d'Uzeda designing to delay his departure until he sees the issue. These letters also say, that the court was mightily alarmed at the news which they received by an express from Ferrara, that General Boneval, who commands in Comacchio, had sent circular letters to the inhabitants of St. Alberto, Longastrino, Fillo, and other adjacent parts, enjoining them to come and swear fealty to the Emperor, and receive new investitures of their fiefs from his hands. Letters from other parts of Italy say, that the King of Denmark continues at Lucca; that four English and Dutch men of war were seen off of Oneglia, bound for Final, in order to transport the troops designed for Barcelona; and that her Majesty's ship the Colchester arrived at Leghorn the fourth instant from Port Mahon, with advice that Major-general Stanhope designed to depart from thence the first instant with six or seven thousand men, to attempt the relief of the castle of Alicant.

Our last advices from Berlin, bearing date the twenty-seventh instant, import, that the King was gone to Linum, and the Queen to Mecklenburg, but that their Majesties designed to return the next week to Oranienburg, where a great chase of wild beasts was prepared for their diversion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to Potsdam; that the Prince Royal was set out for Brabant, but intended to make some short stay at Hanover. These letters also inform us, that they are advised from Othov, that the King of Sweden, being on his march towards Holki, met General Remme with a detachment of Muscovites, who, placing some regiments in ambuscade, attacked the Swedes

in their rear, and putting them to flight, killed two thousand men, the king himself having his horse shot under him.

We hear from Copenhagen, that the ice being broke, the Sound is again open for the ships; and that they hoped his Majesty would return sooner than they at first expected.

Letters from the Hague, dated May the fourth, N. S. say, that an express arrived there on the first, from Prince Eugene to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. The States are advised, that the auxiliaries of Saxony were arrived on the frontiers of the United Provinces; as also, that the two regiments of Wulsemburgh, and four thousand troops from Wirtemberg, who are to serve in Flanders, are in full march thither. Letters from Flanders say, that the great convoy of ammunition and provisions which set out from Ghent for Lille, was safely arrived at Courtray. We hear from Paris, that the King has ordered the militia on the coast of Normandy and Bretagne to be in readiness to march; and that the court was in apprehension of a descent, to animate the people to rise in the midst of their present hardships.

They write from Spain, that the Pope's nuncio left Madrid the tenth of April, in order to go to Bayonne; that the Marquis de Bay was at Badajos to observe the motions of the Portuguese; and that the Count d'Estain, with a body of five thousand men, was on his march to attack Gironne. The Duke of Anjou has deposed the Bishop of Lerida, as being a favourer of the interest of King Charles; and has summoned a convocation at Madrid, composed of the archbishops, bishops, and states, of that kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a resolution to send for no more bulls to Rome.

## Nº VIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE APRIL 26.

THE play of the London Cuckolds was acted this evening before a fixable audience, who were extremely well diverted with that heap of vice and absurdity. The indignation which Eugenio, who is a gentleman of a jill taste, has upon occasion of seeing human na-

ture fall so low in it's delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the mention of this play very agreeably. 'Of all men living,' said he, 'I pity players (who must be men of good understanding, to be capable of being such) that they are obliged to repeat and assume proper gestures for representing things of which their reason must be  
D ashamed,

'astamed, and which they must disdain their audience for approving. The amendment of these low gratifications is only to be made by people of condition, by encouraging the representation of the noble characters drawn by Shakespeare and others, from whence it is impossible to return without strong impressions of honour and humanity. On these occasions, distress is laid before us with all its causes and consequences, and our resentment placed according to the merit of the persons afflicted. Were dramas of this nature more acceptable to the taste of the town, men who have genius would bend their studies to excel in them. How forcible an effect this would have on our minds, one needs no more than to observe how strongly we are touched by mere pictures. Who can see Le Brun's picture of the Battle of Porus, without entering into the character of that fierce gallant man, and being accordingly spurred to an emulation of his constancy and courage? When he is falling with his wound, the features are at the same time very terrible and languishing; and there is such a stern faintness diffused through all his look, as is apt to move a kind of horror, as well as pity, in the beholder. This, I say, is an effect wrought by mere lights and shades. Consider also a representation made by words only, as in an account given by a good writer: Catiline in Sallust makes just such a figure as Porus by Le Brun. It is said of him, "*Catilina verò longè a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est: paululum etiam spirans, ferocitatemque animi, quam vivus habuerat, in vultu retinens.*"—Catiline was found killed, far from his own men, among the dead bodies of the enemy: he seemed still to breathe, and still retained in his face the same fierceness he had when he was living." You have in that one sentence a lively impression of his whole life and actions. What I would insinuate from all this, is, that if the painter and the historian can do thus much in colours and language, what may not be performed by an excellent poet, when the character he draws is presented by the person, the manner, the look, and the motion, of an accomplished player? If a thing painted or related can irre-

'sistibly enter our hearts, what may not be brought to pass by seeing generous things performed before our eyes? Eugenio ended his discourse, by recommending the apt use of a theatre, as the most agreeable and easy method of making a polite and moral gentry; which would end in rendering the rest of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE HOUSE, APRIL 27.

LETTERS from Naples of the ninth instant, N. S. advise, that Cardinal Grimani had ordered the regiment commanded by General Pate to march towards Final, in order to embark for Catalonia; whither also one thousand horse are to be transported from Sardinia, besides the troops which came from the Milanese. An English man of war has taken two prizes, one a vessel of Malta, the other of Genoa, both laden with goods of the enemy. They write from Florence of the thirteenth, that his Majesty of Denmark had received a courier from the Hague, with an account of some matters relating to the treaty of a peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it necessary to hasten to his own dominions.

Letters from Switzerland inform us, that the effects of the great scarcity of corn in France were felt at Geneva; the magistrates of which city had appointed deputies to treat with the Cantons of Bern and Zurich, for leave to buy up such quantities of grain within their territories as should be thought necessary. The Protestants of Tockenburgh are still in arms about the convent of St. John, and have declared, that they will not lay them down until they shall have sufficient security, from the Roman Catholics, of living unmolested in the exercise of their religion. In the mean time, the deputies of Bern at Tockenburgh have frequent conference at Zurich with the regency of that canton, to find out methods for the quieting these disorders.

Letters from the Hague, of the 11th of May, advise, that the Pr Rouille, after his last conference the Deputies of the States, had to Bodegrave, five miles distant from Worden, and expected the courier from France on the 6th.

new instructions. It is said, if his answer from the French court shall not prove satisfactory, he will be desired to withdraw out of these parts. In the mean time, it is also reported, that his equipage, as an ambassador on this great occasion, is actually on the march towards him. They write from Flanders, that the great convoy of provisions which set out from Ghent, is safely arrived at Lille. Those advices add, that the enemy had assembled near Tournay a considerable body of troops, drawn out of the neighbouring garrisons. Their High Mightinesses have sent orders to their ministers at Hamburg and Dantzic, to engage the magistrates of those cities to forbid the sale of corn to the French, and to signify to them, that the Dutch merchants will buy up as much of that commodity as they can spare; the Hamburgers have accordingly contracted with the Dutch, and refused any commerce with the French on that occasion.

## FROM MY OWN APARTMENT.

AFTER the lassitude of a day spent in the strolling manner which is usual with men of pleasure in this town, and with a head full of a million of imperfections, which had danced round it for ten hours together, I came to my lodging, and hastened to bed. My valet de chambre knows my universality-trick of reading there; and he, being a good scholar for a gentleman, ran over the names of Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and other, to know which I would have. 'Bring Virgil,' said I; 'and if I fall asleep, take care of the candle.' I read the sixth book over with the most exquisite delight, and had gone half through it a second time, when the pleasant ideas of Elysian fields, deceased worthies walking in them, sincere lovers enjoying their languishment without pain, compassion for the unhappy spirits who had mis-spent their short daylight, and were exiled from the seats of bliss for ever; I say, I was deep again in my reading, when this mixture of images had taken place of all others in my imagination before, and lulled me into a dream, from which I am just awake, to my great disadvantage. The happy mansions of Elysium, by degrees, seemed to be wasted from me, and the very traces of my late waking thoughts

began to fade away, when I was cast by a sudden whirlwind upon an island, encompassed with a roaring and troubled sea, which shook it's very centre, and rocked it's inhabitants as in a cradle. The islanders lay on their faces without offering to look up, or hope for preservation; all the harbours were crowded with mariners, and tall vessels of war lay in danger of being driven to pieces on her shores. 'Bless me!' said I, 'why have I lived in such a manner, that the convulsion of nature should be so terrible to me, when I feel in myself that the better part of me is to survive it? Oh! may that be in happiness!' A sudden shriek, in which the whole people on their faces joined, interrupted my soliloquy, and turned my eyes and attention to the object which had given us that sudden start, in the midst of an inexpressible and speechless affliction. Immediately the winds grew calm, the waves subsided, and the people stood up, turning their faces upon a magnificent pile in the midst of the island. There we beheld an hero of a comely and erect aspect, but pale and languid, sitting under a canopy of state. By the faces and dumb sorrow of those who attended, we thought him in the article of death. At a distance sat a lady, whose life seemed to hang upon the same thread with his; she kept her eyes fixed upon him, and seemed to smother ten thousand thousand nameless things, which urged her tenderness to clasp him in her arms: but her greatness of spirit overcame those sentiments, and gave her power to forbear disturbing his last moment; which immediately approached. The hero looked up with an air of negligence, and satiety of being, rather than of pain to leave it; and, leaning back his head, expired.

When the heroine, who sat at a distance, saw his last instant come, she threw herself at his feet, and kneeling, pressed his hand to her lips, in which posture she continued under the agony of an unutterable sorrow, until conducted from our sight by her attendants. That commanding awe, which accompanies the grief of great minds, restrained the multitude while in her presence; but as soon as she retired, they gave way to their distraction, and all the islanders called upon their deceased hero. To him, methought, they cried

out, as to a guardian being; and I gathered from their broken accents, that it was he who had the empire over the ocean and it's powers, by which he had long protected the island from shipwreck and invasion. They now give a loose to their moan, and think themselves exposed without hopes of human or divine assistance. While the people ran wild, and expressed all the different forms of lamentation, methought a sable cloud overshadowed the whole land, and covered it's inhabitants with darkness: no glimpse of light appeared, except one ray from Heaven upon the place in which the heroine now secluded herself from the world, with her eyes fixed on those abodes to which her comfort was ascended. Methought a long period of time had passed away in mourning and in darkness, when a twilight began by degrees to enlighten the hemisphere; and looking round me, I saw a boat rowed towards the shore, in which sat a personage adorned with warlike trophies, bearing on his left-arm a shield, on which was engraven the image of Victory, and in his right-hand a branch of olive. His visage was at once so winning and so awful, that the shield and the olive seemed equally suitable to his genius.

When this illustrious person<sup>e</sup> touched on the shore, he was received by the ac-

clamations of the people, and followed to the palace of the heroine. No pleasure in the glory of her arms, or the acclamations of her applauding subjects, were ever capable to suspend her sorrow for one moment, until she saw the olive-branch in the hand of that auspicious messenger. At that sight, as Heaven bestows it's blessings on the wants and inopportunities of mortals, out of it's native bounty, and not to increase it's own power or honour, in compassion to the world, the celestial mourner was then first seen to turn her regard to things below; and taking the branch out of the warrior's hand, looked at it with much satisfaction, and spoke of the blessings of peace with a voice and accent such as that in which guardian spirits whisper to dying penitents assurances of happiness. The air was hushed, the multitude attentive, and all nature in a pause while she was speaking. But as soon as the messenger of peace had made some low reply, in which, methought, I heard the word Iberia, the heroine, assuming a more severe air, but such as spoke resolution without rage, returned him the olive, and again veiled her face. Loud cries and clashing of arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming vision, and drove me back to these mansions of care and sorrow.

## Nº IX. SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 28.

**T**HIS evening we were entertained with the Old Batchelor, a comedy of deserved reputation. In the character which gives name to the play, there is excellently represented the reluctance of a battered debauchee to come into the trammels of order and decency: he neither languishes nor burns, but frets for love. The gentlemen of more regular behaviour are drawn with much spirit and wit, and the drama introduced by the dialogue of the first scene with uncommon yet natural conversation. The part of Fondlewife is a lively image of the unreasonable fondness of age and impotence. But instead of such agreeable works as these, the town has for half

an age been tormented with insects called Easy Writers, whose abilities Mr. Wycherly one day described excellently well in one word: 'That,' said he, 'among these fellows, is called Easy Writing, which any one may easily write.' Such janty scribblers are so justly laughed at for their sonnets on Phillis and Chloris, and fantastical descriptions in them, that an ingenious kinsman of mine, of the family of the Staffs, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff by name, has, to avoid their strain, run into a way perfectly new, and described things exactly as they happen: he never forns fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents just as they really appear. For an example of it, I stole out of his man-

\* About this time the Duke of Marlborough returned from Holland, with the preliminary articles of a peace.

inscrip the following lines: they are a description of the Morning, but of the morning in town; nay, of the morning at this end of the town, where my kinsman is present lodges.

Now hear ye here and there an hackney-coach  
Appear, show'd the ruddy morn approach.  
Now duty from her master's bed had flown,  
And idly stole to discompose her own.

The supple'd prentice, from his master's door,  
Had pass'd the street, and sprinkled round the  
floor;

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous  
airs,

Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.  
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace  
The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the  
place.

The small-coat-man was heard with cadence  
deep,

Till crown'd in shriller notes of chimney-  
sweep.

Duns at his lordship's gates began to meet;  
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half  
a street:

The turnkey now his flock returning fees,  
But let out at night to steal for fees.

The watchful bailiffs take their silent stards;  
And school-boys lag with satchels in their  
hands.

All that I apprehend is, that dear Numps will be angry I have published these lines; not that he has any reason to be ashamed of them, but for fear of their success, the bane to all excellent performances, the Imitators. Therefore, before-hand, I bar all descriptions of the Evening; as, a medley of verses signifying grey-peas are now cried warm; that wenches now begin to amble round the passages of the play-house; or of Noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are just yawning out of their beds and windows in Pall Mall, and so forth. I forewarn also all persons from encouraging any draughts after my cousin; and foretel any man who shall go about to imitate him, that he will be very impud. The family-stock is embarked in this design, and we will not admit of counterfeits: Dr. Anderson and his heirs enjoy his pills; Sir William Read has the cure of eyes, and Monsieur Rosselli only can cure the gout. We pretend to none of these things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any mistaken man he is not what he believes he is, to distinguish merit, and expose false pretences to it, is a liberty our fa-

mily has by law in them, from an intermarriage with a daughter of Mr. Scoggin, the famous droll of the last century. This right I design to make use of; but I will not encroach upon the above-mentioned adepts, or any other. At the same time, I shall take all the privileges I may, as an Englishman, and will lay hold of the late act of naturalization to introduce what I shall think fit from France. The use of that law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite world with new characters, as well as the kingdom itself with new subjects. Therefore, an author of that nation, called Le Bruyere, I shall make bold with on such occasions. The last person I read of in that writer was Lord Timon. 'Timon,' says my author, 'is the most generous of all men; but is so hurried away with that strong impulse of bestowing, that he confers benefits without distinction; and is munificent without laying obligations: for all the unworthy, who receive from him, have so little sense of this noble infirmity, that they look upon themselves rather as partners in a spoil than partakers of a bounty. The other day, coming into Paris, I met Timon going out on horseback, attended only by one servant. It struck me with a sudden damp, to see a man of so excellent a disposition, and who understood making a figure so very well, so much shortened in his retinue. But passing by his house, I saw his great coach break to pieces before his door, and, by a strange enchantment, immediately turned into many different vehicles. The first was a very pretty chariot, into which stepped his lordship's secretary. The second was hung a little heavier; into that strutted the fat steward. In an instant followed a chaise, which was entered by the butler. The rest of the body and wheels were forthwith changed into go-carts, and ran away with by the nurses and brats of the rest of the family. What makes these misfortunes in the affairs of Timon the more astonishing is, that he has better understanding than those who cheat him; so that a man knows not which more to wonder at, the indifference of the master, or the impudence of the servant.'

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, APRIL 29.

IT is matter of much speculation among the beaux and oglers, what it is that can have made so sudden a change, as has been of late observed, in the whole behaviour of Pastorella, who never sat still a moment until she was eighteen, which she has now exceeded by two months. Her aunt, who has the care of her, has not been always so rigid as she is at this present date; but has so good a sense of the frailty of woman, and fallhood of man, that she resolved on all manner of methods to keep Pastorella, if possible, in safety, against herself and all her admirers. At the same time the good lady knew, by long experience, that a grey inclination, curbed too rashly, would but run to the greater excesses for that restraint: she therefore intended to watch her, and take some opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own interests, without the anguish of admonition. You are to know then, that Miss, with all her flirting and ogling, had also naturally a strong curiosity in her, and was the greatest eaves-dropper breathing. Parfatis (for so her prudent aunt is called) observed this humour, and retires one day to her closet, into which she knew Pastorella would peep, and listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly; and the young lady saw her good governeante on her knees, and, after a mental behaviour, break into these words: 'As for the dear child committed to my care, let her sobriety of carriage, and severity of behaviour, be such as may make that noble lord who is taken with her beauty, turn his designs to such as are honourable.' Here Parfatis heard her niece nestle closer to the key-hole: she then goes on—'Make her the joyful mother of a numerous and wealthy offspring; and let her carriage be such, as may make this noble youth expect the blessings of an happy marriage, from the singularity of her life, in this loose and censorious age.' Miss having heard enough, sneaks off for fear of discovery, and immediately at her glass alters the sitting of her head; then pulls up her tucker, and forms herself into the exact manner of Lindamira: in a word, becomes a sincere convert to every thing that is commendable in a fine young lady; and *two or three such matches*, as her aunt

feigned in her devotions, are at this day in her choice. This is the history and original cause of Pastorella's conversion from coquetry. The prudence in the management of this young lady's temper, and good judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I scarce remember a greater instance of forbearance of the usual peevish way with which the aged treat the young than this, except that of our famous Noy, whose good-nature went so far, as to make him put off his admonitions to his son, even until after his death; and did not give him his thoughts of him, until he came to read that memorable passage in his will—'All the rest of my estate,' says he, 'I leave to my son Edward, (who is executor to this my will) to be squandered as he shall think fit: I leave it him for that purpose, and hope no better from him.' A generous disdain, and reflection upon how little he deserved from so excellent a father, reformed the young man, and made Edward from an errant rake become a fine gentleman.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 29.

LETTERS from Portugal of the eighteenth instant, dated from Estremoz, say, that on the sixth the Earl of Galway arrived at that place, and had the satisfaction to see the quarters well furnished with all manner of provisions, and a quantity of bread sufficient for subsisting the troops for sixty days, besides biscuit for twenty-five days. The enemy gave it out, that they shall bring into the field fourteen regiments of horse, and twenty-four battalions. The troops in the service of Portugal will make up fourteen thousand foot, and four thousand horse. On the day these letters were dispatched, the Earl of Galway received advice, that the Marquis de Bay was preparing for some enterprize, by gathering his troops together on the frontiers. Whereupon his Excellency resolved to go that same night to Villa Viciosa, to assemble the troops in that neighbourhood, in order to disappoint his designs.

Yesterday in the evening Captain Foxton, aid-de-camp to Major-general Cadogan, arrived here express from the Duke of Marlborough. And this day a mail is come in with letters dated from Brussels of the sixth of May, N. S. which advise,

advise, that the enemy had drawn together a body, consisting of twenty thousand men, with a design, as was supposed, to intercept the great convoy on the march towards Lille, which was lately arrived at Menin and Courtray, in its way to that place, the French having retired without making any attempt.

We hear from the Hague, that a person of the first quality is arrived in the Low Countries from France, in order to be a plenipotentiary in an ensuing treaty of peace.

Letters from France acknowledge, that Monsieur Bernard has made no higher offers of satisfaction to his creditors than of thirty-five pounds per cent.

These advices add, that the Marshal Boufflers, Monsieur Torcy, (who distinguished himself formerly by advising the Court of France to adhere to the treaty of partition) and Monsieur d'Harcourt, (who negotiated with Cardinal Portocarrero for the succession of the crown of Spain in the House of Bourbon) are all three joined in a commission for a treaty of peace. The Marshal is come to Ghent: the other two are arrived at the Hague.

It is confidently reported here, that the Right Honourable the Lord Townshend is to go with his Grace the Duke of Marlborough into Holland.

## Nº X. TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 1.

MY brother Isaac, having a sudden occasion to go out of town, ordered me to take upon me the dispatch of the next advices from home, with liberty to speak in my own way; not dabbling the allowances which would be given to a writer of my sex. You may be sure I undertook it with much satisfaction: and I confess, I am not a little pleased with the opportunity of running over all the papers in his closet, which he has left open for my use on this occasion. The first that I lay my hands on, is, a treatise concerning 'the Empire of Beauty,' and the effects it has had, in all nations of the world, upon the public and private actions of men; with an appendix, which he calls, 'The Bachelor's Scheme for governing his Wife.' The first thing he makes this gentleman propose, is, that she shall be a woman; for she is to have an aversion to balls, to operas, to visits: she is to think his company sufficient to fill up all the hours of life with great satisfaction; she is never to believe any other man wise, learned, or valiant; or at least, but in a second degree. In the next place, he intends she shall be a cuckold; but expects, that he himself will live in perfect security from that vice. He dwells a great while on instructions for her discreet behaviour, in

case of his falshood. I have not patience with these unreasonable expectations, therefore turn back to the treatise itself. Here, indeed, my brother deduces all the revolutions among men from the passion of love; and in his preface answers that usual observation against us, that there is no quarrel without a woman in it; with a gallant assertion, that there is nothing else worth quarrelling for. My brother is of a complexion truly amorous; all his thoughts and actions carry in them a tincture of that obliging inclination; and this turn has opened his eyes to see, that we are not the inconsiderable creatures which unlucky pretenders to our favour would insinuate. He observes, that no man begins to make any tolerable figure until he sets out with the hopes of pleasing some one of us. No sooner he takes that in hand, but he pleases every one else by the bye. It has an immediate effect upon his behaviour. There is Colonel Ranter, who never spoke without an oath, until he saw the Lady Betty Modish; now, never gives his man an order, but it is—'Pray, Tom, do it.' The drawers where he drinks live in perfect happiness. He asked Will at the George the other day, how he did. Where he used to say, 'Damn it, it is so;' he now believes there is some mistake; he must confess, he is of another opinion; but however he will not insinuate.

Every temper, except downright insensibility, is to be animated and softened by the influence of beauty: but of this un-  
tractable



tractable fort is a lifeless handsome fellow that visits us, whom I have dressed at this twelvemonth; but he is as insensible of all the arts I use, as if he conversed all that time with his nurse. He outdoes our whole sex in all the faults our enemies impute to us; he has brought laziness into an opinion, and makes his indolence his philosophy: insomuch that no longer ago than yesterday in the evening he gave me this account of himself: 'I am, Madam, perfectly unmoved at all that passes among men, and seldom give myself the fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the same thing to those whom I converse with. My hours of existence, or being awake, are from eleven in the morning to eleven at night; half of which I live to myself, in picking my teeth, washing my hands, paring my nails, and looking in the glass. The insignificance of my manners to the rest of the world, makes the laughers call me a Quidnunc, a phrase which I neither understand, nor shall ever enquire what they mean by it. The last of me each night is at St. James's coffee-house, where I converse, yet never fall into a dispute on any occasion; but leave the understanding I have, passive of all that goes through it, without entering into the business of life. And thus, Madam, have I arrived by laziness, to what others pretend to by philosophy, a perfect neglect of the world.' Sure, if our sex had the liberty of frequenting public-houses and conversations, we should put these rivals of our faults and follies out of countenance. However, we shall soon have the pleasure of being acquainted with them one way or other; for my brother Isaac designs, for the use of our sex, to give the exact characters of all the chief politicians who frequent any of the coffee-houses from St. James's to the Exchange; but designs to begin with that cluster of wise-heads, as they are found sitting every evening from the left side of the fire, at the Smyrna, to the door. This will be of great service for us; and I have authority to promise an exact journal of their deliberations, the publication of which I am to be allowed for pin-money. In the mean time, I cast my eye upon a new book, which gave me more pleasing entertainment, being a sixth part of Miscellaneous Poems

published by Jacob Tonson; which, I find, by my brother's notes upon it, no way inferior to the other volumes. There is, it seems, in this, a collection of the best pastorals that have hitherto appeared in England; but among them none superior to that dialogue between Sylvia and Dorinda, written by one of my own sex; where all our little weaknesses are laid open in a manner more just, and with truer raillery, than ever man yet hit upon.

Only this I now discern,  
From the things thou'dst have me learn;  
That womankind's peculiar joys  
From past or present beauties rise.

But to resume my first design, there cannot be a greater instance of the command of females, than in the prevailing charms of the heroine in the play, which was acted this night, called *All For Love*; or, *The World Well Lost*. The enamoured Anthony resigns glory and power to the force of the attractive Cleopatra, whose charms were the defence of her diadem against a people otherwise invincible. It is so natural for women to talk of themselves, that it is to be hoped, all my own sex at least will pardon me, that I could fall into no other discourse. If we have their favour, we give ourselves very little anxiety for the rest of our readers. I believe I see a sentence of Latin in my brother's day-book of wit, which seems applicable on this occasion, and in contempt of the critics—

———*Tristitiam et Metus*  
*Tridam protervis in mare Creticum*  
*Portare ventis.* HOR. OD. 26. L. 1. V. 2.

No boding fears shall break my rest,  
Nor anxious cares invade my breast;  
Puff them, ye wanton gales, away,  
And plunge them in the Cretan sea.

R. WYNN.

But I am interrupted by a packet from Mr. Kidney, from St. James's Coffee-house, which I am obliged to insert in the very stile and words which Mr. Kidney uses in his letter.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 2.

WE are advised by letters from Bern, dated the first instant, N. S. that the Duke of Berwick arrived at Lyons the twenty-fifth of the last month, and continued his journey the next day to visit the passes of the mountains, and other posts in Dauphiné

phine and Provence. These letters also informed us, that the miseries of the people in France are heightened to that degree, that unless a peace be speedily concluded, half of that kingdom would perish for want of bread. On the twenty-fourth, the Marshal de Theſſe passed through Lyons, in his way to Versailles; and two battalions, which were marching from Alsace to reinforce the army of the Duke of Berwick, passed also through that place. Those troops were to be followed by six battalions more.

Letters from Naples of the sixteenth of April say, that the Marquis de Prie's son was arrived there, with instructions from his father, to signify to the Viceroy the necessity his Imperial Majesty was under of desiring an aid from that kingdom for carrying on the extraordinary expences of the war. On the fourteenth of the same month, they made a review of the Spanish troops in that garrison, and afterwards of the marines; one part of whom will embark with those designed for Barcelona, and the rest are to be sent on board the gallees appointed to convoy provisions to that place.

We hear from Rome, by letters dated the twentieth of April, that the Count de Mellos, envoy from the King of Portugal, had made his public entry into that city with much state and magnificence. The Pope has lately held two other consistories, wherein he made a promotion of two cardinals; but the acknowledgment of King Charles is still deferred.

Letters from other parts of Italy advise us, that the Doge of Venice continues dangerously ill: that the Prince de Carignan, having relapsed into a violent fever, died the twenty-third of April, in his eightieth year.

Advices from Vienna, of the twenty-seventh of April, import, that the Archbishop of Salzburg is dead, who is succeeded by Count Harrach, formerly bishop of Vienna, and for these last three years coadjutor to the said archbishop; and that Prince Maximilian of Lichtenstein has likewise departed this life at his country-seat called Cromau in Moravia. These advices add, that the Emperor has named Count Zinzendorf, Count Goers, and Monsieur Conſbruck, for his plenipotentiaries in an ensuing treaty of peace; and they hear from Hungary, that the Imperialists have had

several successful skirmishes with the malecontents.

Letters from Paris, dated May the sixth, say that the Marshal de Theſſe arrived there on the twenty-ninth of the last month, and that the Chevalier de Beuil was sent thither by Don Pedro Ronquillo with advice, that the confederate squadron appeared before Alicant on the five-and-twentieth, and having for some time cannonaded the city, endeavoured to land some troops for the relief of the castle; but General Stanhope finding the passages well guarded, and the enterprise dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the castle; which being granted him, the garrison, consisting of six hundred regular troops, marched out with their arms and baggage the day following; and being received on board, they immediately set sail for Barcelona. These letters add, that the march of the French and Swiss regiments is further deferred for a few days, and that the Duke of Noailles was just ready to set out for Roussillon, as well as the Count de Bezons for Catalonia.

The same advices say, bread was sold at Paris for six-pence a pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that rate, to supply the necessities of the people, which reduced them to the utmost despair; that three hundred men had taken up arms, and having plundered the market of the suburb of St. Germain, pressed down by their multitude the king's guards who opposed them. Two of those mutineers were afterwards seized and condemned to death; but four others went to the magistrate who pronounced that sentence, and told him, he must expect to answer with his own life for those of their comrades. All order and sense of government being thus lost among the enraged people; to keep up a shew of authority, the captain of the guards, who saw all their insolence, pretended that he had represented to the king their deplorable condition, and had obtained their pardon. It is further reported, that the Dauphin and Dutcheſs of Burgundy, as they went to the opera, were surrounded by crowds of people, who upbraided them with their neglect of the general calamity, in going to diversions when the whole people were ready to perish for want of bread. Edicts are daily published to suppress those riots; and papers, with menaces against the government, are publicly thrown

E about.

about. Among others, these words were dropped in a court of justice: 'France wants a Ravilliac or a Jesuit to deliver her.' Besides this universal distress, there is a contagious sickness, which, it is feared, will end in a pestilence. Letters from Bourdeaux bring accounts no less lamentable: the peasants are driven by hunger from their abodes into that city, and make lamentations in the streets without redress.

We are advised by letters from the Hague, dated the tenth instant, N. S. that on the sixth the Marquis de Torcy arrived there from Paris; but the passport by which he came having been sent blank by Monsieur Rouille, he was there two days before his quality was known. That minister offered to communicate to Monsieur Heinsius the proposals which he had to make; but the

pensionary refused to see them, and said he would signify it to the States, who deputed some of their own body to acquaint him, that they would enter into no negotiation until the arrival of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, and the other ministers of the alliance. Prince Eugene was expected there the twelfth instant from Brussels. It is said, that, besides Monsieur de Torcy, and Monsieur Pajot, director-general of the posts, there are two or three persons at the Hague, whose names are not known; but it is supposed that the Duke d'Alba, ambassador from the Duke of Anjou, was one of them. The States have sent letters to all the cities of the provinces, desiring them to send their deputies to receive the propositions of peace made by the court of France.

## Nº XI. THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1709.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 3.

A Kinsman has sent me a letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately resolved to write an heroic poem, but by business has been interrupted, and has only made one similitude, which he should be afflicted to have wholly lost; and begs of me to apply it to something, being very desirous to see it well placed in the world. I am so willing to help the distressed, that I have taken it in: but, though his greater genius might very well distinguish his verses from mine, I have marked where his begin. His lines are a description of the sun in eclipse, which I know nothing more like than a brave man in sorrow, who bears it as he should, without exploring the pity of his friends, or being dejected with the contempt of his enemies: as in the case of Cato.

When all the globe to Cæsar's fortune bow'd,  
Cato alone his empire disallow'd;  
With inborn strength alone oppos'd mankind,  
With heav'n in view, to all below it blind:  
Regardless of his friends applause, or moan,  
Alone triumphant, since he falls alone:

' Thus when the Ruler of the genial day  
' Behind some dark'ning planet forms his  
' way,  
' Desponding mortals, with officious care,  
' The concave drum, and magic brass: pre-  
' pare;

' Implore him to sustain th' important fight,  
' And save depending worlds from endless  
' night;  
' Fondly they hope their labour may avail  
' To ease his conflict, and assist his toil.  
' Whilst he, in beams of native splendor  
' bright,  
' (Tho' dark his orb appear to human sight) }  
' Shines to the gods with more diffusive  
' light;  
' To distant stars with equal glory burns,  
' Inflames their lamps, and feeds their golden  
' urns,  
' Sure to retain his known superior tract,  
' And proves the more illustrious by def.ect."

This is a very lively image; but I must take the liberty to say, my kinsman drives the sun a little like Phaeton: he has all the warmth of Phœbus, but will not stay for his direction of it. Avail and Toil, Defect and Tract, will never do for rhymes. But, however, he has the true spirit in him; for which reason I was willing to entertain any thing he pleased to send me. The subject which he writes upon naturally raises great reflections in the soul, and puts us in mind of the mixed condition which we mortals are to support; which, as it varies to good or bad, adorns or defaces our actions to the beholders; all which glory and shame must end in what we so much repine at, death. But doctrines on this occasion, any other than that of living well, are the most insignificant

insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. None but a tragedian can die by rule, and wait until he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his *exit*. In real life, this is a chimæra; and by noble spirits it will be done decently without the ostentation of it. We see men of all conditions and characters go through it with equal resolution: and if we consider the speeches of mighty philosophers, heroes, lawgivers, and great captains, they can produce no more in a discerning spirit, than rules to make a man a fop on his death-bed. Commend me to that natural greatness of soul, expressed by an innocent, and consequently resolute country-fellow, who said in the pains of the colic—‘ If I once get this breath out of my body, you shall hang me before you put it in again.’ Honest Ned! and so he died.

But it is to be supposed that from this place you may expect an account of such a thing as a new play is not to be omitted. The comedy acted this night is the newest that ever was writ. The author is my ingenious friend Mr. Thomas Durfey. This drama is called ‘ The Modern Prophets,’ and is a most unanswerable satire against the late spirit of enthusiasm. The writer had by long experience observed, that in company very grave discourses had been followed by hawdry; and therefore has turned the humour that way with great success, and taken from his audience all manner of superstition, by the agitations of pretty Mrs. Bignell, whom he has, with great subtilty, made a lay-sister, as well as a prophetess; by which means she carries on the affairs of both worlds with great success. My friend designs to go on with another work against winter, which he intends to call ‘ The Modern Poets:’ a people no less mistaken in their opinions of being inspired than the other. In order to this, he has by him seven songs, besides many ambiguities, which cannot be mistaken for any thing but what he means them. Mr. Durfey generally writes state-plays, and is wonderfully useful to the world in such representations. This method is the same that was used by the old Athenians, to laugh out of countenance, & promote opinions among the people. My friend has therefore, against this play is acted for his own benefit, made no dances, which may be also of an

universal benefit. In the first, he has represented Absolute Power in the person of a tall man with an hat and feather, who gives his first minister, that stands just before him, an huge kick; the minister gives the kick to the next before; and so to the end of the stage. In this moral and practical jest, you are made to understand, that there is, in an absolute government, no gratification, but giving the kick you receive from one above you to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air; but on a sudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company fall into a circle, and take hands; and then, at a certain sharp note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This latter performance he makes to be the representation of a free state; where, if you all mind your steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion pleasant to yourselves and those you dance with: nay, if you put yourselves out, at the worst you only kick and are kicked, like friends and equals.

## FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 4.

OF all the vanities under the sun, I confess that of being proud of one’s birth is the greatest. At the same time, since in this unreasonable age, by the force of prevailing custom, things in which men have no hand are imputed to them; and that I am used by some people, as if Isaac Bickerstaff, though I write myself Esquire, was nobody: to set the world right in that particular, I shall give you my genealogy, as a kinsman of ours has sent it me from the Herald’s Office. It is certain, and observed by the wisest writers, that there are women who are not nicely chaste, and men not severely honest, in all families; therefore let those who may be apt to cast aspersions upon ours, please to give us as impartial an account of their own, and we shall be satisfied. The business of heralds is a matter of so great nicety, that, to avoid mistakes, I shall give you my cousin’s letter verbatim, without altering a syllable.

DEAR COUSIN,

SINCE you have been pleased to make yourself so famous of late, by your ingenious writings, and some time ago by your learned predictions: since Partridge, of immortal memory, is dead

and gone, who, poetical as he was, could not understand his own poetry; and philomathical as he was, could not read his own destiny: since the Pope, the King of France, and great part of his court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct: since, I say, these things (not foretold by any one but yourself) have come to pass after so surprising a manner; it is with no small concern I see the original of the Staffian race so little known to the world as it is at this time; for which reason, as you have employed your studies in astronomy, and the occult sciences, so I, my mother being a Welsh woman, dedicated mine to genealogy, particularly that of our own family, which, for its antiquity and number, may challenge any in Great Britain. The Staffs are originally of Staffordshire, which took its name from thence: the first that I find of the Staffs was one Jacobstaff, a famous and renowned astronomer, who, by Dorothy his wife, had issue seven sons, viz. Bickerstaff, Longstaff, Wagstaff, Quarterstaff, Whitestaff, Falstaff, and Tiptstaff. He also had a younger brother, who was twice married, and had five sons, viz. Distaff, Pikestaff, Mopstaff, Broomstaff, and Raggedstaff. As for the branch from whence you spring, I shall say very little of it, only that it is the chief of the Staffs, and called Bickerstaff, quasi Biggerstaff; as much as to say, the Great Staff, or Staff of Staffs; and that it has applied itself to astronomy with great success, after the example of our ancestor forefather. The descendants from Longstaff, the second son, were a rashly disorderly sort of people, and ramled from one place to another, until, in Henry the Second's time, they staked in Kent, and were called Long-Tails, from the Long-Tails which were sent them as a punishment for the murder of Thomas-a-Becket, as the legends say. They have always been sought after by the ladies; but when it came to show their nation to Popery, or their love to mankind, I cannot say. The Whitestaffs are a merry thrash-like sort of people, who have always been entertained of their own way; they have turned themselves mostly to poetry. This is the most numerous branch of our family, and the most peevish. The Quarterstaffs are most of them prize-fighters or bar-keepers: there have been so many of them hanged lately,

that there are very few of that branch of our family left. The Whitestaffs are all courtiers, and have had very considerable places. There have been some of them of that strength and dexterity, that five hundred of the ablest men in the kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a staff out of their hands. The Falstaffs are strangely given to whoring and drinking; there are abundance of them in and about London. And one thing is very remarkable of this branch, and that is, there are just as many women as men in it. There was a wicked stick of wood of this name in Harry the Fourth's time, one Sir John Falstaff. As for Tiptstaff, the youngest son, he was an honest fellow; but his sons, and his sons sons, have all of them been the veriest rogues living: it is this unlucky branch that has stocked the nation with that swarm of lawyers, attornies, sergeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is over-run. Tiptstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's-evil; but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that by a touch upon the shoulder, they give a man such an ill habit of body, that he can never come abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the line of Jacobstaff: his younger brother Isaacstaff, as I told you before, had five sons, and was married twice; his first wife was a Staff, (for they did not stand upon false heraldry in those days) by whom he had one son, who in process of time, being a schoolmaster, and well read in the Greek, called himself Distaff, or Twicestaff. He was not very rich, so he put his children out to trades; and the Distaffs have ever since been employed in the woollen and linen manufactures, except myself, who am a genealogist. Pikestaff, the eldest son, by the second wife, was a man of business, a downright plodding fellow, and withal so plain, that he became a proverb. Most of this family are at present in the army. Raggedstaff was an unskilful soldier, and used to tear his cloaths in getting birds neils, and was always playing with a tame bear his father kept. Mopstaff fell in love with one of his father's maids, and used to help her to clean the house. Broomstaff was a chumney sweep. The Mopstaffs and Broomstaffs are naturally as civil people as ever went out of doors; but, alas! if they once get into ill habits, they knock down

before them. Pilgrimstaff ran  
his friends, and went stroll-  
the country: and Pipestaff  
ne-cooper. These two were  
ful issue of Longstaff.

The Canes, the Clubs, the  
the Wands, the Devil upon  
ks, and one Bread, that goes  
me of Staff of Life, are none  
elations. I am, dear cousin,  
ble servant,

D. DISTAFF.

THE HERALD'S OFFICE,  
MAY 1.

ES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 4.

Political news is not the principal  
n which we treat, we are so  
to have no occasion for that  
kery which our brother news-  
so much excel in; as appears  
xcellent and inimitable man-  
reffering up a second time for  
e the same dish which they  
the day before, in case there  
no new pickles from Holland.  
: when we have nothing to say  
in courts and camps, we hope  
re you somewhat new and cu-  
n ourselves: the women of our  
on occasion, being capable of  
on the business, according to  
le custom of the wives in Hol-  
land, without further preface, take  
have not mentioned in our for-  
ons.

from Hanover, of the thirtieth  
nth, say, that the Prince Royal  
arrived there on the fifteenth,

and left that court on the second of this  
month, in pursuit of his journey to  
Flanders, where he makes the ensuing  
campaign. Those advices add, that the  
young Prince Nassau, hereditary go-  
vernor of Friesland, consummated on  
the twenty-sixth of the last month, his  
marriage with the beauteous Princess of  
Hesse Cassel, with a pomp and magnifi-  
cence suitable to their age and quality.

Letters from Paris say, his Most  
Christian Majesty retired to Marly on  
the first instant, N. S. And our last ad-  
vices from Spain inform us, that the  
Prince of Asturias had made his public  
entry into Madrid in great splendor.  
The Duke of Anjon has given Don  
Joseph Hartadode Amaraga the govern-  
ment of Terra Firma de Veragua, and  
the presidency of Panama in America.  
They add, that the forces commanded  
by the Marquis de Bay have been rein-  
forced by six battalions of Spanish and  
Walloon guards. Letters from Lisbon  
advise, that the army of the King of  
Portugal was at Elvas on the twenty-  
second of the last month, and would de-  
camp on the twenty-fourth, in order  
to march upon the enemy, who lay at  
Badajoz.

Yesterday, at four in the morning,  
his Grace the Duke of Marlborough set  
out for Margate, and embarked for  
Holland at eight this morning.

Yesterday also Sir George Thorold  
was declared Alderman of Cordwainers  
ward, in the room of his brother Sir  
Charles Thorold, deceased.

## Nº XII. SATURDAY, MAY 7. 1709.

MAY 5.

IF a man has engaged to  
keep a stage-coach, he is ob-  
literated he has passengers or not,  
: thus it fares with us weekly  
; but indeed, for my particular,  
shall soon have little more to  
work than to publish what is  
from such as have leisure and  
for giving delight, and being  
in an elegant manner. The  
rander of the British nation  
like us expect that we should  
public diversions, and manner  
of life, in proportion to our  
ent in glory and power. In-

stead of that, survey this town, and you  
will find rakes and debauchees are your  
men of pleasure; thoughtless atheists  
and illiterate drunkards call themselves  
Free-thinkers; and gamblers, banterers,  
biters, swearers, and twenty new-born  
insects more, are, in their several spe-  
cies, the modern men of wit. Hence  
it is, that a man who has been out of  
town but one half year, has lost the lan-  
guage, and must have some friend to  
stand by him, and keep him in counte-  
nance for talking common sense. To-  
day I saw a short interlude at White's;  
of this nature, which I took notes of,  
and put together as well as I could in a  
public

public place. The persons of the drama are Pip, the last gentleman that has been made so at cards; Trimmer, a person half undone at them, and who is now between a cheat and a gentleman; Acorn, an honest Englishman of good plain sense and meaning; and Mr. Friendly, a reasonable man of the town.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 5.

Enter Pip, Trimmer, and Acorn.

*Ac.* What is the matter, gentlemen? What! take no notice of an old friend?

*Pip.* Pox on it! do not talk to me, I am Voweled by the count, and curledly out of humour.

*Ac.* Voweled!—pry'thee, Trimmer, what does he mean by that?

*Trim.* Have a care, Harry, speak softly; do not show your ignorance:—If you do, they will bite you wherever they meet you, they are such cursed curs—the present wits.

*Ac.* Bite me! what do you mean?

*Pip.* Why! do not you know what biting is? nay, you are in the right on it. However, one would learn it only to defend one's self against men of wit, as one would know the tricks of play, to be secure against the cheats. But do not you hear, Acorn, that report, that some potentates of the Alliance have taken care of themselves exclusive of us?

*Ac.* How! Heaven forbid! after all our glorious victories; all the expence of blood and treasure!

*Pip.* Bite!

*Ac.* Bite! how?

*Trim.* Nay, he has bit you fairly enough; that is certain.

*Ac.* Pox! I do not feel it—How? where?

[Exit Pip and Trimmer laughing.]

*Ac.* Ho! Mr. Friendly, your most humble servant; you heard what passed between those fine gentlemen and me. Pip complained to me, that he has been voweled; and they tell me I am bit.

*Friendly.* You are to understand, Sir, that simplicity of behaviour, which is the perfection of good-breeding and good-sense, is utterly lost in the world; and in the room of it there are started a thousand little inventions, which men, barren of better things, take up in the place of it. Thus for every character in conversation that used to please, there is an impostor put upon you. He whom

we allowed, and formerly, for a pleasant subtilty, and natural w giving you an unexpected hit, ca Droll, is now mimicked by a Biter, is a dull fellow, that tells you a lye a grave face, and laughs at yo knowing him no better than to b him. Instead of that sort of comp who could rally you, and keep his tenance, until he made you fall some little inconsistency of behavio which you yourself could laugh him, you have the Sneerer, who keep you company from mornir night to gather your follies of the (which perhaps you commit out of silence in him) and expose you it evening to all the scorers in town. your man of sense and free spirit, a set of thoughts were built upon l ing, reason, and experience, you now an impudent creature made vice only, who supports his igno by his courage, and want of lea by contempt of it.

*Ac.* Dear Sir, hold: what you told me already of this change in versation is too miserable to be l with any delight; but methinks, as new creatures appear in the worl might give an excellent field to write the stage, to divert us with the repr tation of them there.

*Friendly.* No, no; as you say, might be some hopes of redress of grievances, if there were proper taken of the theatre; but the histo that is yet more lamentable than of the decay of conversation I gave

*Ac.* Pray, Sir, a little! I have not in town these six years, until within fortnight.

*Friendly.* It is now some years several revolutions in the gay world made the empire of the stage subject very fatal convulsions, which were dangerous to be cured by the sk little King Oberon, who then sat o throne of it. The laziness of this P threw him upon the choice of a p who was fit to spend his life in co tions, an able and profound atto to whom he mortgaged his whole pire. This Divito is the most skill all politicians; he has a perfect a being unintelligible in discourse, and comestable in business. But he, h no understanding in this polite brought in upon us, to get in his m ladder-dancers, rope-dancers, jing

and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakespeare's heroes, and Johnson's humourists. When the seat of wit was thus mortgaged, without equity of redemption, an architect arose, who has built the Muse a new palace, but secured her no retinue; so that instead of action there, we have been put off by song and dances. This later help of sound has also began to fail for want of voices; therefore the palace has since been put into the hands of a surgeon, who cuts any foreign fellow into an eunuch, and passes him upon us for a singer of Italy.

*Ac.* I will go out of town to-morrow.

*Friend.* Things are come to this pass; and yet the world will not understand, that the theatre has much the same effect on the manners of the age, as the bank on the credit of the nation. Wit and spirit, humour and good sense, can never be revived, but under the government of those who are judges of such talents; who know, that whatever is put up in their stead, is but a short and trifling expedient, to support the appearance of them for a season. It is possible, a peace will give leisure to put these matters under new regulations; but, at present, all the assistance we can see towards our recovery is as far from giving us help, as a poultice is from performing what can be done only by the grand elixir.

## WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 6.

ACCORDING to our late design in the applauded verses on the Morning, which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that just intention, and present you with other labours, made proper to the place in which they were written. The following poem comes from Copenhagen, and is as fine a winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters. Such images as these give us a new pleasure in our sight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflexion, which accompany us whenever the like objects occur. In short, excellent poetry and description dwell upon us so agreeably, that all the readers of them are made to think, if not write, like men of wit. But it would be sorry to detain you longer from this excellent performance, which is addressed to the Earl of Dorset by Mr. Philips, the author of several choice poems in Mr. Tonson's *New Miscellany*.

COPENHAGEN, MARCH 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,

From streams that northern winds forbid to flow;

What present shall the muse to Dorset bring; Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?

The heavy winter here conceals from sight All pleasing objects that to verse invite.

The hills and dale; and the delightful woods, The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods, By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie, And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,

No birds within the desert region sing.

The ships unmov'd the boist'rous winds defy, While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.

The vast Leviathan wants room to play,

And spout his waters in the face of day;

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,

And to the moon in icy valleys bowl.

For many a shining league the level main

Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

There solid billows of enormous size,

Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,

The winter in a lovely dress appear.

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,

Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,

At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;

And the descending rain unfully d' freeze.

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,

The ruddy morn discus'd at once to view

The face of Nature in a rich disguise,

And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:

For ev'ry shrub, and every blade of grass,

And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in

glass;

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,

While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.

The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes

yield,

Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.

The flag in limpid currents, with surprise,

Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.

The spreading oak, the beech, and towering

pine,

Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.

The frighted bird: the rattling branches shun,

That wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When, if a sud'en gust of wind arise,

The brittle forest into atoms flies:

The crackling wood beneath the tempest

bends,

And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;

Or if a southern gale the region warm,

And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,

The traveller a miry country sees,

And journies sad beneath the dropping trees.

Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads

Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious

meads;

While her enchanted gardens to him rise,

And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,



His wond'ring feet the magic paths pursue;  
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,  
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,  
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:

A tedious road the weary wretch returns,  
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 6.

THERE has a mail this day arrived from Holland; but the matter of the advices importing rather what gives us great expectations, than any positive assurances, I shall, for this time, decline giving you what I know; and apply the following verses of Mr. Dryden, in the second part of *Almanzor*, to the present

circumstances of things, without diverging what my knowledge in astrology suggests to me.

When Empire in it's childhood first appear  
A watchful fate o'ersees it's tender year  
Till grown more strong, it thrusts and struts out,

And elbows all the kingdoms round about  
The place thus made for it's first breath free,

It moves again for ease and luxury:  
Till swelling by degrees it has possess'd  
The greater space, and now crouds up the  
When from behind there starts some State,

And pushes on it's now unwieldy fate.  
Then down the precipice of time it goes  
And sinks in minutes, which in ages rise

## Nº XIII. TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 8.

MUCH hurry and business had today perplexed me into a mood too thoughtful for going into company; for which reason, instead of the tavern, I went into Lincoln's-Inn Walks; and having taken a round or two, I sat down, according to the allowed familiarity of these places, on a bench; at the other end of which sat a venerable gentleman, who speaking with a very affable air, 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I take it for a very great piece of good fortune that you have found me out.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I had never, that I know of, the honour of seeing you before.'—'That,' replied he, 'is what I have often lamented; but I assure you, I have for many years done you many good offices, without being observed by you; or else, when you had any little glimpse of my being concerned in an affair, you have fled from me, and shunned me like an enemy; but however, the part I am to act in the world is such, that I am to go on in doing good, though I meet with never so many repulses, even from those I oblige.'—'This,' thought I, 'shows a great goodness of nature, but little judgment in the persons upon whom he confers his favours.' He immediately took notice to me, that he observed, by my countenance, I thought him indiscreet in his beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his quality in the following manner: 'I know thee, Isaac, to be so well versed in the occult sci-

ences, that I need not much press or make long preparations to gain faith, that there are airy beings, are employed in the care and attendance of men, as nurses are to infants until they come to an age in which they can act of themselves. I beings are usually called amongst Guardian Angels: and, Mr. Bickerstaff, I am to acquaint you, that to be yours for some time to correct being our orders to vary our station and sometimes to have one patient under our protection, and sometimes other, with a power of assuming shape we please, to ensnare our victims into their own good. I have often been upon such hard duty, and because you have so much work for me, I think fit to appear to you face to face, to desire you will give me a little occasion for vigilance as you—'Sir,' said I, 'it will be a great instruction to me in behaviour, if please to give me some account of your late employments, and hardships or satisfactions you have in them, that I may govern me accordingly.' He answered—'To you an example of the drudgery go through, I will entertain you with my three last stations. I was the first of April last put to mortify great Beauty, with whom I was week; from her I went to a comely Swearer, and have been last with Gamester. When I first came to lady, I found my great work was

guard well her eyes and ears; but her flatterers were so numerous, and the house, after the modern way, so full of looking-glasses, that I seldom had her face but in her sleep. Whenever we went abroad, we were surrounded by an army of enemies: when a well-made man appeared, he was sure to have a side glance of observation; if a disagreeable fellow, he had a full face, out of mere inclination to conquests. But at the close of the evening, on the sixth of the last month, my Ward was sitting on a couch, reading Ovid's Epistles; and as she came to this line of Helen to Paris—

She half consents who silently denies,

entered Philander, who is the most skilful of all men in an address to women. He is arrived at the perfection of that art which gains them, which is, "to talk like a very miserable man, but look like a very happy one." I saw Distinna blush at his entrance, which gave me the alarm; but he immediately said something so agreeably on her being at study, and the novelty of finding a lady employed in so grave a manner, that he on a sudden became very familiarly a man of no consequence; and in an instant laid all her suspicions of his skill asleep, as he almost had done mine, until I observed him very dangerously turn his discourse upon the elegance of her dress, and her judgment in the choice of that very pretty mourning. Having had women before under my care, I trembled at the apprehension of a man of sense who could talk upon trifles, and resolved to stick to my post with all the circumspection imaginable. In short, I prepossessed her against all he could say to the advantage of her dress and person; but he turned again the discourse, where I found I had no power over her, on the abusing her friends and acquaintance. He allowed, indeed, that Flora had a little beauty, and a great deal of wit; but then she was so ungainly in her behaviour, and such a laughing Hoyden.—Pastorrelia had, with him, the allowance of being blameless; but what was that towards being praise-worthy? To be only innocent, is not to be virtuous. He afterwards spoke so much against Mrs. Dipple's forehead, Mrs. Prim's mouth, Mrs. Dentifrice's teeth, and

Mrs. Fidget's cheeks, that she grew downright in love with him: for it is always to be understood, that a lady takes all you detract from the rest of her sex to be a gift to her. In a word, things went so far, that I was dismissed, and she will remember that evening nine months, from the sixth of April, by a very remarkable token. The next, as I said, I went to, was a common Swearer: never was a creature so puzzled as myself, when I came first to view his brain: half of it was worn out, and filled up with mere expletives, that had nothing to do with any other parts of the texture; therefore when he called for his cloaths in the morning he would cry—"John —John does not answer.—What a plague! nobody there? What the devil, and rot me! John for a lazy dog as you are." I knew no way to cure him, but by writing down all he said one morning as he was dressing, and laying it before him on the toilet when he came to pick his teeth. The last recital I gave him of what he said for half an hour before was, "What, a pox rot me! where is the wash-ball? call the chairmen: damn them, I warrant they are at the alehouse already! zounds, and confound them." When he came to the glass, he takes up my note—"Ha! this fellow is worse than me: what does he swear with pen and ink!" But reading on, he found them to be his own words. The stratagem had so good an effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new man, and is learning to speak without an oath, which makes him extremely short in his phrases: for, as I observed before, a common swearer has a brain without any idea on the swearing side; therefore my Ward has yet a mighty little to say, and is forced to substitute some other vehicle of nonsense, to supply the defect of his usual expletives. When I left him, he made use of "Odds bodikins! Oh, me!" and "never stir alive!" and so forth; which gave me hopes of his recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the Gamster. When we first take our place about a man, the receptacles of the pericranium are immediately searched. In his, I found no one ordinary trace of thinking; but strong passion, violent desires, and a continued series of desperate changes had torn it to pieces.

' There appeared no middle condition; the triumph of a prince, or the misery of a beggar, were his alternate states. I was with him no longer than one day, which was yesterday. In the morning at twelve we were worth four thousand pounds; at three, we were arrived at six thousand; half an hour after, we were reduced to one thousand; at four of the clock, we were down to two hundred; at five, to fifty; at six, to five; at seven, to one guinea; the next bet, to nothing. This morning he borrowed half a crown of the maid who cleans his shoes; and is now gaming in Lincoln'-Inn-Fields among the boys for farthings and oranges, until he has made up three pieces, and then he returns to White's into the best company in town.' This ended our first discourse; and, it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked so little out of my companion at our first interview. In the next, it is possible, he may tell me more pleasing incidents; for though he is a familiar, he is not an evil spirit.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 9.

WE hear from the Hague of the fourteenth instant, N. S. that Monsieur de Torcy hath had frequent conferences with the Grand Pensioner, and the other ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with Monsieur Rouille. The preliminaries of a peace are almost settled, and the proceedings wait only for the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough, after whose approbation of the articles proposed, it is not doubted but the methods of the treaty will be publicly known. In the mean time the States have declared an abhorrence of taking any step in this great affair, but in concert with the court of Great Britain, and other princes of the alliance. The posture of affairs in France does necessarily oblige that nation to be very much in earnest in their offers; and Monsieur de Torcy hath professed to the Grand Pensioner, that he will avoid all occasions of giving him the least jealousy, of his using any address in private conversation for accomplishing the ends of

his embassy. It is said, that as soon as preliminaries are adjusted, that nation is to return to the French court. The States of Holland have resolved to make instruction to all their men of war privateers, to bring into their ports ever neutral ships they shall meet laden with corn, and bound for France, and to avoid all cause of complaint to the potentates to whom these ships belong, their full demand for their shall be paid them there. The Protestants residing in that country apply themselves to their respective magistrates, desiring that there be an article in the treaty of peace, may give liberty of conscience to all testants in France. Monsieur Bismont, Minister of the Walloon Church at Amsterdam, has been at the Hague, and had some conferences with the deputies of the States on that subject. I reported there, that all the French fugitives in those dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the good effects of the treaty with their landlords themselves, in respect of France.

Letters from Paris say, the conceive great hopes of a sudden success from Monsieur Torcy's being engaged in the negotiation; he being a minister of too great weight in that to be sent on any employment in his master would not act in a manner wherein he might justly promise success. The French advise that there is an insurrection in Poitou of three thousand men having taken up arms and beaten the troops which were pointed to disperse them: three mutineers, being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the King's party were used after the same manner.

Our late act of naturalization had so great an effect in foreign affairs that some princes have prohibited French refugees in their dominions from settling or transferring their estates to any of their subjects; and at the same time have granted them greater immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It is also thought necessary to restrain their own subjects from leaving their country on pain of death.

N<sup>o</sup> XIV. THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1709.

OWN APARTMENT, MAY 10.

It not been that my Familiar appeared to me, as I told you, in person, I had certainly been able to have found even words meaning, to keep up my intellect with the town; but he has rebuked me severely for my despondency, ordered me to go on in my observing upon things, and among persons; 'For,' said he, 'the life in is such, that a good deal of any vice or virtue will in be misrepresented; and though ill take the kind descriptions like so much to themselves, as well to the author, yet all will the ill characters you produce, fear of their own turn in the you must be obliged to take, point at particular persons.' I admonition kindly, and immediately promised him to beg pardon of the author of the 'Advice to the for my raillery upon his work; aimed at no more in that exercise, but to convince him, and all genius, of the folly of laying es out on such plans as are be- characters. I hope, too, it was not ill-breeding, and nothing below what a civilian (as it is I am) may utter to a physician. In his preface, all the world may read my writings; for if I can sing to commend, I am silent, forbear the subject: for though formerly, I scorn to be an in-

It would become all men, as well as me, to fore them the noble character of a magistrate, who always sat in over, and contempt of, vice: searched after it, or spared it came before him: at the same could see through the hypo- disguise of those who have no to virtue themselves, but by rity to the vicious. The same, in times long past, Chief Justice call it amongst us) in Felicia. man of profound knowledge of his country, and as just of them in his own person. red justice as a cardinal vir-

tue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country, and, in a sort, the parent of it. The prisoner knew, that though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety; and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him. In his time there was a nest of pretenders to justice, who happened to be employed to put things in a method for being examined before him at his usual sessions: these animals were to Verus, as monkies are to men, so like, that you can hardly disown them; but so base, that you are ashamed of their fraternity. It grew a phrase—'Who would do justice on the justices?' that certainly would Verus. I have seen an old trial where he sat judge on two of them; one was called Trick-Track, the other Tearshift: one was a learned judge of sharpers, the other the quickest of all men at finding out a wench. Trick-Track never spared a pick-pocket, but was a companion to cheats: Tearshift would make compliments to wenches of quality, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor rogue wanted a lodging, Trick-Track sent him to gaol for a thief: if a poor whore went only with one thin petticoat, Tearshift would imprison her for being loose in her dress. These patriots infested the days of Verus, while they alternately committed and released each other's prisoners. But Verus regarded them as criminals, and always looked upon men as they stood in the eye of justice, without respecting whether they sat on the bench, or stood at the bar.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 11.

YESTERDAY we were entertained with the tragedy of the Earl of Essex; in which there is not one good line, and yet a play which was never seen without drawing tears from some part of the audience: a remarkable instance that the soul is not to be moved by words, but things; for the incidents in this drama

are laid together so happily, that the spectator makes the play for himself, by the force which the circumstance has upon his imagination. Thus, in spite of the most dry discourses, and expressions almost ridiculous with respect to propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it, untouched with pity. I must confess, this effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in nature to be moved by her first suggestions. It is certain, the person and behaviour of Mr. Wilks has no small share in conducing to the popularity of the play; and when an handsome fellow is going to a more coarse exit than beheading, his shape and countenance make every tender one relieve him with all her heart, without waiting until she hears his dying words.

This evening, the Alchymist was played. This comedy is an example of Ben Jonson's extensive genius, and penetration into the follies of mankind. The scene in the fourth act, where all the cheated people oppose the man that would open their eyes, has something in it so inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a master-piece as has ever appeared by any hand. The author's great address in shewing covetousness, the motive of the actions of the Puritan, the Epicure, the Gamester, and the Trader; and that all their endeavours, how differently, never they seem to tend, center only in that one point of gain, shews he had, to a great perfection, that discernment of spirit which constitutes a genius for comedy.

#### WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY II.

IT is not to be imagined how far the violence of our desires will carry us towards our own deceit in the pursuit of what we wish for. A gentleman here this evening was giving me an account of a dumb fortune-teller, who entices Mr. Partridge, myself, or the Unborn Doctor, for predictions; all his visitants come to him full of expectations, and pay his own rate for the interpretations they put upon his stings and nods. There is a fine rich city-widow sole trader the other day, (though it is not six weeks since her husband's departure from her company to rest) and with her *white maid*, demand of him, whether *she should marry again*, by holding up

two fingers, like horns on her forehead. The wizard held up both his forked. The relief desired to whether he meant, by his hold both hands, to represent that she had husband before, and that she should have another; or that he intimated she have two more? The cunning looked a little sour; upon which jagged her mistress, who gave the guinea; and he made her understand she should positively have two more. He shook his head, and hinted she should not live long with her. The widow sighed, and gave him the half-guinea. After this prepossession all that she had next to do was to fallies to our end of the town, and out who it is her fate to have. There are two who frequent this place, she takes to be men of vogue, whom her imagination has given the choice. They have both appearances of fine gentlemen, to do not know when they see per that turn; and, indeed, they are artious enough to come at that ch to deserve the reputation of being. But this town will not allow the things we seem to aim at, and discerning to be fobbed off with tences. One of these pretty falls by his laborious exactness; the other by his as much studied neglect. Frank Careless, as soon as he is helped on and adjusted his cloath to his glass, sets his wig awry, his cravat; and, in short, unhimself to go into company. He is so little satisfied with his dress all the time he is at a visit, he mending it, and is, for that reason more insufferable; for he who carelessness has, at least, his wisdomer done of the two. The is distracted whom to take for man; for Nice is every way so that she fears his length of days. Frank is so loose, that she has apprehensions for her own health with I am puzzled how to give a just them; but, in a word, Careless is comb, and Nice a sop: both, I say, very hopeful candidates for woman but set at liberty. But a whisper, her maid will give her Terror the gamester. This seduction to many women, that certainly succeed if he is intr for nothing so much prevails.



Colman del.

James Topley sculp.



vain part of that sex, as the glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

*Dejunt multa,*

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY II.

LETTERS from Berlin, bearing date May the eleventh, N. S. inform us, that the birth-day of her Prussian Majesty has been celebrated there with all possible magnificence; and the king made her, on that occasion, a present of jewels to the value of thirty thousand crowns. The Marquis de Quesne, who has distinguished himself by his great zeal for the Protestant interest, was, at the time of the dispatch of these letters, at that court, soliciting the king to take care that an article in behalf of the refugees, admitting their return to France, should be inserted in the treaty of peace. They write from Hanover, of the fourteenth, that his Electoral Highness had received an express from Count Merci, representing how necessary it was to the common cause, that he would please to hasten to the Rhine; for that nothing but his presence could quicken the measures towards bringing the Imperial army into the field. There are very many speculations upon the intended interview of the King of Denmark and King Augustus. The latter has made such preparations for the reception of the other, that it is said his Danish Majesty will be entertained in Saxony with much more elegance than he met with in Italy itself.

Letters from the Hague, of the eighteenth instant, N. S. say, that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough landed the night

before at the Brill, after having been kept out at sea, by adverse winds, two days longer than is usual in that passage. His Excellency the Lord Townshend, her Majesty's ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General, was driven into the Veer in Zealand on Thursday last, from whence he came to the Hague within a few hours after the arrival of his Grace. The Duke, soon after his coming to the Hague, had a visit from the Pensioner of Holland. All things relating to the peace were in suspense until this interview; nor is it yet known what resolutions will be taken on that subject; for the troops of the Allies have fresh orders dispatched to them, to move from their respective quarters, and march with all expedition to the frontiers, where the enemy are making their utmost efforts for the defence of their country. These advices further inform us, that the Marquis de Torcy had received an answer from the Court of France to his letters which he had sent thither by an express on the Friday before.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received letters from Mr. Coltstaff, Mr. Whipstaff, and Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff; all which relate chiefly to their being first left out in the genealogy of the family lately published; but my cousin who writ that draught, being a clerk in the Herald's Office, and being at present under the displeasure of the Chapter; it is feared if that matter should be touched upon at this time, the young gentleman would lose his place for treason against the King at Arms.

## Nº XV. SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 12.

I have taken a resolution hereafter, on any want of intelligence, to carry my Familiar abroad with me, who has promised to give me very proper and just notions of persons and things, to make up the history of the passing day. He is wonderfully skilful in the knowledge of men and manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that perfection, and I communicated to him that doubt. 'Mr. Peacock,' said I, 'I am mightily sur-

'prized to see you so good a judge of  
'our nature and circumstances, since  
'you are a mere spirit, and have no  
'knowledge of the bodily part of us.'  
He answered, smiling—'You are mis-  
'taken; I have been one of you, and  
'lived a month amongst you, which  
'gives me an exact sense of your condi-  
'tion. You are to know, that all who  
'enter into human life have a certain  
'date or *flamen* given to their being,  
'which they only who die of age may  
'be said to have arrived at; but it is or-  
'dered sometimes by fate, that such as  
'die



die infants, are, after death, to attend mankind to the end of that *flamen* of being in themselves, which was broke off by sickness or any other disaster. These are proper guardians to men, as being sensible of the infirmity of their state. You are philosopher enough to know, that the difference of mens understanding proceeds only from the various dispositions of their organs; so that he who dies at a month old, is in the next life as knowing, though more innocent, as they who live to fifty; and after death, they have as perfect a memory and judgment of all that passed in their life-time, as I have of all the revolutions in that uneasy, turbulent condition of yours; and you would say I had enough of it in a month, were I to tell you all my misfortunes.—‘A life of a month cannot have, one would think, much variety: but pray,’ said I, ‘let us have your story.’

Then he proceeds in the following manner:

‘It was one of the most wealthy families in Great Britain into which I was born; and it was a very great happiness to me that it so happened, otherwise I had still, in all probability, been living: but I shall recount to you all the occurrences of my short and miserable existence, just as, by examining into the traces made in my brain, they appeared to me at that time. The first thing that ever struck at my senses, was a noise over my head of one shrieking; after which, methought, I took a full jump, and found myself in the hands of a sorceress, who seemed as if she had been long waking, and employed in some incantation: I was thoroughly frightened, and cried out; but she immediately seemed to go on in some magical operation, and anointed me from head to foot. What they meant, I could not imagine; for there gathered a great crowd about me, crying—“An heir! an heir!” upon which I grew a little still, and believed this was a ceremony to be used only to great persons, and such as made them what they called Heirs. I lay very quiet; but the witch, for no manner of reason or provocation in the world, takes me, and binds my head as hard as possibly she could; then ties up both my legs, and makes

me swallow down an horrid mixture. I thought it an harsh entrance into life, to begin with taking physic; but I was forced to it, or else must have taken down a great instrument in which she gave it me. When I was thus dressed, I was carried to a bedside, where a fine young lady (my mother I wot) had like to have hugged me to death. From her they faced me about, and there was a thing with quite another look from the rest of the company, to whom they talked about my noise. He seemed wonderfully pleased to see me; but I knew since, my noise belonged to another family. That into which I was born is one of the most numerous amongst you; therefore crowds of relations came every day to congratulate my arrival; amongst others, my cousin Betty, the greatest romp in nature: she whisks me such a height over her head, that I cried out for fear of falling. She pinched me, and called me squealing chit, and threw me into a girl’s arms that was taken in to tend me. The girl was very proud of the womanly employment of a nurse, and took upon her to strip and dress me anew, because I made a noise, to see what ailed me: she did so, and struck a pin in every joint about me. I still cried: upon which she lays me on my face in her lap; and, to quiet me, fell anailing in all the pins, by clapping me on the back, and screaming a lullaby. But my pain made me exalt my voice above hers, which brought up the nurse, the witch I first saw, and my grandmother. The girl is turned down stairs, and I stripped again, as well to find what ailed me, as to satisfy my granam’s farther curiosity. This good old woman’s visit was the cause of all my troubles. You are to understand, that I was hitherto bred by hand, and any body that stood next gave me pap, if I did but open my lips; inasmuch that I was grown so cunning, as to pretend myself asleep when I was not, to prevent my being crammed. But my grandmother began a loud lecture upon the idleness of the wives of this age, who, for fear of their shames, forbear suckling their own offspring: and ten nurses were immediately sent for; one was whispered to have a wanton eye, and would soon spoil her milk; another was in

' a consumption; the third had an ill voice, and would frighten me, instead of lulling me to sleep. Such exceptions were made against all but one country milch-wench, to whom I was committed, and put to the breast. This careless jade was eternally romping with the footman, and downright starved me; insomuch that I daily pined away, and should never have been relieved, had it not been that, on the thirtieth day of my life, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who had writ upon Cold Baths, came to visit me, and solemnly protested I was utterly lost for want of that method: upon which he foused me head and ears into a pail of water, where I had the good fortune to be drowned; and so escaped being lashed into a linguist until sixteen, running after wenches until twenty-five, and being married to an ill natured wife until sixty: which had certainly been my fate, had not the enchantment between body and soul been broke by this philosopher. Thus, until the age I should have otherwise lived, I am obliged to watch the steps of men; and, if you please, shall accompany you in your present walks, and get you intelligence from the aerial lacquey, who is in waiting, what are the thoughts and purposes of any whom you enquire for.' I accepted his kind offer, and immediately took him with me in a hack to White's.

## WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 13.

WE got in hither, and my companion threw a powder round us, that made me as invisible as himself; so that we could see and hear all others, ourselves unseen and unheard.

The first thing we took notice of was a nobleman of a goodly and frank aspect, with his generous birth and temper visible in it, playing at cards with a creature of a black and horrid countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the arts of his mind, cozenage, and falsehood. They were marking their game with counters, on which we could see inscriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My lord had scored with pieces of ivory, on which were writ—' Good Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour, and Posterity.' The spectre over against him, had on his counters the inscriptions as—' Dishonour, Impudence, Poverty,

Ignorance, and want of Shame.'—' Bless me!' said I, ' sure my lord does not see what he plays for?'—' As well as I do,' says Pacolet. He despises that fellow he plays with, and scorns himself for making him his companion. At the very instant he was speaking, I saw the fellow, who played with my lord, hide two cards in the roll of his stocking: Pacolet immediately stole them from thence; upon which the nobleman soon after won the game. The little triumph he appeared in, when he got such a trifling stock of ready moneys, though he had ventured so great sums with indifference, increased my admiration. But Pacolet began to talk to me. ' Mr. Isaac, this to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher beings: that nobleman has as many good qualities as any man of his order, and seems to have no fault but what, as I may say, are excrescences from virtues. He is generous to a prodigality, more affable than is consistent with his quality, and courageous to a rashness. Yet, after all this, the source of his whole conduct is (though he would hate himself if he knew it) mere avarice. The ready-cash laid before the gamester's counters makes him venture, as you see, and lay distinction against infamy, abundance against want; in a word, all that is desirable, against all that is to be avoided.'—' However,' said I, ' be sure you disappoint the sharpeners to-night, and steal from them all the cards they hide.' Pacolet obeyed me, and my lord went home with their whole bank in his pocket.

## WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 15.

TO-NIGHT was acted a second time, a comedy called the Busy Body: this play is written by a lady. In old times, we used to sit upon a play here, after it was acted; but now the entertainment is turned another way; not but that considerable men appear in all ages, who, for some eminent quality or invention, deserve the esteem and thanks of the public. Such a benefactor is a gentleman of this house, who is observed by the turgeons with much envy; for he has invented an engine for the prevention of harms by love-adventures; and, by great care and application, hath made it an immodesty to name his name. This act of self-denial has gained this worthy member

member of the commonwealth a great reputation. Some law-givers have departed from their abodes for ever, and commanded the observation of their laws until they return; others have used other artifices to fly the applause of their merit; but this person shuns glory with greater address; and has, by giving his engine his own name, made it obscene to speak of him more. However, he is ranked among and received by the modern wits, as a great promoter of gallantry and pleasure. But, I fear, pleasure is less understood in this age, which so much pretends to it, than in any since the creation. It was admirably said of him who first took notice, that '*Res est severa voluptas*—There is a certain severity in pleasure.' Without that, all decency is banished; and if reason is not to be present at our greatest satisfactions, of all the race of creatures, the human is the most miserable. It was not so of old; when Virgil describes a wit, he always means a virtuous man; and all his sentiments of men of genius are such as these persons distinguished from the common level of mankind; such as placed happiness in the contempt of low fears, and mean gratifications; fears, which we are subject to with the vulgar; and pleasures which we have in common with beasts. With these illustrious personages, the wisest man

was the greatest wit; and none was thought worthy of that character, unless he answered this excellent description of the poet:

*Qui—metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis  
avari.*

VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 492.

Happy the man——  
His mind possessing in a quiet state,  
Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate.  
DAYDEN.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 13.

WE had this morning advice, that some English merchant ships, convoyed by the Bristol of fifty-four guns, were met with by a part of Monsieur du Gui Trouin's Squadron, who engaged the convoy. That ship defended itself until the English merchants got clear of the enemy; but being disabled, was herself taken. Within a few hours after, my Lord Durlly came up with part of his Squadron, and engaging the French, retook the Bristol, (which being very much shattered, sunk) and took the Glorieux, a ship of forty-four guns, as also a privateer of fourteen. Before this action, his lordship had taken two French merchant-men; and had, at the dispatch of these advices, brought the whole safe into Plymouth.

## Nº XVI. TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 15.

SIR Thomas, of this house, has shewed me some letters from the Bath, which give accounts of what passes among the good company of that place; and allowed me to transcribe one of them, that seems to be writ by some of Sir Thomas's particular acquaintance, and is as follows:

DEAR KNIGHT,

I Desire you would give my humble service to all our friends, which I speak of to you (out of method) in the very beginning of my epistle, lest the present disorders, by which this seat of gallantry and pleasure is torn to pieces, should make me forget it. You keep to good company, that you know Bath is stocked with such as come hither to

be relieved from luxuriant health, or imaginary sickness; and consequently is always as well stowed with gallants as invalids, who live together in a very good understanding. But the season is so early, that our fine company is not yet arrived; and the warm bath, which in heathen times was dedicated to Venus, is now used only by such as really want it for health's sake. There are, however, a good many strangers, among whom are two ambitious ladies, who being both in the autumn of their life, take the opportunity of placing themselves at the head of such as we are, before the Chloes, Clarissas, and Pastorellas, come down. One of these two is excessively in pain, that the ugly being, called Time, will make wrinkles in spite of the lead forehead-cloth; and therefore hides with the gaiety of her  
air,

the volubility of her tongue, and quickness of her motion, the injuries which it has done her. The other lady is but two years behind her in life, and dreads as much being laid aside as the former; and consequently has taken the necessary precautions to prevent her reign over us. But she is very discreet, and wonderfully turned for ambition, being never apparently transported either with affection or malice. Thus, while Florimel is talking in public, and spreading her graces in assemblies, to gain a popular dominion over our diversions, Prudentia visits very cunningly all the lime, the splenetic, and the superannuated, who have their distinct classes of followers and friends. Among these she has found, that somebody has sent down printed certificates of Florimel's age, which she has read and distributed to this unjoyful set of people, who are always enemies to those in possession of the good opinion of the company. This unprovoked injury done by Prudentia was the first occasion of our fatal divisions here, and a declaration of war between these rivals. Florimel has abundance of wit, which she has lavished in decrying Prudentia, and giving defiance to her little arts. For an instance of her superior power, she bespoke the play of Alexander the Great, to be acted by the company of strollers, and desired us all to be there on Thursday last. When she spoke to me to come—"As you are," said she, "a lover, you will not fail the death of Alexander: the passion of love is wonderfully lit—Statira! O that happy woman—To have a conqueror at her feet!—But you will be sure to be there." I, and several others, resolved to be of her party. But for the irresistible strength of that unsuspected creature, a Silent Woman. Prudentia had counterplotted us, and had bespoke on the same evening the puppet-show of 'The Creation of the World.' She had engaged every body to be there; and to turn our leader into ridicule, had secretly let them know, that the puppet Eve was made the most like Florimel that ever was seen. On Thursday morning, the puppet-drummer, Adam and Eve, and several others who lived before the flood, passed through the streets on horseback, to invite us all to the pastime, and the representation of such things as we all knew to be true; and Mr. Mayor was so wise, as to pre-

fer these innocent people the puppets, who, he said, were to represent Christians, before the wicked players, who were to shew Alexander, an heathen philosopher. To be short, this Prudentia had so laid it, that at ten of the clock footmen were sent to take places at the puppet-show, and all we of Florimel's party were to be out of fashion, or desert her. We chose the latter. All the world crowded to Prudentia's house, because it was given out, nobody could get in. When we came to Noah's Flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. An honest plain friend of Florimel's, but a critic withal, rose up in the midst of the representation, and made many very good exceptions to the drama itself, and told us, that it was against all morality, as well as rules of the stage, that Punch should be in jest in the Deluge, or indeed that he should appear at all. This was certainly a just remark, and I thought to second him; but he was hissed by Prudentia's party: upon which, really, Sir Thomas, we, who were his friends, hissed him too. Old Mrs. Petulant desired both her daughters to mind the moral; then whispered Mrs. Mayorefs—"This is 'very proper for young people to see.' Punch at the end of the play made Madam Prudentia a compliment, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows until his buttons touched the ground. All was carried triumphantly against our party. In the mean time Florimel went to the tragedy, dressed as fine as hands could make her, in hopes to see Prudentia pine away with envy. Instead of that, she sat a full hour alone, and at last was entertained with this whole relation from Statira, who wiped her eyes with her tragical cut handkerchief, and lamented the ignorance of the quality. Florimel was stung with this affront, and the next day bespoke the puppet-show. Prudentia, insolent with power, bespoke Alexander. The whole company came then to Alexander. Madam Petulant desired her daughters to mind the moral, and believe no man's fair words: 'For you will see, children,' said she, 'these soldiers are 'never to be depended upon; they are 'sometimes here, sometimes there.—'Do not you see, daughter Betty, Colonel Clod, our next neighbour in 'the country, pull off his hat to you?'

G. Curtley.

• Curtsey, good child; his estate is just  
• by us.' Florimel was now mortified  
down to Prudentia's humour; and Prudentia exalted into hers. This was observed; Florimel invites us to the play a second time, Prudentia to the show. See the uncertainty of human affairs! the beaux, the wits, the gamesters, the prudes, the coquettes, the valetudinarians, and gallants, all now wait upon Florimel. Such is the state of things at this present date; and if there happens any new commotions, you shall have immediate advice from, Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and servant.

BATH, MAY II,  
1709.

#### TO CASTABELIA.

MADAM,

I Have the honour of a letter from a friend of yours, relating to an incivility done to you at the opera, by one of your own sex; but I, who was an eye-witness of the accident, can testify to you, that though she pressed before you, she lost her ends in that design; for she was taken notice of for no other reason, but her endeavours to hide a finer woman than herself. But indeed I dare not go farther in this matter, than just this bare mention; for though it was taking your place of right, rather than place of precedence, yet it is so tender a point, and on which the very life of female ambition depends, that it is of the last consequence to meddle in it: all my hopes are from your beautiful sex; and those bright eyes, which are the bane of others, are my only sunshine. My writings are sacred to you; and I hope I shall always have the good fortune to live under your protection; therefore take this public opportunity to signify to all the world, that I design to forbear any thing that may in the least tend to the diminution of your interest, reputation, or power. You will therefore forgive me, that I strive to conceal every wrong step made by any who have the honour to wear petticoats, and shall at all times do what is in my power to make all mankind as much their slaves as myself. If they would consider things as they ought, there needs not much argument to convince them, that it is their fate to be obedient to you, and that your greatest rebels do *only serve with a woe's grace*. I am,

Madam, your most obedient and humble servant,

MAY 16. ISAAC BICKERST

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MA

LETTERS from the Hague, be date the twenty first instant, N. S. vife, that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, immediately after his ascent his secretary to the President the Pensionary, to acquaint them with. Soon after, these ministers the Duke, and made him comply in the name of the States General; which they entered into a conference with him on the present posture of affairs, and gave his Grace assurance the firm adherence of the States alliances at the same time acquainted him, that all overtures of peace rejected, until they had an opportunity of acting in concert with their All that subject. After this interview Pensionary and the President returned the assembly of the States. Monsieur Torcy has had a conference at the pensioner's house with his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene his Excellency the Lord Townshend. The result of what was debated a time is kept secret; but there appears an air of satisfaction and good understanding between these ministers. Very apt also to give ourselves very high prospects from Monsieur Torcy's employment in this negotiation, who been always remarkable for a particular way of thinking, in his sense of greatness of France; which, he has always said, was to be promoted by the arts of peace than those of war. He delivering himself freely on this subject has formerly appeared an unusual way to power in that court; it's present circumstances, these measures are better received; and it is that certain argument of the sincerity of the French King's intentions, that this minister is at present made use of. The Marquis is to return to Paris within a few days, who has sent a courier to give notice of the reasons of his return, that the court may be enabled to dispatch commissions for a new treaty.

The expectations of peace are increased by advices from Paris of the present instant, which say, the Dauphin altered his resolution of commanding

Flanders the ensuing campaign. The Saxon and Prussian reinforcements, together with Count Mercy's regiment of Imperial horse, are encamped in the neighbourhood of Brussels; and sufficient stores of corn and forage are transported to that place and Ghent, for the service of the confederate army.

They write from Mons, that the Elector of Bavaria had advice, that an advanced party of the Portuguese army had been defeated by the Spaniards.

We hear from Languedoc, that their corn, olives, and figs, were wholly destroyed; but that they have a hopeful prospect of a plentiful vintage.

## Nº XVII. THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 18.

THE discourse has happened to turn this evening upon the true nature of Panegyric, the perfection of which was asserted to consist in a certain artful way of conveying the applause in an indirect manner. There was a gentleman gave us several instances of it. Among others, he quoted (from Sir Francis Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*) a very great compliment made to Tiberius, as follows: In a full debate upon public affairs in the senate, one of the assembly rose up, and with a very grave air said, he thought it for the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, that Tiberius should be declared a god, and have divine worship paid him. The Emperor was surprized at the proposal, and demanded of him to declare, whether he had made any application to incline him to that overture. The senator answered, with a bold and haughty tone—'Sir, in matters that concern the commonwealth, I will be governed by no man.' Another gentleman mentioned something of the same kind, spoken by the late Duke of B—m to the late Earl of O—y. 'My lord,' says the Duke, after his libertine way, 'you will certainly be damned.'—'How! my lord?' says the Earl, with some warmth. 'Nay,' said the Duke, 'there is no help for it; for it is positively said—'Curled is he of whom all men speak well.' This is taking a man by surprise, and being welcome when you have so surprized him. The person flattered receives you into his closet at once; and the sudden change of his heart, from the expectation of an ill-wisher, to find you his friend, makes you in his full favour in a moment. The spirits that were raised so suddenly against you, are as suddenly for you.

There was another instance given of this kind at the table: A gentleman, who had a very great favour done him, and an employment bestowed upon him, without so much as being known to his benefactor, waited upon the great man who was so generous, and was beginning to say, he was infinitely obliged—'Not at all,' says the patron, turning from him to another, 'had I known a more deserving man in England, he should not have had it.'

We should certainly have had more examples, had not a gentleman produced a book which he thought an instance of this kind: it was a pamphlet called *The Naked Truth*. The idea any one would have of that work from the title, was, that there would be much plain dealing with people in power, and that we should see things in their proper light, stripped of the ornaments which are usually given to the actions of the great: but the skill of this author is such, that he has, under that rugged appearance, approved himself the finest gentleman and courtier that ever writ. The language is extremely sublime, and not at all to be understood by the vulgar: the sentiments are such as would make no figure in ordinary words; but such is the art of the expression, and the thoughts are elevated to so high a degree, that I question whether the discourse will sell much. There was an ill-natured fellow present, who hates all panegyric mortally: 'P—take him,' said he, 'what the devil means his *Naked Truth*, in speaking nothing but to the advantage of all whom he mentions? This is just such a great action as that of the champion's on a coronation-day, who challenges all mankind to dispute with him the right of the sovereign, surrounded with his guards.' The gentleman who produced

duced the treatise desired him to be cautious, and said, it was writ by an excellent soldier, which made the company observe it more narrowly; and (as critics are the greatest conjurors at finding out a known truth) one said, he was sure it was writ by the hand of his sword-arm. I could not perceive much wit in that expression; but it raised a laugh, and I suppose was meant as a sneer upon valiant men. The same man pretended to see in the stile, that it was an horse-officer; but sure, that is being too nice; for though you may know officers of cavalry by the turn of their feet, I cannot imagine how you should discern their hands from those of other men. But it is always thus with pedants; they will ever be carping; if a gentleman or a man of honour puts pen to paper, I do not doubt but this author will find this assertion too true, and that obloquy is not repulged by the force of arms. I will therefore set this excellent piece in a light too glaring for weak eyes, and, in imitation of the critic Longinus, shall, as well as I can, make my observations in a stile like the author's of whom I treat, which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having 'an unbounded force of thinking, as well as a most exquisite address, extensively and wisely indulged to me by the supreme powers.' My author, I will dare to assert, shews the most universal knowledge of any writer who has appeared this century. He is a poet, and merchant, which is seen in two master-words—'Credit blossoms.' He is a grammarian, and a politician; for he says—'The uniting of the two kingdoms is the emphasis of the security of the Protestant succession.' Some would be apt to say, he is a conjuror; for he has found, that a republic is not made up of every body of animals, but is composed of men only, and not of horses. 'Liberty and Property have chosen their retreat within the emulating circle of an human commonwealth.' He is a physician; for he says—'I observe a constant equality in it's pulse, and a just quickness of it's vigorous circulation.' And again—'I view the strength of our constitution plainly appear in the sanguine and ruddy complexion of a well-contented city.' He is a divine: for he says—'I cannot but bless myself.' And in-

deed this excellent treatise has had good effect upon me, who am far from being superstitious, that I also 'but bless myself.'

#### ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, M/

THIS day arrived a mail from Lisbon, with letters of the thirteen instant, N. S. containing a particular count of the late action in Portugal the seventh instant, the army of Portugal, under the command of the Marquis de Fronteira, lay on the side of Caya, and the army of the Duke of Bragança, commanded by the Marquis de Bay, on the other. The latter commander having an ambition to conquer the country, in a manner in sight of the Portuguese, made a motion with his whole body of his horse toward Saint Christopher, near the town of Vagos. The generals of the Portuguese disdaining that such an insult should be offered to their arms, took a resolution to pass the river, and oppose the march of the enemy. The Earl of Cadiz represented to them, that the posture of affairs was such on the side of the Allies, that there needed not to be done at present in that country but to carry on a defensive part. His arguments could not avail against the council of war. Upon which a detachment of foot, and the whole of the horse of the King of Portugal, passed the river, and with pieces of cannon did good execution on the enemy. Upon observing that the Marquis de Bay advanced with his army and attacked the right-wing of the Portuguese cavalry, who faced about, without standing the first encounter. But their foot repulsed the body of horse in three successive combats with great order and resolution. This was transacting, the British commanded the brigade of Portuguese to keep the enemy in diversion by attack. This was so well executed that the Portuguese infantry had to retire in good order, and rejoin the river. But that brigade which they themselves surrounded the enemy, and Major-general Sarsfield, together with his two regiments, and that of the Lord Viscount, lately raised, were taken prisoner. During the engagement, the

Barrimore having advanced too far to give some necessary order, was hemmed in by a Squadron of the enemy; but found means to gallop up to the brigade of Pearce, with which he remains also a prisoner. My Lord Galway had his horse shot under him in this action; and the Conde de Saint Juan, a Portuguese general, was taken prisoner. The same night the army encamped at Aronches, and on the ninth moved to Elvas, where they lay when these dispatches came away. Colonel Stanwix's regiment is also taken. The whole of this affair has given the Portuguese a great idea of the capacity and courage of my Lord Galway, against whose advice they entered upon this unfortunate affair, and by whose conduct they were rescued from it. The prodigious constancy and resolution of that great man is hardly to be paralleled, who, under the oppression of a maimed body, and the reflection of repeated ill fortune, goes on with an unspeakable alacrity in the service of the common cause. He has already put things in a very good posture after this ill accident, and made the necessary dispositions for covering the country from any further attempt of the enemy, who lie still in the camp they were in before the battle.

Letters from Brussels, dated the 25th instant, advise, that notwithstanding the negotiations of a peace seem so far ad-

vanced, that some do confidently report the preliminaries of a treaty to be actually agreed on; yet the Allies hasten their preparations for opening the campaign; and the forces of the empire, the Prussians, the Danes, the Wirtembergers, the Palatines, and Saxon auxiliaries, are in motion towards the general rendezvous, they being already arrived in the neighbourhood of Brussels. These advices add, that the Deputies of the States of Holland having made a general review of the troops in Flanders, set out for Antwerp on the 21st instant from that place. On the same day the Prince Royal of Prussia came there incognito, with a design to make the ensuing campaign under his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

This day is published, a treatise called—'The Difference between Scandal and Admonition, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.' and on the 1st of July next, you may expect—'A Prophecy of Things past; wherein the art of Fortune-telling is laid open to the meanest Capacity.' And on the Monday following—'Choice Sentences for the Company of Masons and Bricklayers, to be put upon new Houses, with a Translation of all the Latin Sentences that have been built of late Years; together with a Comment upon Stone Walls,' by the same hand.


## Nº XVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 20.

**I**T is observed too often, that men of wit do so much employ their thoughts upon fine speculations, that things useful to mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busy in making emendations upon some encliticks in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man may have use for, are wholly overlooked. It would be an happy thing, if such as have real capacities for public service, were employed in works of general use; but because a thing is every body's business, it is nobody's business: this is for want of public spirit. As for my part, who am only a student, and a man of no great interest, I can only remark things, and recommend the correction of them to higher powers, There

is an offence I have a thousand times lamented, but fear I shall never see remedied; which is, that in a nation where learning is so frequent as in Great Britain, there should be so many gross errors as there are in the very directions of things, wherein accuracy is necessary for the conduct of life. This is notoriously observed by all men of letters when they first come to town, (at which time they are usually curious that way) in the inscriptions on sign-posts. I have cause to know this matter as well as any body; for I have, when I went to Merchant-Taylor's School, suffered stripes for spelling after the signs I observed in the way; though at the same time I must confess, staring at those inscriptions first gave me an idea and curiosity for medals; in which I have since arrived at some



some knowledge. Many a man has lost his way and his dinner by this general want of skill in orthography: for, considering that the painters are usually so very bad, that you cannot know the animal under whose sign you are to live that day, how must the stranger be misled, if it be wrong spelled, as well as ill painted? I have a cousin now in town, who has answered under Batchelor at Queen's College, whose name is Humphrey Mopstiff; (he is akin to us by his mother) this young man going to see a relation in Barbican, wandered a whole day by the mistake of one letter, for it was written—'This is the Beer,' instead of 'This is the Bear.' He was set right at last, by enquiring for the house of a fellow that could not read, and knew the place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But in the name of goodness let us make our learning of use to us, or not. Was not this a shame, that a philosopher should be thus directed by a cobbler? I will be sworn if it were known how many have suffered in this kind by false spelling since the Union, this matter would not long lie thus. What makes these evils the more insupportable is, that they are so easily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is so far from that, that the  goes on in other arts as well as orthography; places are confounded, as well for want of proper distinctions, as things for want of true characters. Had I not come by the other day very early in the morning, there might have been mischief done; for a worthy North Briton was swearing at Stocks Market, that they would not let him in at his lodgings; but I knowing the gentleman, and observing him look often at the King on horseback, and then double his oaths, that he was sure he was right, found he mistook that for Charing Cross, by the erection of the like statue in each place. I grant, private men may distinguish their abodes as they please; as one of my acquaintance, who lives at Marybone, has put a good sentence of his own invention upon his dwelling-place, to find out where he lives: he is so near London, that his conceit is this—'The Country in Town; or, The Town in the Country;' for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Besides that, the ambiguity is not of great consequence; if you are safe at the place, it is no matter if you do not distinctly

know where to say the place is. return to the orthography of places. I propose that every tra in the cities of London and Westminster shall give me sixpence a quarter keeping their signs in repair, as grammatical part; and I will to my house a Swiss count of my acquaintance, who can remember all their without book, for dispatch sake, up the head of the said foreigner sign; the features being strong, for hanging high.

#### ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, W.

THIS day a mail arrived from land, by which there are advice Paris, that the kingdom of France the utmost misery and distraction merchants of Lyons have been at to remonstrate their great suffering the failure of their public credit have received no other satisfaction: promises of a sudden peace; as their debts will be made good by out of the revenue, which will answer but in case of the peace was promised. In the mean time, all of the common people are loud for bread; the gentry have lost all spirit for their country; and the himself seems to languish under anxiety of the pressing calamities nation, and retires from hearing grievances which he hath not power to redress. Instead of preparations for the defence of their country is nothing to be seen but evident of a general despair; processions, public mournings, and lectures, are become the sole employment of a people, who were lately so vain and gay of any in the universe.

The Pope has written to the King on the subject of a peace; Majesty has answered in the terms, that he entirely submits his to Divine Providence, and shew the world that he prefers the tranquillity of his people to the glory arms and extent of his conquests.

Letters from the Hague of this day, that his Excellency the Lord's friend delivered his credentials a day to the States General, as a pendency from the Queen of Great Britain; as did also Count Zinzendorf bears the same character from the Emperor.

Prince Eugene intended to set out the next day for Brussels, and his Grace the Duke of Marlborough on the Tuesday following. The Marquis de Torcy talks daily of going, but still continues there. The army of the Allies is to assemble on the 7th of next month at Helldin; though it is generally believed that the preliminaries to a treaty are fully adjusted.

The approach of the peace strikes a panic through our armies, though that of a battle could never do it; and they almost repent of their bravery, that made such haste to humble themselves and the French King. The Duke of Marlborough, though otherwise the greatest general of the age, has plainly shewn himself unacquainted with the arts of husbanding a war. He might have grown as old as the Duke of Alva, or Prince Waldeck in the Low Countries, and yet have got reputation enough every year for any reasonable man: for the command of a general in Flanders hath been ever looked upon as a provision for life. For my part, I cannot see how his Grace can answer it to the world, for the great eagerness he hath shewn to send a hundred thousand of the bravest fellows in Europe a begging. But the private gentlemen of the infantry will be able to shift for themselves; a brave man can never starve in a country stocked with hen-roosts. 'There is not a yard of linen,' says my honoured progenitor, Sir John Falstaff, 'in my whole company: but as for that,' says this worthy knight, 'I am in no great pain; we shall find shirts on every hedge.' There is another sort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for; and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great Britain, whether post-men or post-boys, or by what other name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes when our armies have lain still, and given the general assault to many a place when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories when our greatest captains have

been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where Prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made such havoc among his countrymen, as must be the work of two or three ages to repair. It must be confessed, the redoubted Mr. Buckley has shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of Drawcanfir, who spares neither friend nor foe, but generally kills as many of his own side as the enemy's. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace. Every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of King Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodiges were grown so familiar, that they had lost their name, as a great poet of this age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer, who is justly looked upon by all fox-hunters in the nation as the greatest statesman our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in whals; inasmuch, that in five months time (for I had the curiosity to examine his letters on that occasion) he brought three into the mouth of the River Thames, besides two porpoises and a Bugeon. The judicious and wary Mr. J. Dawks hath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himself a reputation from plagues and famines; by which, in these days, he destroyed as great multitudes as he has lately done by the sword. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was sure to be unpeopled.

It being then fore visible, that our society will be greater sufferers by the peace than the soldiery itself, inasmuch that the Daily Courant is in danger of being broken, my friend Dyer of being reformed, and the very best of the whole band of being reduced to half pay; might I presume to offer any thing in the behalf of my distressed brethren, I would humbly move, that an appendix of proper apartments, furnished with

pen, ink, and paper, and other necessities of life, should be added to the hospital of Chelsea, for the relief of such decayed news-writers as have served their country in the wars; and that for their exercise they should compile the annals of their brother veterans, who have been engaged in the same service, and are still obliged to do duty after the same manner.

I cannot be thought to speak this out of an eye to any private interest; for as

my chief scenes of action are houses, play-houses, and my owniment, I am in no need of campifications, and fields of battle, to me; I do not call out for hergenerals to my assistance. The officers are broken, and the arm banded, I shall still be safe as there are men or women, or cians, or lovers, or poets, or r or swains, or cits, or courti being.

## N<sup>o</sup> XIX. TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 20.

**T**HERE is nothing can give a man of any consideration greater pain, than to see order and distinction laid aside amongst men, especially when the rank of which he himself is a member is intruded upon by such as have no pretence to that honour. The appellation of Esquire is the most notoriously abused in this kind, of any class amongst men; infomuch, that it is become almost the subject of derision: but I will be bold to say, this behaviour towards it proceeds from the ignorance of the people in it's true origin. I shall therefore, as briefly as possible, do myself and all true Esquires the justice to look into antiquity upon this subject.

In the first ages of the world, before the invention of jointures and settlements, when the noble passion of love had possession of the hearts of men, and the fair-sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful disposition which they have shewed in later centuries, it was natural for great and heroic spirits to retire to rivulets, woods, and caves, to lament their destiny; and the cruelty of the fair persons who were deaf to all their lamentations. The hero in this distress was generally in armour, and in a readiness to fight any man he met with, especially if distinguished by any extraordinary qualifications; it being the nature of heroic love to hate all merit, lest it should come within the observation of the cruel one by whom it's own perfections are neglected. A lover of this kind had always about him a person of a second value, and subordinate to him, who *could hear his afflictions, carry an enchanted for his wounds, hold his hel-*

met when he was eating, (if ever eat) or in his absence, when he tired to his apartment in any kin lace, tell the prince himself, or his daughter, the birth, parenta adventures, of his valiant master trusty companion was stiled his and was always fit for any office him; was as gentle and chaste a tleman-usher, quick and active querry, smooth and eloquent a ster of the ceremonies. A m qualified was the first, as the affirm, who was called an Esquire none without these accomplishments ought to assume our order: but utter disgrace and confusion of ralds, every pretender is admitted this fraternity, even persons the reign to this courteous institution. There are of the Middle ple, including all in the buttery and in the lits of the house, find. In the Inner, four thousand the King's Bench Walks, th buildings are inhabited by Esqu ly. The adjacent streets of Est Morris's coffee-house, and the towards the Grecian, you can one who is not an Esquire, u take water. Every house in and Arundel streets is governe an Esquire or his Lady; Soho Bloomsbury Square, and all oth where the floors rise above n are so many universities where ter yourselves, and become of o However, if this were the wor evil, it were to be supported, they are generally men of son

and use; though I know no pretence they have to an honour which had it's rise from chivalry. But if you travel into the counties of Great Britain, we are still more imposed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the field: but shall that give title to all that ride mad after foxes, that ha'loo when they see an hare, or venture their necks full speed after an hawk, immediately to commence Esquires? No; our order is temperate, cleanly, sober, and chaste; but these rural Esquires commit immorities upon hay-cocks, wear shirts half a week, and are drunk twice a day. These men are also, to the last degree, excessive in their food: an Esquire of Norfolk eats two pounds of dumplin every meal, as if obliged to it by our order; an Esquire of Hampshire is as ravenous in devouring hogs-flesh; one of Essex has as little mercy on calves. But I must take the liberty to protest against them, and acquaint those persons, that it is not the quantity they eat, but the manner of eating, that shews an Esquire. But, above all, I am most offended at snail-quillmen, and transcribing clerks, who are all come into our order, for no reason that I know of, but that they can write flourish at the end of their names. I will undertake, that if you read the subscriptions to all the offices in the kingdom, you will not find three letters directed to any but Esquires. I have myself a couple of clerks, and the rogues make nothing of leaving messages upon each other's desks: one directs—'To Dymock Gontequill, Esquire; to which the other replies by a note—'To Nehemiah Dabwell, Esquire, with respects; in a word, it is now *Populus Armigerus*—a couple of Esquires. And I do not know but, by the late act of naturalization, foreigners will assume that title, as part of the immunity of being Englishmen. All these improprieties flow from the negligence of the Herald's Office. Those gentlemen in party-coloured habits do not so rightly, as they ought, understand themselves; though they are dressed cap-a-poe in hieroglyphics, they are inwardly but ignorant men. I asked in acquaintance of mine, who is a man of wit, but of no fortune, and is forced to appear as a Jack-pudding on the stage to a mountebank: 'Pray ther, Jack, why is your coat of so many colours?' He replied—'I *am* a fool; and this spotted dress is to signify, that

'every man living has a weak place 'about him; for I am Knight of the 'Shire, and represent you all.' I wish the heralds would know as well as this man does, in his way, that they are to act for us in the case of our arms and appellations: we should not then be jumbled together in so promiscuous and absurd a manner. I design to take this matter into further consideration; and no man shall be received as an Esquire who cannot bring a certificate that he has conquered some lady's obdurate heart; that he can lead up a country-dance, or carry a message between her and her lover, with address, secrecy, and diligence. A Squire is properly born for the service of the sex, and his credentials shall be signed by three toasts, and one pledge, before his title shall be received in my office.

## WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 23.

ON Saturday last was presented the *Busy Body*, a comedy, written (as I have heretofore remarked) by a woman. The plot and incidents of the play are laid with that subtlety of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct.

To-morrow will be acted a play called, *The Trip to the Jubilee*. This performance is the greatest instance that we can have of the irresistible force of proper action. The dialogue in itself has something too low to bear a criticism upon it; but Mr. Wilkes enters into the part with so much skill, that the gallantry, the youth, and gaiety, of a young man of a plentiful fortune, is locked upon with as much indulgence on the stage as in real life, without any of those intermixtures of wit and humour which usually prepossess us in favour of such characters in other plays.

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 23.

LETTERS from the Hague of the twenty-third instant, N. S. say, Mr. Walpole (who is since arrived) was going with all expedition to Great Britain, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the preliminaries to a treaty of peace. The French minister, Monsieur Torcy, has been observed, in this

H whole

whole negociation, to turn his discourse upon the calamities sent down by Heaven upon France, and imputed the necessities they were under to the immediate hand of Providence, in inflicting a general scarcity of provision, rather than the superior genius of the generals, or the bravery of the armies against them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the indulgence of Heaven to us; but at the same time, as we are to love our enemies, we are glad to see them mortified enough to mix Christianity with their politics. An authentic letter from Madame Maintenon to Monsieur Torcy, has been stolen by a person about him, who has communicated a copy of it to some of the dependants of a minister of the Allies. That epistle is writ in the most pathetic manner imaginable, and in a style which shews her genius that has so long engrossed the heart of this great monarch.

SIR,

**I** Received yours; and am sensible of the address and capacity with which you have hitherto transacted the great affair under your management. You will observe, that our wants here are not to be concealed; and that it is vanity to use artifices with the knowing men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you therefore, in this representation of our circumstances, to lay aside art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your skill to gain us what advantages you can from the enemy's jealousy of each other's greatness; which is the place where only you have room for any dexterity. If you have any passion for your unhappy country, or any

affection for your distressed master, come home with peace. Oh, heaven! do I live to talk of Lewis the Great, as the object of pity? The King shews a great uneasiness to be informed of all that passes; but, at the same time, is fearful of every one who appears in his presence, lest he should bring an account of some new calamity. I know not in what terms to represent my thoughts to you, when I speak of the King, with relation to his bodily health. Figure to yourself that immortal man, who stood in our public places, represented with trophies, armour, and terrors, on his pedestal: consider, the Invincible, the Great, the Good, the Pious, the Mighty, which were the usual epithets we gave him, both in our language and thoughts. I say, consider him whom you knew the most glorious and greatest of monarchs, and now think you see the same man an unhappy Lazar, in the lowest circumstances of human nature itself, without regard to the state from whence he is fallen. I write from his bed-side: he is at present in a slumber. I have many, many things to add; but my tears flow too fast, and my sorrow is too big for utterance. I am, &c.

There is such a veneration due from all men to the persons of princes, that it were a sort of dishonesty to represent further the condition which the King is in; but it is certain, that soon after the receipt of these advices, Monsieur Torcy waited upon his Grace the Duke of Marlborough and the Lord Townshend; and in that conference gave up many points which he had before said were such as he must return to France before he could answer.

## Nº XX. THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 24.

**I**T is not to be imagined how far prepossession will run away with people's understandings, in cases wherein they are under present uneasinesses. The following narration is a sufficient testimony of the truth of this observation.

I had the honour the other day of a visit from a gentlewoman, (a stranger to me) who seemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown; but the air

of her face has an agreeableness which surpasses the beauties of the fairest women. There appeared in her look and mien a sprightly health; and her eyes had too much vivacity to become the language of complaint, which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it; and therefore, with downcast looks, said she—'Mr. Bickerstaff, you see before you the unhappiest of women; and therefore, as you are esteemed by all the world both a great civilian, as well as an astrologer, I must desire you

'advice and assistance, in putting me in a method of obtaining a divorce from a marriage which I know the law will pronounce void.'—'Madam,' said I, 'your grievance is of such a nature, that you must be very ingenious in representing the causes of your complaint, or I cannot give you the satisfaction you desire.'—'Sir,' she answers, 'I believe there would be no need of half your skill in the art of divination, to guess why a woman would part from her husband.'—'It is true,' said I; 'but suspicions, or guesses at what you mean, nay certainty of it, except you plainly speak it, are no foundation for a formal suit.' She clapped her fan before her face—'My husband,' said she, 'is no more an husband' (here she bursts into tears) 'than one of the Italian fingers.'

'Madam,' said I, 'the affliction you complain of is to be redressed by law; but, at the same time, consider what mortifications you are to go through in bringing it into open court; how will you be able to bear the impertinent whispers of the people present at the trial, the licentious reflections of the pleaders, and the interpretations that will in general be put upon your conduct by all the world?'—'How little,' will they say, "could that lady command her passions!" Besides, consider, that curbing our desires is the greatest glory we can arrive at in this world, and will be most rewarded in the next.' She answered, like a prudent matron, 'Sir, if you please to remember the office of matrimony, the first cause of its institution is that of having posterity: therefore, as to the curbing desires, I am willing to undergo any abstinence from food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot, with any quiet of mind, live in the neglect of a necessary duty, and an express commandment—"Increase and multiply." Observing she was learned, and knew so well the duties of life, I turned my argument rather to deter her from this public procedure by examples than precepts. 'Do but consider, Madam, what crowds of beautiful women live in nunneries, secluded for ever from the sight and conversation of men, with all the alacrity of spirit imaginable; they spend their time in heavenly raptures, in constant and frequent devotions, and at proper hours in agree-

able conversations.'—'Sir,' said she, hastily, 'tell not me of Papists, or any of their idolatries.'—'Well then, Madam, consider how many fine ladies live innocently in the eye of the world, and this gay town, in the midst of temptation: there is the witty Mrs. W—— is a virgin of forty-four, Mrs. T—— is thirty-nine, Mrs. L—— is thirty-three; yet you see they laugh, and are gay, at the park, at the play-house, at balls, and at visits; and so much at ease, that all this seems hardly a self-denial.'—'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, with some emotion, 'you are an excellent casuist; but the last word destroyed your whole argument; if it is not self-denial, it is no virtue. I presented you with an half-guinea, in hopes not only to have my conscience eased, but my fortune told. Yet—' 'Well, Madam,' said I, 'pray of what age is your husband?'—'He is,' replied my injured client, 'fifty; and I have been his wife fifteen years.'—'How happened it you never communicated your distress, in all this time, to your friends and relations?' She answered—'He has been thus but a fortnight.' I am the most serious man in the world to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. 'Why, Madam, in case of infirmity, which proceeds only from age, the law gives no remedy.'—'Sir,' said she, 'I find you have no more learning than Dr. Casse; and I am told of a young man, not five and twenty, just come from Oxford, to whom I will communicate this whole matter; and doubt not but he will appear to have seven times more useful and satisfactory knowledge than you and all your boasted family.' Thus I have entirely lost my client: but if this tedious narrative preserves Pastorella from the intended marriage with one twenty years her senior—to save a fine lady, I am contented to have my learning decied, and my predictions bound up with Poor Robin's Almanack.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 25.

THIS evening was acted The Recruiting Officer, in which Estcourt's proper sense and observation is what supports the play. There is not, in my humble opinion, the humour hit in Serjeant Kite; but it is admirably supplied by his action. If I have skill to judge, that

that man is an excellent actor; but the crowd of the audience are fitter for representations at May Fair than a theatre royal. Yet that fair is now broke, as well as the theatre is breaking: but it is allowed still to sell animals there. Therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them enquire of Mr. Pinkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of May Fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tyger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise, that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the hives being moit of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarabrand, so famous for her ingenious puppet-shows, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop under the term of Jointed Babies. I could not but be solicitous to know of her how she had disposed of that rake-hell Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me, with a sigh, that despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand and a pipe in the other, as centry to a brandy-shop. The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of it's bloom. This lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul has reduced that unhappy princeess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude—

*I was born of royal race,  
Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.*

But for fear of being overheard, and her quality known, she usually sings in Italian—

*Nacqui al regno, nacqui al trono,  
E par sono  
I venturata pastorella—*

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from an ingenious friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of that people.

MY friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary, to see one of their plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The actors are all of them tradesmen; who, after their day's work is over, earn about a guilder a night by personating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy I saw was a journeyman taylor, and his first minister of state a coffee-man. The Empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her mother keeps an alehouse in the suburbs of Amsterdam. When the tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short farce, in which the cobbler did his part to a miracle; but upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the theatre maintain an hospital; for as they do not think the profession of an actor here the only trade that a man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any body to grow rich in a profession that, in their opinion, so little conduces to the good of the commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your playhouses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the hospital at Dulwich was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen, a player: and it is also said, a famous she-tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 25.

LETTERS from the Hague of the thirty-first instant, N. S. say, that the articles preliminary to a general peace were

communicated to the States all the foreign ministers and transmitted to their orders on the twenty-eighth. They immediately returned of France, from whence I again on the fourth of this, with those articles ratify court. The Hague is for the place of treaty, and of the next month the day is to commence. The this negociation is founded declared by public authority is most generally re- follows:

King's right and title, and the cession to these dominions, to be acknowledged. King to be owned the lawful sovereign. The French King to recall his troops out of Prussia, and deliver up to the Prussians of Roes, Fontarabia, and Bayona; but in case the Duke of Prussia shall not retire out of the dominions, he shall be obliged to force him from possession of arms is agreed to within six months from the first day.

The port and fortification of Dunkirk are to be demolished within six months; but the town itself to remain in the hands of the French. The Duke of Prussia to be obliged to leave the Island of Newfoundland to be in the hands of the English. As to the other dominions, the French are to restore them as they may have taken possession, as the English, in like

manner, are to give up what they may have taken from the French, before the commencement of the treaty. The trade between Great Britain and France shall be settled upon the same foundation as in the reign of King Charles the Second.

The Dutch are to have for their barriers, Newport, Berg, St. Vinox, Furnes, Ipres, Lille, Tournay, Douay, Valenciennes, Conde, Maubeuge, Mons, Charleroy, Namur, and Luxemburg; all which places shall be delivered up to the Allies before the end of June. The trade between Holland and France shall be on the same foot as in 1664. The cities of Strasburg, Brisac, and Alsatia, shall be restored to the Emperor and empire; and the King of France, pursuant to the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, shall only retain the protection of ten Imperial cities, viz. Colman, Schiestat, Haguenau, Munster, Turckheim, Keisembach, Oberrhein, Rothenheim, Weissenberg, and Landau. Huningen, Fort-Louis, Fort-Khiel, and New-Brisac, shall be demolished, and all the fortifications from Basil to Philippsburg. The King of Prussia shall remain in the peaceable possession of Neuchâtel. The affair of Orange, as also the pretensions of his Prussian Majesty in Franche Comté, shall be determined at this general negotiation of peace. The Duke of Savoy shall have a restitution made of all that has been taken from him by the French, and remain master of Exilles, Chamon, Fenestrelles, and the valley of Pragelas.

## • XXI. SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1709.

COLLATE-HOUSE, MAY 26.

My friend has writ to me out of country a very civil letter, and which I suppose with great vanity. There are many narratives which he is explaining; and has therefore, for the benefit of my friends, I would let him know by a Gentleman, a Pretty fellow, a Coquet, a Critic, a other appellations of those in possession of these talents in the gayer world; to the account of those who

unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a Gentleman, or man of conversation.

It is generally thought that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it, are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But any one that is much in company will observe, that the height of good-breeding is shewn rather in never giving offence than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent,



lent, therefore, in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine Gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion, without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty he acts with great ease and freedom among the men of pleasure, and acquits himself with skill and dispatch among the men of business: all which he performs with such success, that, with as much discretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears, cunning. But if he does a good office, as he ever does it with readiness and alacrity, so he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have asked it. His judgment is so good and unerring, and accompanied with so chearful a spirit, that his conversation is a continual feast, at which he helps some, and is helped by others, in such a manner, that the equality of society is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: for it is the greatest and justest skill in a man of superior understanding, to know how to be on a level with his companions. This sweet disposition runs through all the actions of Sophronius, and makes his company desired by women without being envied by men. Sophronius would be as just as he is, if there were no law; and would be as discreet as he is, if there were no such thing as calumny.

In imitation of this agreeable being, is made that animal we call a Pretty Fellow; who, being just able to find out that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Jack Dimple is his perfect mimic; whereby he is, of course, the most unlike him of all men living. Sophronius just now passed into the inner room directly forward: Jack comes as fast after as he can for the right and left looking-glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within

for half an hour, until he is not careless enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness.

#### WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 27.

THIS night was acted the comedy called *The Fox*; but I wonder the modern writers do not use their interest in the house to suppress such representations. A man that has been at this will hardly like any other play during the season: therefore I humbly move, that the writings, as well as dresses, of the last age, should give way to the present fashion. We are come into a good method enough, (if we were not interrupted in our mirth by such an apparition as a play of *Johnson's*) to be entertained at more ease, both to the spectator and the writer, than in the days of old. It is no difficulty to get hats and swords, and wigs and shoes, and every thing else, from the shops in towns; and make a man shew himself by his habit, without more ado, to be a Counsellor, a Fop, a Courtier, or a Citizen, and not be obliged to make those characters talk in different dialects to be distinguished from each other. This is certainly the surest and best way of writing: but such a play as this makes a man for a month after over-run with criticism, and enquire, What every man on the stage said? What had such a one to do to meddle with such a thing? How came the other, who was bred after this or that manner, to speak so like a man conversant among a different people? These questions rob us of all our pleasure; for, at this rate, no sentence in a play should be spoken by any one character which could possibly enter into the head of any other man represented in it; but every sentiment should be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious Ben's works will bear this sort of inquisition; but if the present writers were thus examined, and the offences against this rule struck out, few plays would be long enough for the whole evening's entertainment.

But I do not know how they did in those old times: this same Ben Johnson has made every one's passion in this play be towards money; and yet not one of them expresses that desire, or endeavours to obtain it, any way but what is peculiar to him only: one sacrifices his wife, another his profession, another his posterity, from the same motive; but their

their characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their discourses should rise from the invention of the same author.

But the poets are a nest of Hornets, and I will drive these thoughts no farther; but must mention some hard treatment I am like to meet with from my brother-writers. I am credibly informed, that the author of a play called 'Love in a Hollow Tree,' has made some remarks upon my late discourse on the Naked Truth. I cannot blame a gentleman for writing against any error; it is for the good of the learned world. But I would have the thing fairly left between us two, and not under the protection of patrons. But my intelligence is, that he hath dedicated his treatise to the Honourable Mr. Ed—d H——rd.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 27.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

YORK, MAY 16, 1709.

BEING convinced, as the whole world is, how infallible your predictions are, and having the honour to be your near relation of the Stalfian family, I was under great concern at one of your predictions relating to yourself, wherein you foretold your own death would happen on the seventeenth instant, unless it was prevented by the assistance of well-disposed people: I have therefore prevailed on my own modesty to send you a piece of news, which may serve instead of Goddard's Drops, to keep you alive for two days, until nature be able to recover itself, or until you meet with some better help from other hands. Therefore, without further ceremony, I will go on to relate a singular adventure just happened in the place where I am writing, wherewith it may be highly useful for the public to be informed.

Three young ladies of our town were on Saturday last indicted for witchcraft. The witnesses against the first deposed upon oath before Justice Bindover, that she kept spirits locked up in vessels, which sometimes appeared in flames of blue fire; that she used magical herbs, with some of which she drew in hundreds of men daily to her, who went out from her presence all inflamed, their

months parched, and a hot stream issuing from them, attended with a grievous stench: that many of the said men were, by the force of that herb, metamorphosed into swine, and lay wallowing in the kennels for twenty-four hours, before they could re-assume their shapes or their senses.

It was proved against the second, that she cut off by night the limbs from dead bodies that were hanged, and was seen to dig holes in the ground, to mutter some conjuring words, and bury pieces of the flesh after the usual manner of witches.

The third was accused for a notorious piece of sorcery, long practised by hags, of moulding up pieces of dough into the shapes of men, women, and children; then heating them at a gentle fire, which had a sympathetic power to torment the bowels of those in their neighbourhood.

This was the sum of what was objected against the three ladies, who indeed had nothing to say in their own defence but downright denying the facts, which is like to avail very little when they come upon their trials.

But the parson of our parish, a strange refractory man, will believe nothing of all this; so that the whole town cries out—'Shame! that one of his coat should be such an atheist;' and design to complain of him to the bishop. He goes about very oddly to solve the matter. He supposes, that the first of these ladies, keeping a brandy and tobacco shop, the fellows went out smoking; and got drunk towards evening, and made themselves beasts. He says, the second is a butcher's daughter, and sometimes brings a quarter of mutton from the slaughter-house over night against a market-day, and once buried a bit of beef in the ground, as a known receipt to cure warts on her hands. The parson affirms, that the third sells gingerbread, which, to please the children, she is forced to stamp with images before it is baked; and if it burns their guts, it is because they eat too much, or do not drink after it.

These are the answers he gives to solve those wonderful phenomena; upon which I shall not animadvert, but leave it among philosophers: and so wishing you all success in your undertakings for the amendment of the world, I remain, dear  
cousin,

cousin, your most affectionate kinsman,  
and humble servant,

EPHRAIM BEDSTAFF.

P. S. Those who were condemned to death among the Athenians, were obliged to take a dose of poison, which made them die upwards; seizing first upon their feet, making them cold and insensible, and so ascending gradually until it reached the vital parts. I believe your death, which you fear, will happen on the fifteenth instant, will fall out the same way, and that your distemper hath already seized on you, and makes progress daily. The lower part of you, that is, the Advertements, is dead; and they have men for these ten days had part, so that they now take up almost a whole paragraph. Pray, Sir, do your endeavour to drive this distemper as much as possible to the extreme parts, and keep it there, as wise folks do the gout; for if it once gets into your stomach, it will soon fly up into your head, and you are a dead man.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 27.

WE hear from Lophorn, that Sir Edward Whitaker, with five men of war, four transports, and two fireships, were arrived at that port; and Admiral Byng was suddenly expected. Their squadrons being joined, they designed to sail directly for final, to transport the reinforcements lodged in those parts to Barcelona.

They write from Milan, that Count Thaun arrived there on the sixteenth instant, N. S. and proceeded on his journey to Turin on the twenty-first, in order to concert such measures with his Royal Highness as shall appear necessary for the operations of the ensuing campaign.

Advices from Dauphiné say, that the troops of the Duke of Savoy begin already to appear in those valleys, whereof he made himself master the last year; and that the Duke of Brunswick applied himself with all imaginable diligence to secure the passes of the mountains, by ordering intrenchments to be made towards Briançon, Tournieu, and the valley of Queiras. That general has also been at Mantesilles and Toulon, to hasten the transportation of the corn and provisions designed for his army.

Letters from Vienna, bearing date May the twenty-third, N. S. import, that the Cardinal of Saxe-Zeitz, and the Prince of Liechtenstein, were preparing to set out for Preiburg, to assist at the Diet of the States of Hungary, which is to be assembled at that place on the twenty-fifth of this month. General Heister will thence appear at the head of his army of Trentemen, which place is appointed for the general rendezvous of the Imperial forces in Hungary; from whence he will advance to lay siege to Neuchâtel. In the mean time reinforcements, with a great train of artillery, are marching the same way. The King of Denmark arrived on the tenth instant at Inspruck, and on the twenty-fifth at Dresden under a triple discharge of the artillery of that place; but his Majesty refused the ceremonies of a public entry.

Our letters from the Upper Rhine say, that the Imperial army began to form itself at Ellingen; where the respective deputies of the Elector Palatine, the Prince of Baden Durlach, the Bishopric of Spire, &c. were assembled, and had taken the necessary measures for the provision of forage, the security of the country against the incursions of the enemy, and laying a bridge over the Rhine. Several vessels laden with corn are daily passing before Frankfort for the Lower Rhine.

Letters from Poland inform us, that a detachment of Muscovite cavalry, under the command of General Inland, had joined the confederate army; and the infantry, commanded by General Goltz, was expected to come up within a few days. These succours will amount to twenty thousand men.

Our last advices from the Hague, dated June the fourth, N. S. say, that they expected a courier from the French court, with a ratification of the preliminaries, that night or the day following. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough will set out for Brussels on Wednesday or Thursday next, if the dispatches which are expected from Paris do not alter his resolutions. Letters from Majorca confirm the honourable capitulation of the castle of Alicant, and also the death of the Governor, Major-general Richards, Colonel Sibourg, and Major Vignolles, who were all buried in the ruins of that place by the springing of the great mine, which did, it seems, more execution than was reported.

el. Monsieur Torcy passed through Meas in his return, and had there a long conference with the Elector of Bavaria; after which, that prince spoke publicly of the treatment he had received from France, with the utmost indignation.

Any person that shall come publicly

abroad in a fantastical habit, contrary to the present mode and fashion, except Don Diego Disinello, or any other out of poverty, shall have his name and dress inserted in our next.

N. B. Mr. How'd'ye call is desired to leave off those buttons.'

## Nº XXII. TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE, MAY 28.

I Came hither this evening to see fashions; and who should I first encounter but my old friend Cynthio, (accompanied by a crowd of young fellows) darning on the passion of Love with the gayest air imaginable. 'Well,' says he, 'as to what I know of the matter, there is nothing but ogling with skill carries a woman; but indeed it is not every fool that is capable of this art; you will find twenty can speak eloquently, fifty that can fight manfully, and a thousand that can dress genteelly at a mistress, where there is one that can gaze skillfully. This requires an exquisite judgment, to take the language of her eyes to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too fast for hers; as at a play between the acts, when Beau Frisk stands upon a bench full in Lindamira's face, and her dear eyes are searching round to avoid that glaring open fool; she meets the watchful glance of her true lover, and sees his heart attentive on her charms, and waiting for a second twinkle of her eye for it's next motion.' Here the good company sneered; but he goes on. 'Nor is this attendance a slavery, when a man meets with encouragement, and her eye comes often in his way: for, after an evening so spent, and the repetition of four or five significant looks at him, the happy man goes home to his lodgings, full of ten thousand pleasing images: his brain is dazzled, and gives him all the ideas and prospects which it ever lets into it's seat of pleasure. Thus a kind look from Lindamira revives in his imagination all the beautiful lawns, green fields, woods, forests, rivers, and solitudes, which he had ever before seen in picture, description, or real life: and all with this addition, that he now

'sees them with the eyes of a happy lover, as before only with those of a common man. You laugh, gentlemen; but consider yourselves, (you common people that were never in love) and compare yourselves in good humour with yourselves out of humour, and you will then acknowledge, that all external objects affect you according to the dispositions you are in to receive their impressions, and not as those objects are in their own nature. How much more shall all that passes within his view and observation touch with delight a man who is prepossessed with successful love, which is an assemblage of soft affection, gay desires, and hopeful resolutions.'

Poor Cynthio went on at this rate to the crowd about him, without any purpose in his talk, but to vent an heart overflowing with a sense of success. I wondered what could exalt him from the distress, in which he had long appeared, to so much alacrity. But my Familiar has given me the state of his affairs. It seems then, that, lately coming out of the playhouse, his mistress, who knows he is in her livery, as the manner of insolent beauties is, is resolved to keep him still so, and gave him so much wages as to complain to him of the crowd she was to pass through. He had his wits and resolution enough about him to take her hand, and say, he would attend her to the coach. All the way thither my good young man stammered at every word, and stumbled at every step. His mistress, wonderfully pleased with her triumph, put to him a thousand questions, to make a man of his natural wit speak with hesitation; and let drop her fan to see him recover it awkwardly. This is the whole foundation of Cynthio's recovery to the sprightly air he appears with at present.

I grew

I grew mighty curious to know something more of that lady's affairs, as being amazed how she could daily with an offer of one of his merit and fortune. I sent Pacolet to her lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following letter to her friend and confident Amanda in the country, wherein she has opened her heart and all it's folds.

DEAR AMANDA,

THE town grows so empty, that you must expect my letter so too, except you will allow me to talk of myself instead of others: you cannot imagine what pain it is, after a whole day spent in public, to want your company, and the ease which friendship allows in being vain to each other, and speaking all our minds. An account of the slaughter which these unhappy eyes have made within ten days last past, would make me appear too great a tyrant to be allowed in a Christian country. I shall therefore confine myself to my principal conquests, which are the hearts of Beau Frisk and Jack Freeland, besides Cynthio, who, you know, wore my fetters before you went out of town. Shall I tell you my weakness? I begin to love Frisk: it is the best-humoured impertinent thing in the world; he is always, too, in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one time or other. Freeland's father and mine have been upon treaty without consulting me; and Cynthio has been eternally watching my eyes, without approaching me, my friends, my maid, or any one about me: he hopes to get me, I believe, as they say the rattle-snake does the squirrel, by staring at me until I drop into his mouth. Freeland demands me for a jointure, which he thinks deserves me; Cynthio thinks nothing high enough to be my value: Freeland therefore will take it for no obligation to have me; and Cynthio's idea of me is what will vanish by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the veneration of the one, and the indifference of the other, into contempt. I will tick therefore to my old maxim, to have that sort of man who can have no greater views than what are in my power to give him possession of. The utmost of my dear Frisk's ambition is, to be thought a man of fashion; and therefore has been so much in mode, as to resolve upon me, because the whole town likes me. Thus I chuse rather a

man who loves me because others do, than one who approves me on his own judgment. He that judges for himself in love will often change his opinion; but he that follows the sense of others must be constant, as long as a woman can make advances. The visits I make, the entertainments I give, and the addresses I receive, will be all arguments for me with a man of Frisk's second-hand genius; but would be so many bars to my happiness with any other man. However, since Frisk can wait, I shall enjoy a summer or two longer, and remain a single woman, in the sublime pleasure of being followed and admired; which nothing can equal, except that of being beloved by you. I am, &c.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 30.

MY chief business here this evening was to speak to my friends in behalf of honest Cave Underhill, who has been a comic for three generations: my father admired him extremely when he was a boy. There is certainly Nature excellently represented in his manner of action; in which he ever avoided that general fault in players, of doing too much. It must be confessed, he has not the merit of some ingenious persons now on the stage, of adding to his authors; for the actors were so dull in the last age, that many of them have gone out of the world without having ever spoke one word of their own in the theatre. Poor Cave is so mortified, that he quibbles, and tells you he pretends only to act a part fit for a man who has one foot in the grave, viz. a grave-digger. All admirers of true comedy, it is hoped, will have the gratitude to be present on the last day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say, that it is his first offence.

But there is a gentleman here, who says he has it from good hands, that there is actually a subscription made by many persons of wit and quality, for the encouragement of new comedies. This design will very much contribute to the improvement and diversion of the town; but as every man is most concerned for himself, I, who am of a saturnine and melancholy complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal invitation to write tragedies; having by me, in my book of common places, enough

enable me to finish a very sad one by the fifth of the next month. I have the farewell of a general, with a truncheon in his hand, dying for love, in six lines. I have the principles of a politician, (who does all the mischief in the play) together with his declaration on the vanity of ambition in his last moments, expressed in a page and an half. I have all my oaths ready, and my smiles want nothing but application. I will not pretend to give you an account of the plot, it being the same design upon which all tragedies have been writ for several years last past; and from the beginning of the first scene, the frequenters of the house may know as well as the author, when the battle is to be fought, the lady to yield, and the hero proceed to his wedding and coronation. Besides these advantages which I have in readiness, I have an eminent tragedian very much my friend, who shall come in and go through the whole five acts, without troubling me for one sentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win battles or lose them, or whatever other tragical performance I shall please to assign him.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 30.

I HAVE this day received a letter, subscribed *Fidelia*, that gives me an account of an enchantment under which a

young lady suffers, and desires my help to exorcise her from the power of the sorcerer. Her lover is a rake of sixty; the lady a virtuous woman of twenty-five: her relations are to the last degree afflicted, and amazed at this irregular passion: their sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their astonishment; for there is no spirit in woman half so prevalent as that of contradiction, which is the sole cause of her perseverance. Let the whole family go dressed in a body, and call the bride to-morrow morning to her nuptials, and I will undertake the inconstant will forget her lover in the midst of all his aches. But if this expedient does not succeed, I must be so just to the young lady's distinguishing sense, as to applaud her choice. A fine young woman, at last, is but what is due from fate to an honest fellow, who has suffered so unmercifully by the sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her heroic virtue, who (like the patriot that ended a pestilence by plunging himself into a gulph) gives herself up to gorge that dragon which has devoured so many virgins before her.

A letter directed to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer and Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty's subjects of Great Britain, with respect, is come to hand.

## Nº XXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 31.

THE generality of mankind are so very fond of this world, and of staying in it, that a man cannot have eminent skill in any one art, but they will, in spite of his teeth, make him a physician also, that being the science the worldlings have most need of. I pretended, when I first set up, to astrology only; but I am told, I have deep skill also in medicine. I am applied to now by a gentleman for my advice in behalf of his wife, who, upon the least matrimonial difficulty, is excessively troubled with fits, and can bear no manner of passion without falling into immediate convulsions. I must confess, it is a case I have known before, and remember the party was recovered by certain words pronounced in the midst

of the fit by the learned doctor who performed the cure. These ails have usually their beginning from the affections of the mind: therefore you must have patience to let me give you an instance, whereby you may discern the cause of the distemper, and then proceed in cure as follows:

A fine town-lady was married to a gentleman of ancient descent in one of the counties of Great Britain, who had good-humour to a weakness, and was that sort of person of whom it is usually said—'He is no man's enemy but his own:' one who had too much tenderness of soul to have any authority with his wife; and she too little sense to give him authority for that reason. His kind wife observed this temper in him, and made proper use of it. But knowing it was below a gentlewoman to

I 2 wrangle,

wrangle, she resolved upon an expedient to save decorum, and wear her dear to her point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever she was repelled in a request, or contradicted in a discourse. It was a fish-day, when in the midst of her husband's good-humour at table, she bethought herself to try her project. She made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for drink. 'No, my dear,' said she, recovering, 'it is down; do not be frightened.' This accident betrayed his softness enough. The next day she complained, a lady's chariot, whose husband had not half his estate, had a crane neck, and hung with twice the air that hers did. He answered—'Madam, you know my income; you know I have lost two coach-horses this spring.' Down she fell. 'Hart! horn! Betty—Susan—Alice—throw water in her face.' With much care and pains, she was at last brought to herself, and the vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner, to prevent relapses; but they frequently happened, during that husband's whole life, which he had the good fortune to end in a few years after. The disconsolate soon pitched upon a very agreeable successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same method. This man knew her little arts, and resolved to break through all tenderness, and be absolute master as soon as occasion offered. One day it happened, that a discourse arose about furniture: he was very glad of the occasion, and fell into an invective against china, protesting he would never let five pounds more of his money be laid out that way as long as he breathed. She immediately fainted.—He starts up as amazed, and calls for help.—The maids ran to the closet—He chafes her face, bends her forward, and eats the palms of her hands: her convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole family, from the nursery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every servant was thus helping or lamenting their mistress, he, fixing his cheek to hers, seemed to be following in a trance of sorrow; but secretly *whispers her*—'My dear, this will never do: what is within my power and for-

'tune, you may always command, but none of your artifices: you are quite in other hands than those you passed their pretty passions upon.' This made her almost in the condition she pretended; her convulsions now come thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind man doubles his care, helps the servants to throw water in her face by full quarts; and when the sinking part of the fit came again—'Well, my dear,' said he, 'I applaud your action; but I must take my leave of you until you are more sincere with me. Farewell for ever; you shall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.' With that he ordered the maids to keep plying her with hartshorn, while he went for a physician: he was scarce at the stair-head when she followed, and pulling him into a closet, thanked him for her cure; which was so absolute, that she gave me this relation herself, to be communicated for the benefit of all the voluntary invalids of her sex.

#### ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 1.

ADVICES from Brussels of the sixth instant, N. S. say, his Highness Prince Eugene had received a letter from Monsieur Torcy, wherein that minister, after many expressions of great respect, acquaints him, that his master had absolutely refused to sign the preliminaries to the treaty which he had, in his Majesty's behalf, consented to at the Hague. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, the face of things at that place were immediately altered, and the necessary orders were transmitted to the troops (which lay most remote from thence) to move toward the place of rendezvous with all expedition. The enemy seems also to prepare for the field, and have at present drawn together twenty-five thousand men in the plains of Lenz. Marshal Villars is at the head of those troops; and has given the generals under his command all possible assurances, that he will turn the fate of the war to the advantage of his master.

They write from the Hague of the seventh, that Monsieur Rouille had received orders from the court of France, to signify to the States General, and the ministers of the High Allies, that the King could not consent to the preliminaries of a treaty of peace, as it was offered to him by Monsieur Torcy.

The great difficulty is the business of Spain, on which particular his ministers seemed only to say, during the treaty, that it was not so immediately under that master's direction, as that he could engage for it's being relinquished by the Duke of Anjou: but now he positively answers, that he cannot comply with what his minister has promised in his behalf, even in such points as are wholly in himself to act in or not. This has had no other effect than to give the alliance fresh arguments for being difficult of engagements entered into by France. The Pensioner made a report of all which this minister had declared to the deputies of the States General, and all things turn towards a vigorous war. The Duke of Marlborough designed to leave the Hague within two days, in order to put himself at the head of the army, which is to assemble on the seventeenth instant, between the Scheld and the Lis. A fleet of eighty sail, laden with corn from the Baltic, is arrived on the Texel. The States have sent circular letters to all the provinces, to notify this change of affairs, and to animate their subjects to new resolutions in defence of their country.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 31.

THE public is not so little my concern, though I am but a student, as that I should not interest myself in the present great things in agitation. I am still of opinion the French King will sign the preliminaries. With that view, I have seen him, by my Familiar, the following night, and admonished him, on pain of what I shall say of him to future generations, to act with sincerity on this occasion.

LONDON, MAY 31.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, OF GREAT BRITAIN, TO LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH OF FRANCE.

THE surprizing news which arrived this day, of your Majesty's having refused to sign the treaty your ministers have in a manner sued for, is what gives ground to this application to your Majesty, from one whole name, perhaps, is too obscure to have ever reached your territories; but one who, with all the European world, is affected

with your determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common cause of mankind, I presume to expostulate with you on this occasion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the vulgar extravagant, that the actions of a mighty prince should be balanced by the censure of a private man, whose approbation or dislike are equally contemptible in their eyes, when they regard the thrones of sovereigns. But your Majesty has shewn, through the whole course of your reign, too great a value for liberal arts, to be insensible that true fame lies only in the hands of learned men, by whom it is to be transmitted to posterity, with marks of honour or reproach to the end of time. The date of human life is too short to recompense the cares which attend the most private condition. Therefore it is, that our souls are made as it were too big for it; and extend themselves in the prospect of a longer existence, in a good fame, and memory of worthy actions, after our decease. The whole race of men have this passion in some degree implanted in their bosoms, which is the strongest and noblest incitation to honest attempts: but the base use of the arts of peace, eloquence, poetry, and all the parts of learning, have been possessed by souls so unworthy of those faculties, that the names and appellations of things have been confounded by the labours and writings of prostituted men, who have stamped a reputation upon such actions as are in themselves the objects of contempt and disgrace. This is that which has misled your Majesty in the conduct of your reign, and made that life which might have been the most imitable, the most to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent qualities of which your Majesty is master, are lost in their application; and your Majesty has been carrying on for many years the most cruel tyranny, with all the noble methods which are used to support a just reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a bountiful master; that you are so generous as to reward even the unsuccessful with honour and riches; that no laudable action passes unrewarded in your kingdom; that you have searched all nations for obscure merit; in a word, that you are in your private character endowed with every princely quality; when all this is subjected to unjust and ill-taught ambition.



tion, which, to the injury of the world, is guided by those endowments. However, if your Majesty will condescend to look into your own soul, and consider all it's faculties and weaknesses with impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that life is supported in you by the ordinary methods of food, rest, and sleep; you will think it impossible that you could ever be so much imposed on, as to have been wrought into a belief that so many thousands of the same make with yourself were formed by Providence for no other end but by the hazard of their very being to extend the conquests and glory of an individual of their own species. A very little reflection will convince your Majesty, that such cannot be the intent of the Creator; and if not, what horror must it give your Majesty to think of the vast devastations your ambition has made among your fellow-creatures! While the warmth of youth, the flattery of crowds, and a continual series of success and triumph, indulged your Majesty in this illusion of mind, it was less to be wondered at, that you proceeded in this mistaken pursuit of grandeur: but when age, disappointments, public calamities, personal distempers, and the reverse of all that makes men forget their true being, are fallen upon you; Heaven! is it possible you can live without remorse? Can the

wretched man be a tyrant? Can grief study torments? Can sorrow be cruel?

Your Majesty will observe, I do not bring against you a railing accusation; but as you are a strict professor of religion, I beseech your Majesty to stop the effusion of blood, by receiving the opportunity which presents itself for the preservation of your distressed people. Be no longer so infatuated, as to hope for renown from murder and violence; but consider that the great day will come in which this world and all it's glory shall change in a moment; when nature shall sicken, and the earth and sea give up the bodies committed to them, to appear before the last tribunal. Will it then, O King! be an answer for the lives of millions, who have fallen by the sword—'They perished for my glory.' That day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching: injured nations advance towards thy habitation; vengeance has begun it's march, which is to be diverted only by the penitence of the oppressor. Awake, O Monarch, from thy lethargy! disdain the abuses thou hast received; pull down the statue which calls thee immortal; be truly great; tear thy purple, and put on sackcloth. I am, thy generous enemy,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

## Nº XXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 2.

**I**N my paper of the 28th of the last month, I mentioned several characters which want explanation to the generality of readers: among others, I spoke of a Pretty Fellow. I have since received a kind admonition in a letter, to take care that I do not omit to shew all's what is meant by a Very Pretty Fellow, which is to be allowed as a character by itself, and a person exalted above the other by a peculiar sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing vigour, outstrips his companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular appellation or nick-name of familiarity. Some have this distinction from the fair-sex, who are so generous as to take into their protection such as

are laughed at by the men, and place them for that reason in degrees of favour.

The chief of this sort is Colonel Brunett, who is a man of fashion, because he will be so; and practises a very janty way of behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the Colonel has met with a town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their favour, and set himself in the first degree of conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the wits, and familiar among the ladies, and dissolute among the rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place, because he is so in another; and every man treats Brunett well, not out of his particular

him, but in respect to the others. It is to me a solid see the world thus mistaken on natured side; for it is ten to one Colonel mounts into a Garter, marries a fine lady, and is a good estate, before they come upon him. What gives most me in this observation, is, that rises from pure nature, and the can account for his success no in those by whom he succeeds. e causes and considerations I ce him a true woman's man, the first degree, A Very Pretty

ext to a man of this universal ge- one who is peculiarly formed for ce of the ladies, and his merit to be of no consequence. I am a little in doubt, whether he t rather to be called a very Hap- a very Pretty Fellow; for he ed at all hours: all he says or ick would offend in another, d over in him; and all actions hes which please, doubly please me from him. No one wonders notice when he is wrong; but re him when he is in the right. ay, it is fit to remark, that there e of better sense than these, who ir at this character; but they of nature; and though, with istry, they get the characters of ey cannot arrive to be very, sel- e merely, Pretty Fellows. But ure has formed a person for on amongst men, he is, gifted cular genius for success, and rrors and absurdities contribute is felicity attending him to his ds: for it being in a manner that he should be of no conse- is as well in old age as youth; ow a man whose son has been rs a Pretty Fellow, who is him- is four a very Pretty Fellow. ust move tenderly in this place, re now in the ladies lodgings, king of such as are supported influence and favour; against ere is not, neither ought there y dispute or observation. But come into more free air, one a little more at large. ne leave then to mention three, onor doubt but we shall see make ble figures; and these are such

as, for their Bacchanalian performances, must be admitted into this order. They are three brothers lately landed from Holland: as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converse at Wapping. They have merited already on the water-side particular titles: the first is called Hoghead; the second, Culverin; and the third, Musquet. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exercises of Bacchus, and measure their time and merit by liquid weight, and power of drinking. Hoghead is a Prettier Fellow than Culverin, by two quarts; and Culverin than Musquet, by a full pint. It is to be feared Hoghead is so often too full, and Culverin over-loaded, that Musquet will be the only lasting very Pretty Fellow of the three.

A third sort of this denomination is such as by very daring adventures in love, have purchased to themselves renown and new names: as Jo Carry for his excessive strength and vigour; Tom Drybones for his generous lots of youth and health; and Cancrum for his meritorious rottenness.

These great and leading spirits are proposed to all such of our British youth as would arrive at perfection in these different kinds; and if their parts and accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would soon excel all others in wit and arts, as they already do in arms.

N. B. The gentleman who stole Betty Pepin may own it, for he is allowed to be a Very Pretty Fellow.

But we must proceed to the explanation of other terms in our writings.

To know what a Toast is in the country, gives as much perplexity as the herself does in town: and, indeed, the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptance of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and cheerful import. A Toast in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg, and sweetened with sugar, has for many ages been given to our rural dispensers of justice, before they entered upon causes, and has been of great and politic use to take off the severity of their sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one

ill effect. that it inclines those who use it immoderately to speak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a Toast makes it very obvious, that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert, that the word, in it's present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had it's rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles the Second.

It happened, that on a public day a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair-one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the Toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin who is received and drank to at their meetings, has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a Doge in Venice: it is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected a new to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass. The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to shew her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass to acquaint her, that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company, whether the Toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of Toasts, and the most undisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet: the first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These la-

dies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge, that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes Gatty can have no relish for so solemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a maypole girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you; and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's love is a shining quick flame; Frontlet's a slow wasting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty: the politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by it's duration. Frontlet will never be chosen more; and Gatty is a Toast for life.

#### ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 3.

LETTERS from Hamburgh of the seventh instant, N.S. inform us, that no art or coil is omitted to make the stay of his Danish Majesty at Dresden agreeable; but there are various speculations upon the interview between King Augustus and that prince, many putting politic constructions upon his Danish Majesty's arrival at a time when his troops are marching out of Hungary, with orders to pass through Saxony, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is said also, that several Polish senators have invited King Augustus to return into Poland. His Majesty of Sweden, according to the same advices, has passed the Nieper without any opposition from the Muscovites, and advances with all possible expedition towards Volhinia, where he proposes to join King Stanislaus and General Crassau.

We hear from Bern of the first instant, N.S. that there is not a province in France, from whence the Court is not apprehensive of receiving accounts of public emotions, occasioned by the want of corn. The General Diet of the Thirteen Cantons is assembled at Baden, but have not yet entered upon business, so that the affair of Tockenburgh is yet at a stand.

Letters from the Hague, dated the 1st

venth instant, N.S. advise, that Monsieur Rouille having acquainted the ministers of the Allies, that his master had refused to ratify the preliminaries of a treaty adjuſted with Monsieur Torcy, ſet out for Paris on Sunday morning. The ſame day the foreign miniſters met a committee of the States-General, where Monsieur Van Heſſen opened the buſineſs upon which they were aſſembled, and in a very warm diſcourſe laid before them the conduct of France in the late negotiations, repreſenting the abject manner in which ſhe had laid open her own diſtreſſes, that reduced her to a compliance with the demands of all the Allies, and her meannefs in receding from thoſe points to which Monsieur Torcy had conſented. The reſpective miniſters of each potentate of the alliance ſeverally expreſſed their reſentments of the ſhameful behaviour of the French, and gave each other mutual aſſurances of the conſtancy and reſolution of their principals, to proceed with the utmoſt rigour againſt the common enemy. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough ſet out from the Hague on the 9th in the afternoon, and lay that night at Rotterdam, from whence at four the next morning he proceeded towards Antwerp, with a deſign to reach Ghent the next day. All the troops in the Low Countries are in motion towards the general rendezvous between the Scheld and the Le: the whole army will be formed on the 12th inſtant; and, it is ſaid, that on the 14th they will advance towards the enemy's country. In the mean time, the Marſhal de Villars has aſſembled the French forces between Lens, La Baſſe, and Douzy.

Yesterday morning Sir John Norris, with the Squadron under his command, ſailed from the Downs for Holland.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 3.

I HAVE the honour of the following letter from a gentleman whom I receive into my family, and order the Heraldſ at Arms to enroll him accordingly.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

**T**HOUGH you have excluded me the honour of your family, yet I have ventured to correſpond with the ſame great perſons as yourſelf, and have wrote this poſt to the King of France; though I am in a manner unknown in his country, and have not been ſeen there theſe many months.

TO LEWIS LE GRAND.

**T**HOUGH in your country I'm unknown,  
Yet, Sir, I muſt adviſe you;  
Of late ſo poor and mean you're grown,  
That all the world deſpiſe you.

Here vermin eat your Maſteſty,  
There meagre ſubjects ſtand uſed:  
What ſurer ſigns of poverty,  
Than many lice and little bread?

Then, Sir, the preſent minute chuſe,  
Our armies are advanced:  
Thoſe terms you at the Hague reſuſe,  
At Paris won't be granted.

Conſider this, and Dunkirk raze,  
And Anna's title own;  
Send one pretender out to graze,  
And call the other home.

Your humble ſervant,  
BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Nº XXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1709.

WHITZ'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 6.

**A** Letter from a young lady, written in the moſt paſſionate terms, wherein ſhe laments the miſfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts to that ſubject, and inclined me to examine into the cauſes which precipitate men into ſo fatal a folly. And as it has been propoſed to treat of ſubjects of gallantry in the articles from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be con-

ſidered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth our conſideration to examine into this chimerical groundleſs humour, and to lay every other thought aſide, until we have ſtripped it of all it's falſe pretences to credit and reputation amongſt men.

But I muſt confeſs, when I conſider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endleſs crowd of men of honour who will be offended at ſuch a diſcourſe; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable

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ble hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men with exploded, though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation; and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term Satisfaction. An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated; and one of the company being conscious of his offence, sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him, he was ready to give him Satisfaction. 'This is fine doing,' says the plain fellow; 'last night he sent me away curried by out of humour, and this morning he fancies it will be a Satisfaction to be run through the body!'

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced, that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket with the courage of an highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and clangs in this town and nation, which occasions very frequently that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and shew, from their practice, that this reticement neither has it's foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public; and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I

have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuity of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called Giving a man Satisfaction, to urge your offence against him with your sword; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper in the Tale of a Tub—'If you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation for ever: and so we bid you heartily farewell.' If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained, and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

SIR,  
YOUR extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde Park, an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fall of doing me this pleasure, I shall say you are a rascal; on every post in town: and so, Sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, Sir, do not fail of getting every thing ready, and you will infinitely oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant, &c.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 6.

AMONG the many employments I am necessarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the most unwelcome to me; and, indeed, I am forced to use a little art in the manner; for some people will ask counsel of you when they have already acted what they tell you is still under deliberation. I had almost lost a very good friend the other day, who came to know how I liked his design to marry such a lady; I answered—'By no means; and I must be positive against it, for very solid reasons, which are not proper to communicate.'—'Not proper to communicate?' said he, with a grave air: 'I well know the bottom of this.' 'I saw him married, and knew from thence he was positively determined.'

determined; therefore evaded it by saying—'To tell you the truth, dear Frank, of all women living, I would have her myself.'—'Isaac,' said he, 'thou art too late, for we have been both one these two months.'

I learned this caution by a gentleman's consulting me formerly about his son. He railed at his damned extravagance, and told me, in a very little time, he would beggar him by the exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter. 'Make the rogue bite upon the bridle,' said I: 'pay none of his bills; it will but encourage him to further trespasses.' He looked plaguy sour at me. His son soon after sent up a paper of verses, forthwith, in print on the last public occasion; upon which he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of spirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, lest he take ill courses. Neither father nor son can ever since endure the sight of me.

These sort of people ask opinions, only out of the fulness of their heart on the subject of their perplexity, and not from a desire of information.

There is nothing so easy as to find out which opinion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the sure way is to tell him, that is certainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no handle for scruple. 'Bless me! Sir, there is no room for a question.' This rivets you into his heart; for you at once applaud his wisdom, and gratify his inclination. However, I had too much bowels to be insincere to a man who came yesterday to know of me, with which of two eminent men in the city he should place his son? Their names are Paulo and Avaro. This gave me much debate with myself, because not only the fortune of the youth, but his virtue also, dependeth upon this choice. The men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the use and application of their riches, which you immediately see upon entering their doors.

The habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a nobleman and a merchant. You see the servants act with affection to their master, and satisfaction in themselves: the master meets you with an open countenance, full of benevolence and integrity: your business is dispatched with that confidence and welcome which always accompanies honest minds: his

table is the image of plenty and generosity, supported by justice and frugality. After we had dined here, our affair was to visit Avaro: out comes an awkward fellow with a careful countenance—'Sir, would you speak with my master? may I crave your name?' After the first preamble, he leads us into a noble solitude, a great house that seemed uninhabited; but from the end of the spacious hall moves towards us Avaro, with a suspicious aspect, as if he had believed us thieves; and as for my part, I approached him as if I knew him a cutpurse. We fell into discourse of his noble dwelling, and the great estate all the world knew he had to enjoy in it: and I, to plague him, began to commend Paulo's way of living. 'Paulo,' answered Avaro, 'is a very good man; but we who have smaller estates, must cut our coat according to our cloth.'—'Nay,' says I, 'every man knows his own circumstances best: you are in the right, if you have not wherewithal.' He looked very sour; (for it is, you must know, the utmost vanity of a mean-spirited rich man to be contradicted when he calls himself poor) but I was resolved to vex him, by consenting to all he said; the main design of which was, that he would have us find out he was one of the wealthiest men in London, and lived like a beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the Exchange. My friend was ravished with Avaro: 'This,' said he, 'is certainly a fine man.' I contradicted him with much warmth, and summed up their different characters as well as I could. 'This Paulo,' said I, 'grows wealthy by being a common good; Avaro, by being a general evil: Paulo has the art, Avaro the craft of trade. When Paulo gains, all men he deals with are the better: whenever Avaro profits, another certainly loses. In a word, Paulo is a citizen, and Avaro a cit.' I convinced my friend, and carried the young gentleman the next day to Paulo, where he will learn the way both to gain and enjoy a good fortune. And though I cannot say I have, by keeping him from Avaro, saved him from the gallows, I have prevented his deserving it every day he lives: for with Paulo he will be an honest man, without being so for fear of the law; as, with Avaro, he would have been a villain within the protection of it.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 6.

WE hear from Vienna of the first instant, that Baron Imhoff, who attended her Catholic Majesty with the character of Envoy from the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, was returned thither. That minister brought an account, that Major General Stanhope, with the troops which embarked at Naples, was returned to Barcelona. We hear from Berlin, by advices of the eighth instant, that his Prussian Majesty had received intelligence from his minister at Dresden, that the King of Denmark desired to meet his Majesty at Magdeburg. The King of Prussia has sent answer, that his present indisposition will not admit of so great a journey; but has sent the king a very pressing invitation to come to Berlin or Potsdam. These advices say, that the minister of the King of Sweden has produced a letter from his master to the King of Poland, dated from Botzau the thirtieth of March, O. S. wherein he acquaints him, that he has been successful against the Muscovites in all the actions which have happened since his march into their country. Great numbers have revolted to the Swedes since General Mazeppa went over to that side; and as many as have done so, have taken solemn oaths to adhere to the interests of his Swedish Majesty.

Advices from the Hague of the four-

teenth instant, N. S. say, that all things tended to a vigorous and active campaign; the Allies having strong resentments against the late behaviour of the court of France; and the French using all possible endeavours to animate their men to defend their country against a victorious and exasperated enemy. Monsieur Rouille had passed through Brussels without visiting either the Duke of Marlborough or Prince Eugene, who were both there at that time. The States have met, and publicly declared their satisfaction in the conduct of their deputies during the whole treaty. Letters from France say, that the court is resolved to put all to the issue of the ensuing campaign. In the mean time, they have ordered the preliminary treaty to be published, with observations upon each article, in order to quiet the minds of the people, and persuade them that it has not been in the power of the King to procure a peace, but to the diminution of his Majesty's glory, and the hazard of his dominions. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene arrived at Ghent on Wednesday last, where, at an assembly of all the general officers, it was thought proper, by reason of the great rains, which have lately fallen, to defer forming a camp, or bringing the troops together; but as soon as the weather would permit, to march upon the enemy with all expedition.

N<sup>o</sup> XXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 8.

I Have read the following letter with delight and approbation; and I hereby order Mr. Kidney at St. James's, and Sir Thomas at White's, (who are my clerks for enrolling all men in their different classes, before they presume to drink tea or chocolate in those places) to take care that the persons within the descriptions in the latter be admitted and excluded, according to my friend's remonstrance.

SIR,

JUNE 6, 1709.

YOUR paper of Saturday has raised up in me a noble emulation to be recorded in the foremost rank of worthies therein mentioned; and if any re-

gard be had to merit or industry, I may hope to succeed in the promotion, for I have omitted no toil or expence to be a proficient; and if my friends do not flatter, they assure me I have not lost my time since I came to town. To enumerate but a few particulars; there is hardly a coachman I meet with, but desires to be excused taking me, because he has had me before. I have compounded two or three rapes; and let out to hire as many bastards to beggars. I never saw above the first act of a play; and as to my courage, it is well known I have more than once had sufficient witnesses of my drawing my sword both in tavern and playhouse. Dr. Wall is my particular friend; and if it were any service to the public to compose the dif-

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ference between Martin and Sintlaer the pear-driller, I do not know a judge of more experience than myself: for in that I may say with the poet—

*Quæ regio in villa nostrum plena laboris?*

Wast three refounds not with my great exploits?

I omit other less particulars, the necessary consequences of greater actions. But my reason for troubling you at this present is, to put a stop, if it may be, to an insinuating increasing set of people, who sticking to the letter of your treatise, and not to the spirit of it, do assume the name of Pretty Fellows; nay, and even get new names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sat at White's and St. James's, by the names of Betty, Nelly, and so-forth. You see then accost each other with effeminate airs: they have their signs and tokens like Free-masons; they rail at woman-kind, receive visits on their beds in gowns, and do a thousand other unintelligible prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily desire you would exclude all this sort of animals.

There is another matter I foresee an ill-consequence from, but may be timely prevented by prudence; which is, that for the last fortnight prodigious shoals of volunteers have gone over to bully the French, upon hearing the peace was just signing; and this is so true, that I can assure you all engrossing work about the Temple is risen above three shillings in the pound, for want of hands. Now it is possible some little alteration of affairs may have broken their measures, and that they will pull back again, and be under the last apprehension, that they will, at their return, all set up for Pretty Fellows, and thereby confound all merit and service, and impose on us some new alteration in our nightcaps, wigs, and pockets, unless you can provide a particular class for them. I cannot apply myself better than to you, and I am sure I speak the mind of a very great number, as deserving as myself.

The pretensions of this correspondent are worthy a particular distinction; he cannot indeed be admitted as a Pretty, but is what we more justly call a Smart Fellow. Never to pay at the playhouse is an act of frugality that lets you into

his character; and his expedient in sending his children begging before they can go, are characteristic instances that he belongs to this class. I never saw the gentleman; but I know by his letter, he hangs his cane on his button; and by some lines of it he should wear red-heeled shoes; which are essential parts of the habit belonging to the order of Smart Fellows.

My Familiar is returned with the following letter from the French King.

VERSAILLES, JUNE 13, 1709.

LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I Have your epistle; and must take the liberty to say, that there has been a time, when there were generous spirits in Great Britain, who would not have suffered my name to be treated with the familiarity you think fit to use. I thought liberal men would not be such time-servers, as to fall upon a man because his friends are not in power. But having some concern for what you may transmit to posterity concerning me, I am willing to keep terms with you, and make a request to you, which is, that you would give my service to the nineteenth century, (if ever you or yours reach to them) and tell them, that I have settled all matters between them and me by Monsieur Boileau. I should be glad to see you here.

It is very odd, this prince should offer to invite me into his dominions, or believe I should accept the invitation. No, no; I remember too well how he served an ingenious gentleman, a friend of mine, whom he locked up in the Bastille for no reason in the world, but because he was a wit, and feared he might mention him with justice in some of his writings. His way is, that all men of sense are preferred, banished, or imprisoned. He has, indeed, a sort of justice in him, like that of the gamesters; for if a stander-by sees one at play cheat, he has a right to come in for shares, as knowing the mysteries of the game.

This is a very wise and just maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. Morphew's, directed to me, bank-bills for two hundred pounds, on or before this day for to-morrow night, I shall tell how Tom Cash got his



his estate. I expect three hundred pounds of Mr. Solett, for concealing all the money he has lent to himself, and his landed friend bound with him, at thirty per cent. at his scrivener's. Absolute princes make people pay what they please in deference to their power: I do not know why I should not do the same, out of fear or respect to my knowledge. I always preserve decorums and civilities to the fair-sex: therefore, if a certain lady who left her coach at the New Exchange door in the Strand, and whipt down Durham Yard into a boat with a young gentleman for Vauxhall; I say, if she will send me word, that I may give her the fan which she dropped, and I found, to my sister Jenny, there shall be no more said of it. I expect ruth-money to be regularly sent for every folly or vice any one commits in this whole town; and hope I may pretend to deserve it better than a chambermaid or a valet de chambre: they only whisper it to the little set of their companions; but I can tell it to all men living, or who are to live. Therefore I desire all my readers to pay their fines, or mend their lives.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 8.

My Familiar being come from France, with an answer to my letter to Lewis of that kingdom, instead of going on in a discourse of what he had seen in that court, he put on the immediate concern of a guardian, and fell to enquiring into my thoughts and adventures since his journey. As short his stay had been, I confessed I had had many occasions for his assistance in my conduct; but communicated to him my thoughts of putting all my force against the horrid and senseless custom of duels: "If it were possible," said he, "to laugh at things in themselves so deeply tragical as the impertinent profusion of human life, I think I could divert you with a figure I saw just after my death, when the philosopher threw me, as I told you some days ago, into the pail of water.

"You are to know, that when men leave the body, there are receptacles for them as soon as they depart, according to the manner in which they lived and died. At the very instant I was killed, there came away with me a Spirit which had lost its body in a

duel. We were both examining the whole assembly looked kindness and pity, but at the time with an air of welcome: solation: they pronounced happy, who had died in joy and told me a quite different was allotted to me, than that was appointed for my companion; ing a great distance from the of fools and innocents: "The same time," said one of them there is a great affinity between an idiot who has been so for a long time and a child who departs but lately. But this gentleman arrived with you is a fool of making, is ignorant out of and will fare accordingly." The assembly began to flock about him: one said to him—"Sir, I observed you came into the gate of perfection; and I desire to know what brought you to your untimely end." He said, he had been a second victim to the commonwealth of Athens (who may be said to have murdered by the commonwealth) stood by, and began to lead him into a sense of his own folly by concessions in his own defence. "Sir," said that divine and spirit, "what was the quarrel?" answered—"We shall know presently, when the principal incident comes, for he was decimated before I fell."—"said the sage, "had you any quarrel?"—"Yes, Sir," the new guest answered, "I have left it in a very good condition, and made my will before this occasion."—"read it before you signed it?"—"Sure, Sir," said the new comers: replies—"Could a man would not give his estate without signing the instrument, dispose of it without asking a question?"—"A satirical shade turned from him a crowd of impertinent goblins had been drolls and parasites of his life-time, and were knocked off their head for their sauciness, can my fellow-traveller, and myself, selves very merry with questioning the words Cart and Terce, in terms of fencers. But his began to settle into reflection on an adventure which had robbed his life being; and, with a

fight, said he—"How terrible are conviction and guilt, when they come too late for penitence!"

Pacolet was going on in this strain, but he recovered from it, and told me, it was too soon to give my discourse on this subject so serious a turn: 'You have thickly to do with that part of mankind which must be led into reflection by degrees, and you must treat this custom with humour and railery to get an audience, before you come to pronounce sentence upon it. There is foundation enough for raising such entertainments from the practice on this occasion. Do not you know that often a man is called out of bed to follow implicitly a coxcomb (with whom he would not keep company on any other occasion) to ruin and death?—Then a good list of such, as are qualified by the laws of these unconscionable men of chivalry to enter into combat, (who we often perceive of honour without

common honesty:) these, I say, ranged and drawn up in their proper order, would give an aversion to doing any thing in common with such as men laugh at and contemn. But to go through this work, you must not let your thoughts vary, or make excursions from your theme: consider at the same time, that the matter has been often treated by the ablest and greatest writers; yet that must not discourage you; for the properest person to handle it is one who has roved into mixed conversations, and must have opportunities (which I shall give you) of seeing these sort of men in their pleasures and gratifications, among which they pretend to reckon fighting. It was pleasantly enough said of a bully in France, when duels first began to be punished: The King has taken away gaming and stage-playing, and now fighting too; how does he expect gentlemen shall divert themselves?"

## N<sup>o</sup> XXVII. SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 9.

**P**ACOLET being gone a strolling among the men of the sword, in order to find out the secret causes of the frequent disputes we meet with, and furnish me with materials for my Treatise on Duelling; I have room left to go on in my information to my country readers, whereby they may understand the bright people whose memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my discourse of the twenty-eighth of the last month, I omitted to mention the most agreeable of all bad characters; and that is, a Rake.

A Rake is a man always to be pitied; and, if he lives, is one day certainly reclaimed; for his faults proceed not from choice or inclination, but from strong passions and appetites, which are in youth too violent for the curb of reason, good sense, good manners, and good-nature: all which he must have by nature and education, before he can be allowed to be, or have been, of this order. He is a poor unwieldy wretch that commits faults out of the redundancy of his good qualities. His pity and compassion make him sometimes a bubble to all his fellows, let them be never so

much below him in understanding. His desires run away with him through the strength and force of a lively imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful pleasures, before reason has power to come into his rescue. Thus, with all the good intentions in the world to amendment, this creature sins against Heaven, himself, his friends, and his country, who all call for a better use of his talents. There is not a being under the sun so miserable as this: he goes on in a pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no enjoyment but what is followed by remorse; no relief from remorse, but the repetition of his crime. It is possible I may talk of this person with too much indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this a character which is most the object of pity of any in the world. The man in the pangs of the stone, gout, or any acute distemper, is not in so deplorable a condition in the eye of right sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The fellow with broken limbs justly deserves your alms for his impotent condition; but he that cannot use his own reason is in a much worse state; for you see him in miserable circumstances, with his reason at the same time in his own possession, if he would.

would or could use it. This is the cause that, of all ill characters, the Rake has the best quarter in the world; for when he is himself, and unruffled with intemperance, you see his natural faculties exert themselves, and attract an eye of favour towards his infirmities.

But if we look round us here, how many dull rogues are there that would fain be what this poor man hates himself for? All the noise towards fix in the evening is caused by his mimics and imitators. How ought men of sense to be careful of their actions, if it were merely from the indignation of seeing themselves ill drawn by such little pretenders! Not to say, he that leads is guilty of all the actions of his followers; and a Rake has imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand vice, sure, of all, is the most nauseous. There is hardly a folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for, (though it is what we see every day) than that grave and honest natures give into this way, and at the same time have good sense, if they thought fit to use it: but the fatality (under which most men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a method in which they might be received with applause, and would certainly excel, into one wherein they will all their life have the air of strangers to what they aim at.

For this reason, I have not lamented the metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of Nobilis, who was born with sweetness of temper, just apprehension, and every thing else that might make him a man fit for his order. But instead of the pursuit of sober studies and applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable figure in the noisiest assembly of men in the world; I say, in spite of that good nature, which is his proper bent, he will say ill-natured things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of countenance, and drown all the natural good in him, to receive an artificial ill character, in which he will never succeed; for *Nobilis* is no Rake. He may guzzle as much wine as he pleases, talk bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink water-gruel, and go twice a day to church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, *Nobilis* is no Rake. To be of that order, he must be vicious against

his will, and not so by study or cation. All Pretty Fellows are cluded to a man, as well as all ratoes, or persons of the Epicene who gaze at one another in the eye of ladies. This class, of which giving you an account, is prete also by men of strong abilities in ing; though they are such wh liquor, not the conversation, together. But blockheads may fight, and itab, and be never the their labour is also lost; they war they are no Rakes.

As a Rake among men is the n lives in the constant abuse of his so a Coquette among women is c lives in continual misapplication beauty. The chief of all whom the honour to be acquainted v pretty Miss Toss: she is ever in of something which disfigures h takes from her charms, though does tends to a contrary effect has naturally a very agreeable v utterance, which she has chan the prettiest lisp imaginable. S what she has a mind to see at mile distance; but poring with l half faint at every one she passes by lies much more becoming. Th on her fan and she have their e on each other, all the time in they are not both in motion. er her eye is turned from th object, you may have a glance your bow, if she is in humour, r as civilly as you make it: but th not be in the presence of a man of quality; for Miss Toss is so tho well-bred, that the chief person has all her regards. And she w gles at divine service, and laugh very mother, can compose herself approach of a man of a good est

#### WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY

A FINE lady shewed a gentle this company, for an eternal an all his addressees, a paper of verse which she is so captivated, that s felled the author should be the man in (tight of all other pret It is ordinary for love to make n etical; and it had that effect on t amoured man; but he was refe try his vein upon some of her cor or retinue, before he ventured t high a theme as herself. To de

wife than so, would be like making an heroic poem a man's first attempt. Among the favourites to the fair-one, he found her parrot not to be in the last degree: he saw Poll had her ear, when his sighs were neglected. To write against him had been a fruitless labour; therefore he resolved to flatter him into his interest in the following manner:

## TO A LADY ON HER PARROT.

WHEN nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,

The gods disguis'd were never known to fail;  
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd Jove  
Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love.  
There's no celestial but his heav'n would goit,

For any form which might to thee admit.  
See how the wanton bird, at ev'ry glance,  
Swells his glad plumes, and feels an am'rous trance;

The Queen of Beauty has forsook the dove:  
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

It is, indeed, a very just proposition to give that honour rather to the parrot than the other volatile. The parrot represents us in the state of making love: the dove, in the possession of the object beloved. But instead of turning the dove off, I fancy it would be better if the chaise of Venus had hereafter a parrot added, (as we see sometimes a third horse to a coach) which might intimate, that to be a parrot, is the only way to succeed; and to be a dove, to preserve your conquests. If the swain would go on successfully, he must imitate the bird he writes upon. For he who would be loved by women, must never be silent before the favour, or open his lips after it.

## FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 10.

I HAVE so many messages from young gentlemen who expect preferment and distinction, that I am wholly at a loss in what manner to acquit myself. The writer of the following letter tells me in a postscript, he cannot go out of town until I have taken some notice of him; and is very urgent to be somebody in it, before he returns to his commons at the university. But take it from him.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE,  
MONITOR GENERAL OF GREAT  
BRITAIN.

SIR, SNEER-LANE, JUNE 8.

I Have been above six months from the university, of age these three months, and so long in town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy near the Temple, who has supplied me with all the furniture he says a gentleman ought to have. I desired a certificate thereof from him, which he said would require some time to consider of; and when I went yesterday morning for it, he tells me upon due consideration, I still want some few odd things more, to the value of three score or four score pounds to make me compleat. I have bespoke them; and the favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipped, in what part or class of men in this town you will place me. Pray send me word what I am, and you shall find me, Sir, your most humble servant,

JEFFRY NICKNACK.

I am very willing to encourage young beginners; but am extremely in the dark how to dispose of this gentleman. I cannot see either his person or habit in this letter; but I will call at Charles's, and know the shape of his snuff-box, by which I can settle his character. Though, indeed, to know his full capacity, I ought to be informed whether he takes Spanish or Musty.

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 10.

LETTERS from the Low Countries of the fifteenth instant say, that the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy intended to leave Ghent on that day, and join the army which lies between Pont d'Espiere and Courtray, their head-quarters being at Helchin. The same day the Palatine foot were expected at Brussels. Lieutenant-general Dompere, with a body of eight thousand men, is posted at Alost, in order to cover Ghent and Brussels. The Marshal de Villars was still on the plain of Lenz; and it is said the Duke of Vendôme is appointed to command in conjunction with that general. At twice from Paris say, Monsieur Voisin is made Secretary of State, upon Monsieur Chamillard's resignation of that employment.

ment. The want of money in that kingdom is so great, that the court has thought fit to command all the plate of private families to be brought into the mint. They write from the Hague of the eighteenth, that the States of Holland continue their session; and that they have approved the resolution of the States General, to publish a second edict.

to prohibit the sale of corn to the enemy. Many eminent persons in that assembly have declared that they are of opinion, that all commerce whatsoever with France should be wholly forbidden: which point is under present deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful opposition.

## Nº XXVIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 13.

I Had suspended the business of duelling to a distant time, but that I am called upon to declare myself on a point proposed in the following letter.

SIR, JUNE 9, AT NIGHT.

I Desire the favour of you to decide this question, Whether calling a gentleman a Smart Fellow, is an affront or not? A youth entering a certain coffee-house, with his cane tied at his button, wearing red-heeled shoes, I thought of your description, and could not forbear telling a friend of mine next to me—'There enters a Smart Fellow.' The gentleman hearing it, had immediately a mind to pick a quarrel with me, and desired satisfaction: at which I was more puzzled than at the other, remembering what mention your Familiar makes of those that had lost their lives on such occasions. The thing is referred to your judgment; and I expect you to be my second, since you have been the cause of our quarrel. I am, Sir,

Your friend, and humble Servant.

I absolutely pronounce, that there is no occasion of offence given in this expression; for a Smart Fellow is always an appellation of praise, and is a man of double capacity. The true cast or mould in which you may be sure to know him is, when his livelihood or education is in the civil list, and you see him express a vivacity or mettle above the way he is in by a little jerk in his motion, short trip in his steps, well-fancied lining of his coat, or any other indications which may be given in a vigorous dress. Now, what possible insinuation can there be, that it is a cause of quarrel for a man to say, he allows a gentleman really to be, what

he, his taylor, his hosier, and his millener, have conspired to make him? I confess, if this person who appeals to me had said, he was not a Smart Fellow, there had been cause for resentment; but if he stands to it that he is one, he leaves no manner of ground for misunderstanding. Indeed, it is a most lamentable thing, that there should be a dispute raised upon a man's saying another is what he plainly takes pains to be thought.

But this point cannot be so well adjusted, as by enquiring what are the sentiments of wise nations and communities, of the use of the sword, and from thence conclude, whether it is honourable to draw it so frequently or not. An illustrious commonwealth of Italy has preserved itself for many ages, without letting one of their subjects handle this destructive instrument; always leaving that work to such of mankind, as understand the use of a whole skin so little, as to make a profession of exposing it to cuts and scars.

But what need we run to such foreign instances? our own ancient and well-governed cities are conspicuous examples to all mankind in their regulation of military achievements. The chief citizens, like the noble Italians, hire mercenaries to carry arms in their stead; and you shall have a fellow of a desperate fortune, for the gain of one half-crown, go through all the dangers of Turtle-fields, or the Artillery-ground; clap his right-jaw within two inches of the touch-hole of a musquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little concern as he tears a pullet. Thus you see, to what scorn of danger these mercenaries arrive, ~~only~~ of a mere love of sordid gain: but ~~who~~ thinks it should take off the strong prepossession men have in favour of bold actions, when they see upon what low

motives men aspire to them. Do but observe the common practice in the government of those heroic bodies, our militia and lieutenancies, the most ancient corps of soldiers, perhaps, in the universe; I question, whether there is one instance of an animosity between any two of these illustrious sons of Mars since their institution, which was decided by combat. I remember, indeed, to have read the chronicle of an accident which had like to have occasioned bloodshed in the very field before all the general officers, though most of them were justices of the peace. Captain Crabtree of Birchington Lane, haberdasher, had drawn a bill upon major-general Maggot, cheesemonger in Thames Street. Crabtree draws this upon Mr. William Maggot and Company. A country lad received this bill; and not understanding the word Company, used in drawing bills on men in partnership, carried it to Mr. Jeffery Stitch of Crooked Lane, (lieutenant of the major-general's company) whom he had the day before seen march by the door in all the pomp of his commission. The lieutenant accepts it, for the honour of the company, since it had come to him. But re-payment being asked from the major-general, he absolutely refuses. Upon this, the lieutenant thinks of nothing else than to bring this to a rupture, and takes for his second Tobias Armstrong of the Counter, and sends him with a challenge in a scrip of parchment, wherein was written—'Stitch contra Maggot,' and all the fury vanished in a moment. The major-general gives satisfaction to the second, and all was well.

Hence it is, that the bold spirits of our city are kept in such subjection to the civil power. Otherwise, where would our liberties soon be, if wealth and valour were suffered to exert themselves with their utmost force. If such officers as are employed in the terrible bands above-mentioned, were to draw bills as well as swords, these dangerous captains, who could victual an army as well as lead it? would be too powerful for the state. But the point of honour justly gives way to that of gain; and by long and wise regulation, the richest is the bravest man. I have known a captain rise to a colonel in two days by the fall of stocks; and a major, my good friend, near the Monument,

ascended to that honour by the fall of the price of spirits, and the rising of right Nantz. By this true sense of honour, that body of warriors are ever in good order and discipline, with their colours and coats all whole: as in other battalions (where their principles of action are less solid) you see the men of service look like spectres with long sides and lank cheeks. In this army you may measure a man's services by his waist, and the most prominent belly is certainly the man who has been most upon action. Besides all this, there is another excellent remark to be made in the discipline of these troops. It being of absolute necessity, that the people of England should see what they have for their money, and be eye-witnesses of the advantages they gain by it, all battles which are fought abroad are represented here. But since one side must be beaten, and the other conquer, which might create disputes, the eldest company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats, according to the last news and best intelligence. I have myself seen Prince Eugene make Catinat fly from the backside of Gray's Inn Lane to Hockley in the Hole, and not give over the pursuit until obliged to leave the Bear Garden on the right, to avoid being borne down by fencers, wild bulls, and monsters, too terrible for the encounter of any heroes, but such whose lives are their livelihood.

We have here seen, that wise nations do not admit of fighting, even in the defence of their country, as a laudable action; and they live within the walls of our own city in great honour and reputation without it. It would be very necessary to understand, by what force of the climate, food, education, or employment, one man's sense is brought to differ so essentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a thing which makes for his safety; and another applauded for consulting his ruin and destruction.

It will therefore be necessary for us (to shew our travelling) to examine this subject fully, and tell you how it comes to pass, that a man of honour in Spain, though you offend him never so gallantly, stabs you basely; in England, though you offend him never so basely, challenges fairly: the former kills you out of revenge, the latter out of good-breeding. But to probe the heart of man in

this particular to it's utmost thoughts and recesses, I must wait for the return of Pacolet, who is now attending a gentleman lately in a duel, and sometimes visits the person by whose hand he received his wounds.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 13.

LETTERS from Vienna of the eighth instant say, there has been a journal of the marches and actions of the King of Sweden, from the beginning of January to the eleventh of April, N. S. communicated by the Swedish ministers to that court. These advices inform, that his Swedish Majesty entered the territories of Muscovy in February last, with the main body of his army, in order to oblige the enemy to a general engagement; but that the Muscovites declining a battle, and an universal thaw having rendered the rivers unpassable, the King returned into Ukrania. There are mentioned several rencounters between considerable detachments of the Swedish and Russian armies. Marshal Heister intended to take his leave of the court on the day after the date of these letters, and put himself at the head of the army in Hungary. The male-contentants had attempted to send in a supply of provision into Newhausen; but their design was disappointed by the Germans.

Advices from Berlin of the fifteenth instant, N. S. say, that his Danish Majesty having received an invitation from the King of Prussia to an interview, designed to come to Potidam within a few days, and that King Augustus resolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all difficulties in ceremony, the three Kings, and all the company who shall have the honour to sit with them at table, are to draw lots, and take precedence accordingly.

They write from Hamburgh of the eighteenth instant, N. S. that some par-

ticular letters from Dantzick speak of a late action between the Swedes and Muscovites near Jerislaw; but that engagement being mentioned from no other place, there is not much credit given to this intelligence.

We hear from Brussels, by letters dated the twentieth, that on the fourteenth in the evening, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene arrived at Courtray, with a design to proceed the day following to Lisse, in the neighbourhood of which city the confederate army was to rendezvous the same day. Advices from Paris inform us, that the Marshal de Bezons is appointed to command in Dauphiné; and that the Duke of Berwick is set out for Spain, with a design to follow the fortunes of the Duke of Anjou, in case the French King should comply with the late demands of the Allies.

The court of France has sent a circular letter to all the governors of the provinces, to recommend to their consideration his Majesty's late conduct in the affair of peace. It is thought fit in that epistle, to condescend to a certain appeal to the people, whether it is consistent with the dignity of the crown, or the French name, to submit to the preliminaries demanded by the Confederates. That letter dwells upon the unreasonableness of the Allies, in requiring his Majesty's assistance in dethroning his grandson; and treats this particular in language more suitable to it, as it is a topic of oratory, than a real circumstance on which the interests of nations, and reasons of state, which affect all Europe, are concerned.

The close of this memorial seems to prepare the people to expect all events, attributing the confidence of the enemy to the goodness of their troops; but acknowledging, that his sole dependance is upon the intervention of Providence.

## Nº XXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 14.

HAVING a very solid respect for human nature, however it is distorted from it's natural make, by affectation, humour, custom, misfortune,

or vice, I do apply myself to my friends to help me in raising arguments for preserving it in all it's individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my letters on this subject, I have received the following answer:

IN answer to your question, why men of sense, virtue, and experience, are still to comply with that ridiculous custom of duelling. I must desire you to reflect, that custom has dibed up in us the wild heads of our ancestors, and put the belt of the present age into huge Falbala periwigs. Men of sense would not impose such incumbrances on themselves, but be glad they might shew their faces decently in public upon easier terms. If then such men appear reasonably slaves to the fashion, in what regards the figure of their persons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at least so in what seems to touch their reputation. Besides, you cannot be ignorant, that dress and chivalry have been always encouraged by the ladies, as the two principal branches of gallantry. It is to avoid being fretted at for his singularity, and from a desire to appear more agreeable to his mistresses, that a wise, experienced, and polite man, complies with the dress commonly received; and is prevailed upon to violate his reason and principles, in hazarding his life and estate by a tilt, as well as suffering his pleasures to be constrained and soured by the constant apprehension of a quarrel. This is the more surprizing, because men of the most delicate sense and principles have naturally in other cases a particular reluctance in accommodating themselves to the maxims of the world: but one may easily distinguish the man that is affected with beauty, and the reputation of a tilt, from him who complies with both, merely as they are imposed upon him by custom; for in the former you will remark an air of vanity and triumph; whereas when the latter appears in a long Duvillier full of powder, or has decided a quarrel by the sword, you may perceive in his face, that he appeals to custom for an excuse. I think it may not be improper to enquire into the genuineness of this chimerical monster, called a Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate species of the ancient knight-errantry. By the laws of this whim, the heroic person, or man of gallantry, was indispensibly obliged to tharve in amour a certain number of years in the chase of monsters, encounter them at the peril of his life, and suffer still greater hardships, in order to gain the

affection of the fair lady, and qualify himself for assuming the Bel-air; that is, of a Pretty Fellow, or man of honour, according to the fashion: but since the publishing of Don Quixote, and extinction of the race of dragons, which Suetonius says happened in that of Wantley, the gallant and heroic spirits of these later times have been under the necessity of creating new chimerical monsters to entertain themselves with, by way of single combat, as the only proofs they are able to give their own sex, and the ladies, that they are in all points men of nice honour. But to do justice to the ancient and real monsters, I must observe, that they never molested those who were not of a humour to hunt for them in woods and desarts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the courts and cities of Europe, (except France) that one can scarce be in the most humanized society without risking one's life; the people of the best sort, and the fine gentlemen of the age, being so fond of them, that they seldom appear in any public place without one. I have some further considerations upon this subject, which, as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you by, Sir, a cousin but one remove from the best family of the Staffs, namely, Sir, your humble servant, kinsman, and friend,

TIM. SWITCH.

It is certain Mr. Switch has hit upon the true source of this evil; and that it proceeds only from the force of custom, that we contradict ourselves in half the particulars and occurrences of life. But such a tyranny in love, which the fair impose upon us, is a little too severe, that we must demonstrate our affection for them by no certain proof but hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does to an estate) by survivorship. This way of application to gain a lady's heart is taking her as we do towns and castles, by distressing the place, and letting none come near them without our pass. Were such a lover once to write the truth of his heart, and let her know his whole thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a passion for her; but it would hardly be called love. The billet-doux would run to this purpose:

MADAM,



MADAM,

I Have so tender a regard for you and your interests, that I will knock any man on the head whom I observe to be of my mind, and like you. Mr. Truman, the other day, looked at you in so languishing a manner, that I am resolved to run him through to-morrow morning. This, I think, he deserves for his guilt in admiring you: than which I cannot have a greater reason for murdering him, except it be that you also approve him. Whoever says he dies for you, I will make his words good, for I will kill him. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient, and most humble Servant.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 14.

I AM just come hither at ten at night, and have, ever since six, been in the most celebrated, though most raucous, company in town: the two leaders of the society were a Critic and a Wit. These two gentlemen are great opponents on all occasions, not discerning that they are the nearest each other in temper and talents of any two classes of men in the world; for to profess judgment, and to profess wit, both arise from the same failure, which is, want of judgment. The poverty of the Critic this way proceeds from the abuse of his faculty; that of the Wit, from the neglect of it. It is a particular observation I have always made, that, of all mortals, a Critic is the silliest; for by enuring himself to examine all things, whether they are of consequence or not, he never looks upon any thing but with a design of passing sentence upon it; by which means he is never a companion, but always a censor. This makes him earnest upon trifles, and dispute on the most indifferent occasions with vehemence. If he offers to speak or write, that talent, which should approve the work of the other faculties, prevents their operation. He comes upon action in armour, but without weapons; he stands in safety, but can gain no glory. The Wit, on the other hand, has been hurried so long away by imagination only, that judgment seems not to have ever been one of his natural faculties. This gentleman takes himself to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critic is a sort of Puritan in the polite world.

As an enthusiast in religion stumbles at the ordinary occurrences of life, if he cannot quote Scripture examples on the occasion; so the Critic is never safe in his speech or writings, without he has among the celebrated writers an authority for the truth of his sentence. You will believe we had a very good time with these brethren, who were so far out of the dress of their native country, and so lost in it's dialect, that they were as much strangers to themselves, as to their relation to each other. They took up the whole discourse; sometimes the Critic grew passionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any trip or hesitation in his voice, he would answer—Mr. Dryden makes such a character, on such an occasion, break off in the same manner; so that the stop was according to nature, and as a man in a passion should do. The Wit, who is as far gone in letters as himself, seems to be at a loss to answer such an apology; and concludes only, that though his anger is justly vented, it wants fire in the utterance. If wit is to be measured by the circumstances of time and place, there is no man has generally so little of that talent, as he who is a wit by profession. What he says, instead of arising from the occasion, has an occasion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other reason but that he talks like nobody else, but has taken up a method of his own, without commerce of dialogue with other people. The lively Jasper Dastyle is one of this character. He seems to have made a vow to be witty to his life's end. When you meet him—'What do you think,' says he, 'I have been entertaining myself with?' Then out comes a premeditated turn; to which it is to no purpose to answer, for he goes on in the same strain of thought he designed without your speaking. Therefore I have a general answer to all he can say; as—'Sure there never was any creature had so much fire!' Spondee, who is a critic, is seldom out of this fine man's company. They have no manner of affection for each other, but keep together, like Novel and Oldfox, in the Plain Dealer, because they shew each other. I know several men of sense who can be diverted with this couple; but I see no curiosity in the thing, except it be, that Spondee is dull, and seems dull; but Dastyle is heavy with a brisk face. D

must be owned also, that Daſtyle has almost vigour enough to be a coxcomb; but Spondee, by the lowness of his constitution, is only a blockhead.

17. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE. JUNE 15.

We have no particulars of moment since our last; except it be, that the copy of the following original letter came by the way of Ostend. It is said to have been found in the closet of Monsieur Chamillard, the late secretary of state of France, since his disgrace. It was signed by two brothers of the famous Cavalier, who led the Cevennois, and had a personal interview with the king, as well as a capitulation to lay down his arms, and leave the dominions of France. There are many other names to it; among whom is the chief of the family of the Marquis Guiscard. It is not yet known whether Monsieur Chamillard had any real design to favour the Protestant interest, or only thought to place himself at the head of that people, to make himself considerable enough to oppose his enemies at court, and reinstate himself in power there.

112,

WE have read your Majesty's letter\* to the governors of your provinces, with instructions what sentiments to insinuate into the minds of your people; but as you have always acted upon the maxim—That we were made for you, and not you for us, we must take leave to assure your Majesty, that we are exacters of the contrary opinion; and must desire you to send for your grandson home, and acquaint him, that you now know by experience, absolute power is only a vertigo in the brain of princes,

which for a time may quicken their motion, and double in their diseased sight the instances of power above them; but must end in their fall and destruction. Your memorial speaks a good father of your family, but a very ill one of your people. Your Majesty is reduced to hear truth, when you are obliged to speak it. There is no governing any but savages by other methods than their own consent; which you seem to acknowledge, in appealing to us for our opinion of your conduct in treating of peace. Had your people been always of your council, the King of France had never been reduced so low as to acknowledge his arms were fallen into contempt. But since it is thus, we must ask, How is any man of France, but they of the House of Bourbon, the better, that Philip is King of Spain? We have outgrown that folly of placing our happiness in your Majesty's being called The Great. Therefore as you and we are all alike bankrupts†, and undone, let us not deceive ourselves, but compound with our adversaries, and not talk like their equals. Your Majesty must forgive us, that we cannot wish you success, or lend you help; for if you lose one battle more, we may have a hand in the peace you make; and doubt not but your Majesty's faith in treaties will require the ratification of the States of your kingdom. So we bid you heartily farewell, until we have the honour to meet you assembled in parliament. This happy expectation makes us willing to wait the event of another campaign; from whence we hope to be raised from the misery of slaves to the privileges of subjects. We are

Your Majesty's truly faithful and loyal Subjects, &c.

Nº XXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 16.

THE vigilance, the anxiety, the tenderness, which I have for the good people of England, I am persuaded, will in time be much commended; but I

doubt whether they will ever be rewarded. However, I must go on cheerfully in my work of reformation: that being my great design, I am studious to prevent my labour's increasing upon me; therefore am particularly observant

\* Soon after the breaking off of the late treaty of peace, the French King disposed a letter through his commissions, wherein he shews the reasons why he could not ratify the preliminaries. Vide the public news papers of this date.

† N. B. Monsieur Bernard, and the chief bankers of France, became bankrupts about this time.

of the temper and inclinations of childhood and youth, that we may not give vice and folly supplies from the growing generation. It is hardly to be imagined how useful this study is, and what great evils or benefits arise from putting us in our tender years to what we are fit and unfit: therefore on Tuesday last (with a design to sound their inclinations) I took three lads, who are under my guardianship, a rambling, in a hackney-coach, to shew them the town; as the Lions, the Tombs, Beilam, and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds, because they strike forcibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The first was his father's darling, the second his mother's, and the third is mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but being at the upper end of a great school, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is insupportable. If I begin to shew a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts—'Uncle, under favour, that which you say is not understood in that manner.'—'Brother,' says my boy Jack, 'you do not shew your manners much in contradicting my uncle Isaac!'—'You queer cur,' says Mr. William, 'do you think my uncle takes any notice of such a dull rogue as you are?' Mr. William goes on—'He is the most stupid of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his book; when he should mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his taws and marbles, or laying up farthings. His way of thinking is—"Four and twenty farthings make sixpence, and two sixpences a shilling, two shillings and sixpence half a crown, and two half-crowns five shillings." So within these two months, the close hunk has scraped up twenty shillings, and we will make him spend it all before he comes home.' Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as ashes. There is nothing touches a parent (and such I am to Jack) so nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good husband, a kind father, and an honest executor. All the great people you see make considerable figures on the Exchange, in court, and sometimes in *senates*, are such as in reality have no greater faculty than what may be called

human instinct, which is a tendency to their own preservation of their friends, without being of striking out of the road of tures. There is Sir William of this sort of capacity from childhood; he has bought the countess and makes a bargain by Sir Harry Wildfire, with all his humour. Sir Harry never waxes but he comes to Scrip, him half an hour, and then goes for the other thousand. The are incapable of placing in where but in their pence, and gaining; while others, who have capacities, are diverted from it by enjoyments, which can be only by that cash which they and therefore are in the end their inferiors both in fortune and deriding. I once heard: excellent sense observe, that no in the world failed by being in of men of too large capacities business, than by being in th of such as wanted abilities to them. Jack therefore, being ding make, shall be a citizen: sign him to be the refuge of t in their distress, as well as th prosperity. His brother Wil to Oxford with all speed; w does not arrive at being a mar he will soon be informed whe a coxcomb. There is in that a true spirit of raillery and that if they cannot make you a they will certainly let you know a fool; which is all my counsel to cease to be so. Thus have these two cut of the way, I have to look at my third lad. I see the young rogue a natural I mind, which discovers itself forbearing to declare his th any occasion, than in any v of exerting himself in discovery which reason, I will place him he commits no faults, he m rather than those in other station they excel in virtues. The b fashioned, and will easily f graceful manner; wherefore design to make him a page t lady of my acquaintance; means he will be well skilled in mon modes of life, and make progress in the world by th ledge, than with the greatest

t. A good mien in a court  
a man greater lengths than a  
standing in any other place.

world of pains taken, and the  
s of life spent, in collecting a  
rights in a college for the con-  
life; and, after all, the man so  
I shall hesitate in his speech to a  
it of cloaths, and want common  
ore an agreeable woman. Hence  
at wisdom, valour, justice, and  
; cannot keep a man in counte-  
at is possessed with these excel-  
if he wants that inferior art of  
behaviour called Good-breed-  
l man endowed with great per-  
, without this, is like one who  
pockets full of gold, but always  
hange for his ordinary occasions.

Courtly is a living instance of  
th; and has had the same educa-  
uch I am giving my nephew.  
r spoke a thing but what was  
ore, and yet can converse with  
iest men without being ridicu-  
Among the learned, he does not  
gnorant; nor with the wife, in-  
Living in conversation from  
ncy, makes him no where at a  
id a long familiarity with the  
of men is, in a manner, of the  
vice to him, as if he knew their  
As ceremony is the invention of  
n to keep fools at a distance, so  
eeding is an expedient to make  
d wife men equals.

you write to a lady for whom you have  
a solid and honourable passion, the great  
idea you have of her, joined to a quick  
sense of her absence, fills your mind  
with a sort of tenderness, that gives your  
language too much the air of complaint,  
which is seldom successful. For a man  
may flatter himself as he pleases; but  
he will find that the women have more  
understanding in their own affairs than  
we have; and women of spirit are not to  
be won by mourners. He that can keep  
handsomely within rules, and support  
the carriage of a companion to his mis-  
tress, is much more likely to prevail  
than he who lets her see the whole relish  
of his life depends upon her. If possi-  
ble, therefore, divert your mistress ra-  
ther than sigh for her. The pleasant man  
she will desire for her own sake; but the  
languishing lover has nothing to hope  
from, but her pity. To shew the dif-  
ference, I produced two letters a lady  
gave me, which had been writ by two  
gentlemen who pretended to her, but  
were both killed the next day after the  
date, at the battle of Almanza. One of  
them was a mercurial gay-humoured  
man; the other a man of a serious, but  
a great and gallant spirit. Poor Jack  
Careless! this is his letter: you see how  
it is folded; the air of it is so negli-  
gent, one might have read half of it, by  
peeping into it without breaking it open.  
He had no exactness.

MADAM,

IT is a very pleasant circumstance I  
am in, that while I should be think-  
ing of the good company we are to meet  
within a day or two, where we shall go to  
loggerheads, my thoughts are running  
upon a fair enemy in England. I was  
in hopes I had left you there; but you  
follow the camp, though I have endea-  
voured to make some of our leagner  
ladies drive you out of the field. All  
my comfort is, you are more trouble-  
some to my colonel than to myself: I  
permit you to visit me only now and  
then; but he downright keeps you. I  
laugh at his honour, as far as his gravity  
will allow me; but I know him to be a  
man of too much merit to succeed with  
a woman. Therefore defend your heart  
as well as you can; I shall come home  
this winter irresistibly dressed, and with  
quite a new French air. And so I had  
like to say, I rest, but, alas! I remain,

M

Madam,

's COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 22.

suspension of the playhouse has  
: have nothing to send you from  
ut calling here this evening, I  
e party I usually sit with, upon  
ests of writing, and examining  
s the handsomest style in which  
is women, and write letters of  
r. Many were the opinions  
re immediately declared on this

Some were for a certain soft-  
ne for I know not what deli-  
ers for something inexpressibly  
When it came to me, I said  
s no rule in the world to be  
writing letters, but that of  
near what you speak face to  
ou can; which is so great a  
t I am of opinion, writing has  
mistresses than any one mistake  
the legend of love. For when

Madam, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JOHN CARELESS.

Now for Colonel Constant's epistle; you see it is folded and directed with the utmost care.

MY DEAR,

I Do myself the honour to write to you this evening, because I believe tomorrow will be a day of battle; and something forebodes in my breast that I shall fall in it. If it proves so, I hope you will hear I have done nothing below a man who had the love of his country, quickened by a passion for a woman of honour. If there be any thing noble in going to a certain death; if there be any merit, that I meet it with pleasure, by promising myself a place in your esteem; if your applause, when I am no more, is preferable to the most glorious life without you: I say, Madam, if any of these considerations can have weight with you, you will give me a kind place in your memory, which I prefer to the glory of Cæsar. I hope this will be read, as it is writ, with tears.

The beloved lady is a woman of a sensible mind; but she has confessed to me, that after all her true and solid value for Constant, she had much more concern for the loss of Careless. Those noble and serious spirits have something equal to the adversities they meet with, and consequently lessen the objects of pity. Great accidents seem not cut out so much for men of familiar characters, which makes them more easily pitied, and soon after beloved. Add to this, that the sort of love which generally succeeds is a stranger to awe and dis-

tance. I asked Romana, Whether two she should have chosen, had she survived? She said, she knew she to have taken Constant; but b she should have chosen Careless.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, 28

LETTERS from Lisbon of the instant, N. S. say, that the enemy, having blocked up Olivença posted on the Guadiana. The guese are very apprehensive that the loss of that place, though it costs five of the best regiments of their will be obliged to surrender, if not relieved, they not being supplied with provisions for more than six weeks. Hereupon their generals held a council of war on the fourth instant, when it was concluded to advance towards Badajoz. With this design the army camped on the fifth from Jerumenha, and marched to Cancaon. It is hoped if the enemy follow their motion they may have opportunity to put a sufficient quantity of provision and ammunition into Olivença.

Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice to persons that dress themselves decently, without regard to decorum with blue and red stockings in morning, tucked cravats, and night-caps before people of the first quality he has yet received no fine for indulging them in that liberty, and that he expects their compliance with this decree or that they go home immediately shift themselves. This is further quaint the town, that the report of hosiery, toymen, and milliners, compounded with Mr. Bickerstaff's tolerating such enormities, is false and scandalous.

Nº XXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1709.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 28.

IN my dissertation against the custom of Single Combat, it has been objected, that there is not learning, or much reading, shewn therein, which is the very life and soul of all treatises; for which reason, being always easy to receive admonitions, and reform my errors, I thought fit to consult this learned board on the subject. Upon proposing

some doubts, and desiring their assistance, a very hopeful young gentleman, who is to be called to the bar within a year and a half at the latest, told me, that he had, ever since mentioned duelling, turned his thoughts that way; and that he was prepared thereto, because he had followed the circuits in the north of England and south of Scotland, and was more at home in that way, than at his own study.

bedmawr, in Cardiganshire. The northern Britons and the southern Scots are a warm people, and the Welsh 'a nation of gentlemen;' so that it be-  
 loved him to understand well the science of quarrelling. The young gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the board an account that he had read Fitz-herbert's Grand Abridgment, and had found that duelling is a very ancient part of the law; for when a man is sued, be it for his life or his land, the person that joins the issue, whether plaintiff or defendant, may put the trial upon the duel. Further he argued, under fa-  
 vour of the court, that when the issue is joined by the duel, in treason or other capital crimes, the parties accused and accuser must fight in their own proper persons: but if the dispute be for lands, you may hire a champion at Hockley in the Hole, or any where else. This part of the law we had from the Saxons; and they had it, as also the trial by Ordeal, from the Laplanders. 'It is in-  
 deed agreed,' said he, 'the southern and eastern nations never knew any thing of it; for though the ancient Romans would scold and call names  
 fithily, yet there is not an example of a challenge that ever passed among  
 them.'

His quoting the eastern nations put another gentleman in mind of an account he had from a boatswain of an East Indianman; which was, that a Chinese had tricked and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand satisfac-  
 tion the next morning, and, like a true ear of honour, called him a son of a whore, liar, dog, and other rough ap-  
 pellatives used by persons conversant with winds and waves; the Chinese, with great tranquillity, desired him not to come abroad fasting, nor put himself into a heat, for it would prejudice his health. Thus the east knows nothing of this gallantry.

There sat at the left of the table a person of a venerable aspect, who as-  
 serted, that half the impositions which are put upon these ages, have been trans-  
 mitted by writers who have given too great pomp and magnificence to the ex-  
 ploits of the ancient bear-garden, and made their gladiators, by fabulous tra-  
 dition, greater than Gorman and others of Great Britain. He informed the company, that he had searched authorities  
 for what he said, and that a learned an-

tiquary, Humphry Scarecrow, Esquire, of Hockley in the Hole, recorder to the bear-garden, was then writing a dis-  
 course on the subject. 'It appears by  
 the best accounts,' says this gentle-  
 man, 'that the high names which are  
 used among us with so great veneration, were no other than stage-fighters,  
 and worthies of the ancient bear-  
 garden. The renowned Hercules al-  
 ways carried a quarter-staff, and was  
 from thence called Claviger. A  
 learned chronologist is about proving  
 what wood the staff was made of, whe-  
 ther oak, ash, or crab-tree. The first  
 trial of skill he ever performed was  
 with one Cacus, a deer-stealer; the  
 next was with Typhonus, a giant of  
 forty feet four inches. Indeed, it was  
 unhappily recorded, that meeting at  
 last with a sailor's wife, she made his  
 staff of provects serve her own use,  
 and dwindle away to a distaff: she  
 clapped him on an old tar-jacket of  
 her husband; so that this great hero  
 drooped like a scabbled sheep. Him  
 his contemporary Theseus succeeded  
 in the bear garden, which honour he  
 held for many years. This grand  
 duellist went to hell, and was the only  
 one of that sort that ever came back  
 again. As for Achilles and Hector,  
 (as the ballads of those times mention)  
 they were pretty smart fellows; they  
 fought at sword and buckler; but the  
 former had much the better of it; his  
 mother, who was an oyster-woman,  
 having got a blacksmith of Lemnos  
 to make her son's weapons. There  
 is a pair of trusty Trojans, in a song  
 of Virgil, that were famous for hand-  
 ling their gauntlets, Dares and En-  
 tellus; and indeed it does appear,  
 they fought no sham prize. What  
 arms the great Alexander used, is un-  
 certain; however, the historian men-  
 tions, when he attacked Thalestris, it  
 was only at single rapier: but the  
 weapon soon failed; for it was always  
 observed, that the Amazons had a sort  
 of enchantment about them, which  
 made the blade of the weapon, though  
 of never so good metal, at every home  
 push, lose it's edge, and grow feeble.

The Roman bear-garden was abun-  
 dantly more magnificent than any  
 thing Greece could boast of; it flour-  
 ished most under those delights of  
 mankind, Nero and Domitian. At  
 one time, it is recorded, four hundred

senators entered the list, and thought it an honour to be cudgelled and quarter-staffed. I observe the Lanists were the people chiefly employed; which makes me imagine our bear-garden copied much after this, the butchers being the greatest men in it.

Thus far the glory and honour of the bear-garden stood secure, until fate, that irresistible ruler of sublunary things, in that universal ruin of arts and politer learning, by those savage people the Goths and Vandals, destroyed and levelled it to the ground. Then fell the grandeur and bravery of the Roman state, until at last the warlike genius (but accompanied with more courtesy) revived in the Christian world under those puissant champions, Saint George, Saint Dennis, and other dignified heroes: one killed his dragon, another his lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red letters before them to illustrate their martial temper. The Spanish nation, it must be owned, were devoted to gallantry and chivalry above the rest of the world. What a great figure does that great name, Don Quixote, make in history? How shines that glorious star in the western world! O renowned hero! O mirror of knight-hood!

The brandish'd whinyard all the world defies,  
And kills as sure as del Tobofo's eyes.

I am forced to break off abruptly, being sent for in haste with my rule, to measure the degree of an affront, before the two gentlemen (who are now in their breeches and pumps ready to engage behind Montague House) have made a pass.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 18.

IT is an unreasonable objection, I find, against my labours, that my stock is not all my own; and therefore the kind reception I have met with is not so deserved as it ought to be. But I hope, though it be never so true, that I am obliged to my friends for laying their cash in my hands, since I give it them again when they please, and leave them at their liberty to call it home, it will not hurt me with my gentle readers. Ask all the merchants who act upon consignments, where is the necessity (if they

answer readily what their correspondents draw) of their being wealthy themselves? Ask the greatest bankers, if all the men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the consequence? But indeed, a country friend has writ me a letter which gives me great mortification; wherein I find I am so far from expecting a tuppny from thence, that some have not heard of me, and the rest do not understand me. His epistle is as follows:

DEAR COUSIN,

I thought, when I left the town, to have raised your fame here, and helped you to support it by intelligence from hence; but, alas! they had never heard of the Tatler until I brought down a set. I lent them from house to house; but they asked me what they meant. I began to enlighten them, by telling who and who were supposed to be intended by the characters drawn. I said, for instance—'Chloe and Clarissa are two eminent toasts.' A gentleman (who keeps his greyhound and gun, and, one would think, might know better) told me, he supposed they were Papishes, for their names were not English. 'Then,' said he, 'why do you call live people 'Toasts?'' I answered, that was a new name found out by the wits, to make a lady have the same effect, as burridge in the glass when a man is drinking. 'But,' says I, 'Sir, I perceive this is to you all bamboozling; why, you look as if you were Don Diego'd to the tune of a thousand pounds.' All this good language was lost upon him: he only stared, though he is as good a scholar as any layman in the town, except the barber. Thus, cousin, you must be content with London for the center of your wealth and fame; we have no relish for you. Wit must describe it's proper circumference, and not go beyond it, lest (like little boys, when they straggle out of their own parish) it may wander to places where it is not known, and be lost. Since it is so, you must excuse me that I am forced at a visit to sit silent, and only lay up what excellent things pass at such conversations.

This evening I was with a couple of young ladies; one of them has the character of the prettiest company, yet really I thought her but silly: the other, who

talked a great deal less, I observed to have understanding. The lady, who is reckoned such a companion among her acquaintance, has only, with a very brisk air, a knack of saying the commonest things: the other, with a sly serious one, says home things enough. The first, Mistress Giddy, is very quick; but the second, Mistress Slim, fell into Giddy's own style, and was as good company as she. Giddy happens to drop her glove; Slim reaches it to her. 'Madam,' says Giddy, 'I hope you will have a better office.' Upon which Slim immediately repartees, and sits in her lap, and cries—'Are you not sorry for my heaviness?' The sly wench pleased me, to see how she hit her height of understanding so well. We sat down to supper. Says Giddy, mighty prettily, 'Two hands in a dish, and one in a purse.' Says Slim—'Ay, Madam, the more the merrier; the fewer the better cheer.' I quickly took the hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I—

'He that will not when he may,  
When he will, he shall have nay;

And so helped myself. Giddy turns about—'What, have you found your tongue?' 'Yes,' says I, 'it is manners to speak when I am spoken to; but your greatest talkers are the least doers; and the still sow eats up all the broth.'—'Ha! ha!' says Giddy, 'one would think he had nothing in him; and do you hear how he talks, when he pleases!' I grew immediately witty and pleasant to a degree, in the same strain. Slim, who knew how good company we had been, cries—'You will certainly print this bright conversation.'

It is so; and hereby you may see how small an appearance the prettiest things said in company make, when in print.

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 20.

A MAIL from Lisbon has brought advices, of June the twelfth, from the King of Portugal's army encamped at Torre Allegada, which inform us, that the general of the army called a court-martial on the fourth at the camp of Jernena, where it was resolved to march with a design to attempt the succour of Olivenza. Accordingly the army moved on the fifth, and marched towards Badajos. Upon their approach, the Marquis de Bay detached so great a party from the blockade of Olivenza, that the Marquis das Minas, at the head of a large detachment, covered a great convoy of provisions towards Olivenza, which threw in their stores, and marched back to the main army, without molestation from the Spaniards. They add, that each army must necessarily march into quarters within twenty days.

Whoever can discover a surgeon's apprentice who fell upon Mr. Bickerstaff's messenger, or (as the printers call him) Devil going to the press, and tore out of his hand part of his Essay against Duels, in the fragments of which were the words, 'You lye,' and 'Man of Honour,' taken up at the Temple Gate, and the words—'Perhaps—May be not—By your leave, Sir,——' and other terms of provocation, taken up at the door of Young Man's Coffee-house, shall receive satisfaction from Mr. Morphew; besides a set of arguments to be spoken to any man in a passion, which, if the said enraged man listens to, will prevent quarrelling.

Mr. Bickerstaff does hereby give notice, that he has taken the two famous universities of this land under his immediate care; and does hereby promise all tutors and pupils, that he will hear what can be said of each side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in orders and classes in the learned world, according to their merit.

## Nº XXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1709.

## WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 22.

AN answer to the following letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all expedition, I must

trespass upon all that come with horary questions into my anti-chamber, to give the gentleman my opinion.



TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

JUNE 18, 1709.

I Know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed Platonne, the most unaccountable creature of her sex. To hear her talk seraphics, and run over Norris, and Moor, and Milton, and the whole set of intellectual triflers, torments me heartily; for, to a lover who understands metaphors, all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleasure, which only the dear declaimer prevents, by understanding them literally: why should she wish to be a cherubim, when it is flesh and blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that is a high breach of the idea of intuition. If I offer at her hand or lip, she shrinks from the touch like a sensitive plant, and would contract herself into mere spirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her surbellowed scarf, pinions; her blue manteau and petticoat is her azure dress; and her footman goes by the name of Oberon. It is my misfortune to be six feet and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and, before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles. I am not quite six-and-twenty, and my nose is marked truly aquiline. For these reasons, I am in a very particular manner her aversion. What shall I do? Impudence itself cannot reclaim her. If I write miserably, she reckons me among the children of perdition, and discards me her region: if I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real ghost with me, and vanishes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocrisy of her sex; but perseverance makes it as bad as fixed aversion. I desire your opinion, whether I may not lawfully play the inquisition upon her, make use of a little force, and put her to the rack and torture, only to convince her, she has really fine limbs without spoiling or distorting them. I expect your directions, before I proceed to dwindle and fall away with despair; which at present I do not think advisable; because, if she should recant, she may then hate me perhaps, in the other extreme, for my tenuity. I am (with impatience) your most humble servant,

CHARLES STURDY.

My patient has put his case with much warmth, and represented it lively a manner, that I see both torment and tormentor with great acuity. This order of Platonic are to be dealt with in a peculiar manner from the rest of the sex. It is the general way, and the way safe; but it is not to be done. Every man that has wit, and has and railery, can make a good for women in general; but a P is not to be touched with panegy will tell you, it is a sensuality in to be delighted that way. You therefore to commend, but silent sent to all she does and says. To consider, the scorn of you is in mour, but opinion in her.

There were, some years since of these ladies who were of quality gave out, that virginity was to state of life during this mortal coil and therefore resolved to join the tunes, and erect a nunnery. The of residence was pitched upon; pretty situation, full of natural firings of waters, with shady and flowery arbours, was approved of the founders. There many of our sex who took the liberty visit the mansions of intended sin among others, a famous Rake time, who had the grave way to celerity. He came in first; but seeing a servant coming toward with a design to tell him, this place for him or his companion goes my grave impudence to the 'Young woman,' said he, 'if the ladies are in the way on the side of the house, pray carry us on the side towards the gardens: we must know, gentlemen that are living England; after which we go into foreign parts, where I us have already been.' Here in the most humble manner, and the girl, who knew not how to to such a sort of carriage. He said, 'Now you must know we have ambition to have it to say, that a Protestant nunnery in England pray, Mrs. Betty—' 'Sir,' replied, 'my name is Susan, at your vice.'—'Then I heartily beg pardon.'—'No offence in this says she, 'for I have a cousin whose name is Betty.'—'Indeed

to you, that was more I spoke at random: but as that I was near in the case leave to present this the favour of a civil and advances, and soon, all saluted her. By this a girl was in the middle of these fellows, at a loss without courage to pass; and the Platonics, at fees, pale, trembling, and perceived they were otherwise took care to keep with questions concerning life; when appeared at last a lady who had writ a fine on the recluse life, and was of the foundation. She ap-peared the hall; and Rake know-ing of his own mien and repute from his company. 'Sir, I am obliged to fol-low, who was sent out to affair could make strangers a solitude which we, who sit in this place, have devoted to our own thoughts?'—replies Rake, (with an air free, mixed with a certain mystery which he could dissemble) 'your great intention has more noise in the world than it should; and we travellers have seen many foreign in this kind, have a curiosity to see the first rudiments, the seat of piety; for such it must be in future ages, to the eternal glory of the founders. I have read an excellent and seraphic discourse on this subject.' The lady im-pressed—'If what I have said has contributed to raise any in you that may make for the glory of intellectual and divine life, I should think myself happy.' He immediately made the profoundest veneration—'Are you then a lady? If I may approach, have uttered things so false salutes her. His friends were example. The devoted in amazement where this the Madonella receive their dear company. But Rake would not transgress; for we may take the liberty see you have thought: sit

to chuse for ever, we would go into such parts of the gardens, as is consistent with the severities you have imposed on yourselves.' To be short, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the assembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair-one by the hand, after due explanation; to walk round the gardens. The conversation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the solemn impudence, when the whole company stood round him, to say, that he sincerely wished men might rise out of the earth like plants; and that our minds were not of necessity to be fullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as support, of our species. This was spoke with so easy and fixed an assurance, that Madonella answered—'Sir, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution to reign to that of Providence. These desires were implanted in us for revenge purposes, in preserving the race of men, and giving opportunities for making our chastity more heroic.' The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on both sides, that it created a second and a third interview; and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelve-month.

Any unnatural part is long taking up, and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. Sturdy may assure himself, Platonica will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model, she will fall in with the necessities of mortal life, and condescend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body, and urged by such violent desires.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 22.

THE evils of this town increase upon me to so great a degree, that I am half afraid I shall not leave the world much better than I found it. Several worthy gentlemen and critics have applied to me, to give my censure of an enormity which has been revived, after being long suppressed, and is called Punning. I have several arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a man of honour, who is guilty of this abuse of human society. But the way to expose it is, like the ex-pedient

pedient of curing drunkenness, shewing a man in that condition: therefore I must give my reader warning, to expect a collection of these offences; without which preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very mention of it in good company; and I hope I shall be understood to do it, as a divine mentions oaths and curses, only for their condemnation. I shall dedicate this discourse to a gentleman, my very good friend, who is the Janus of our times, and whom, by his years and wit, you would take to be of the last age; but, by his dress and morals, of this.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 22.

LAST night arrived two mails from Holland, which bring letters from the Hague of the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. with advice, that the enemy lay encamped behind a strong entrenchment, with the marsh of Romiers on their right and left, extending itself as far as Bethune: La Bassée is in their front, Lens in their rear, and their camp is strengthened by another line from Lens to Doway. The Duke of Marlborough caused an exact observation to be made of their ground, and the works by which they were covered, which appeared so strong, that it was not thought proper

to attack them in their present situation. However, the Duke thought fit to feint as if he designed it: he accordingly marched from the Looze, as did Prince Eugene from Pret, and advanced with all politeness towards the enemy. To the appearance of an intended attack, the ways were made, and ordered to be in such manner, that either camp could have thought of nothing but charging the enemy the day next morning: but soon after the fall of the night of the twenty-sixth, the whole army faced towards Tournay, which place they invested early in the morning of the twenty-seventh. Marshal Villars was so confident we designed to attack him, that he drew great part of the garrison to that place, which is now invested, and the field: for which reason, it is probable it must submit within a small time, if the enemy cannot prevent, but by coming out of their present camp, and his a general engagement. These add, that the garrison of Maastricht marched out under the command of Marshal d'Arco; which, with the Walloons, and the troops of Cologne, have joined the grand army of the enemy.

## Nº XXXIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 23.

MY brother has made an excursion into the country, and the work against Saturday lies upon me. I am very glad I have got pen and ink in my hand; for I have for some time longed for his absence, to give a right idea of things, which I thought he put in a very odd light, and some of them to the disadvantage of my own sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is necessary to make discourses, and publish treatises, to keep the horrid creatures, the men, within the rules of common decency. Turning over the papers of memorials or hints for the ensuing discourses, I find a letter subscribed by Mr. Truman.

SIR,

I Am lately come to town; and I read your works with much pleasure: you make wit subservient to principles and good manners. because I design to buy the Tatler for my daughters to read, I take it to desire you, for the future, nothing about any combat of Alexander and Thackeris.

This offence gives me occasion to reprehend myself with the resentment on people who take liberties of before that sex, of whom the names of mother, daughter, are a part: I had like to have wife in the number; but the world are so mistaken in their search of pleasure, that the most amiable in human life is become the de-

corners. My brother and I sit fifty times quarrelled upon

I ever argue, that the frailments are to be imputed to the nents which men of wit put folly and coquetry. He lays as of men upon womens secret in of libertine characters in

did not care to give up a t now he is out of the way, I it own I believe there is very what he asserted: for if you ve your eyes, and own that deft and witty of them all : day or other, it is impossible , that if a man thought he for ever incapable of being y a woman of merit and ho- would perfist in an abandoned deny himself the possibility of he happiness of well-governed orderly satisfactions, and ho- methods of life. If our sex , a lover should have a certin the last woman he served, as turned away, before he was nto the service of another: but ; any vagabond is welcome, he promises to enter into our It is wonderful, that we will a footman without credentials last matter; and in the greatest of life, we make no scruple of to a treaty with the most no- tender in his behaviour against But this breach of commerce he sexes proceeds from an un- prevalence of custom, by oman is to the last degree re- for being deceived, and a s no lots of credit for being a

his tyrant humour has gained are we represented in the writ- in ill figures for artifice in ge, when we have to do with impostor? When oaths, im-, vows, and adorations, are of as words of course, what it necessary to defend us from oy in the breach of them? y part, I am resolved to hear believe none of them; and blamely declare, no vow shall ; but that of marriage: for ed of twenty, and being of a me, some wit, and (if I can : lovers and my glais) hand- ive heard all that can be said y undoing; and shall there-

fore, for warning sake, give an account of the offers that have been made me, my manner of rejecting them, and my assistances to keep my resolution.

In the sixteenth year of my life, I fell into the acquaintance of a lady extremely well known in this town for the quick advancement of her husband, and the honours and distinctions which her industry has procured him and all who belong to her. This excellent body sat next to me for some months at church, and took the liberty (which she said her years, and the zeal she had for my welfare, gave her claim to) to assure me, that she observed some parts in my behaviour which would lead me into errors, and give encouragement to some to entertain hopes I did not think of. 'What made you,' said she, 'look through your fan at that lord, when your eyes should have been turned upon wards, or closed in attention upon better objects?' I blushed, and pretended fifty odd excuses; but confounded myself the more. She wanted nothing but to see that confusion, and goes on—'Nay, child, do not be troubled that I take notice of it; my value for you made me speak it; for though he is my kinsman, I have a nearer regard to virtue than any other consideration.' She had hardly done speaking, when this noble lord came up to us, and led her to her coach.

My head ran all that day and night on the exemplary carriage of this woman, who could be so virtuously impertinent, as to admonish one she was hardly acquainted with. However, it struck upon the vanity of a girl, that it may possibly be, his thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him, and as unlikely things as that have happened, if he should make me his wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I still in all public places stole looks at this man, who easily observed my passion for him. It is so hard a thing to check the return of agreeable thoughts, that he became my dream, my vision, my food, my wish, my torment.

That minister of darkness, the Lady Sempronina, perceived too well the temper I was in; and would, one day after evening service, needs take me to the park. When we were there, my lord passes by; I flushed into a flame. 'Mrs. Dittaff,' says she, 'you may very well  
N remem-

‘remember the concern I was in upon  
 ‘the first notice I took of your regard  
 ‘to that lord; and forgive me, who  
 ‘had a tender friendship for your mother,  
 ‘(now in the grave) that I am vigilant of your conduct.’ She went  
 on with much severity, and after great  
 solicitation prevailed on me to go with  
 her into the country, and to spend  
 the ensuing summer out of the way of  
 a man she saw I loved, and one whom  
 she perceived meditated my ruin, by  
 frequently desiring her to introduce him  
 to me; which she absolutely refused,  
 except he would give his honour that  
 he had no other design but to marry  
 me. To her country-house a week or  
 two after we went: there was at the farther  
 end of her garden, a kind of wilderness,  
 in the middle of which ran a soft  
 rivulet by an arbour of jessamine. In  
 this place I usually passed my retired  
 hours, and read some romantic or poetical  
 tale until the close of the evening.  
 It was near that time in the heat  
 of the summer, when gentle winds,  
 soft murmurs of water, and notes of  
 nightingales, had given my mind an  
 indolence, which added to that repose  
 of soul twilight and the end of a warm  
 day naturally throws upon the spirits.  
 It was at such an hour, and in such a  
 state of tranquillity I sat, when, to my  
 inexpressible amazement, I saw my lord  
 walking towards me, whom I knew not  
 until that moment to have been in the  
 country. I could observe in his approach  
 the perplexity which attends a  
 man big with design; and I had, while  
 he was coming forward, time to reflect  
 that I was betrayed; the sense of which  
 gave me a reluctant suitableness to such a  
 baseness: but when he entered into the  
 bower where I was, my heart flew towards  
 him, and, I confess, a certain joy  
 came into my mind, with an hope  
 that he might then make a declaration  
 of honour and passion. This threw my  
 eye upon him with such tenderness, as  
 gave him power, with a broken accent,  
 to begin—‘Madam—You will wonder—  
 ‘For it is certain, you must have  
 ‘observed—Though I fear you will  
 ‘misinterpret the motive—But by  
 ‘Heaven, and all that is sacred! if  
 ‘you could—’ Here he made a full  
 stand, and I received power to say—  
 ‘The conversation I am in you will  
 ‘not, I hope, believe—An helpless  
 ‘innocent maid—Besides that, the

‘place—’ He saw me in  
 confusion as himself; which  
 to the same causes, he had  
 himself to throw himself a  
 talk of the fitness of the evening  
 then ran into dedications of  
 pure flames, constant love,  
 virtues, and a thousand others  
 drawn from the images we have  
 then, which all men use for  
 of hail, when run over with  
 vehemence. After which he  
 in his arms: his design was  
 In my utmost distress I fell  
 knees: ‘My lord, pity me  
 ‘knees—On my knees I  
 ‘of virtue, as you were last  
 ‘of wickedness. Can you  
 ‘destroying the labour of a  
 ‘the purpose of a long edification  
 ‘the base service of a sudden  
 ‘to throw one that loves  
 ‘doats on you, out of the way  
 ‘and the road of all that is  
 ‘praise-worthy? Have I not  
 ‘the instructions of piety, reason,  
 ‘reason, for no other end  
 ‘the sacrifice of lust, and all  
 ‘scorn? Assume yourself,  
 ‘and do not attempt to vitiate  
 ‘sacred to innocence, honest  
 ‘ligion. If I have injured  
 ‘this bosom, and let me be  
 ‘be ruined by the hand I have  
 ‘ardency of my passion incapable  
 ‘pable of uttering more; and  
 ‘lover astonished, and reform  
 ‘behaviour; when rushed in  
 ‘Ha! faithless, base man!  
 ‘then steal out of town, and  
 ‘a robber about my house  
 ‘brutish purposes!’

My lord was by this time  
 and fell into a violent laughter  
 which Sempronia designed  
 her villainy. He bowed to  
 utmost respect: ‘Mrs. Distaff  
 ‘be careful hereafter of you  
 and so retired. The friend  
 congratulated my deliverance  
 flood of tears.

This nobleman has since  
 made his addresses to me  
 but I have as often refused them  
 knowing that familiarity  
 will make him, on some occasion,  
 call all I said in this theatrical  
 action. Besides that in  
 condemning a man who  
 to my dishonour. If this



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the imitation of the whole sex, innocence would be the only dress of beauty; and all affectation by any other arts to please the eyes of men would be banished to the fiefs for ever. The conquest of passion gives ten times more happiness than we can reap from the gratification of it; and she that has got over such a one as mine, will stand among Beaux and Pretty Fellows, with as much safety as in a summer's day among grasshoppers and butterflies.

P. S. I have ten millions of things more against men, if I ever get the pen again.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 24.

OUR last advices from the Hague, dated the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. say, that on the twenty-fifth, a Squadron of Dutch men of war sailed out of the Texel to join Admiral Baker at Spithead. The twenty-sixth was observed as a day of fasting and humiliation, to

implore a blessing on the arms of the Allies this ensuing campaign. Letters from Dresden are very particular in the account of the gallantry and magnificence, in which that court has appeared since the arrival of the King of Denmark. No day has passed in which public shows have not been exhibited for his entertainment and diversion: the last of that kind which is mentioned is a Carousal, wherein many of the youth of the first quality, dressed in the most splendid manner, ran for the prize. His Danish Majesty condescended to the same; but having observed that there was a design laid to throw it in his way, passed by without attempting to gain it. The court of Dresden was preparing to accompany his Danish Majesty to Potsdam, where the expectation of an interview of three kings had drawn together such multitudes of people, that many persons of distinction will be obliged to lie in tents, as long as those courts continue in that place.

## N° XXXIV. TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1709.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 25.

**H**AVING taken upon me to cure all the distempers which proceed from the affections of the mind, I have laboured, since I first kept this public stage, to do all the good I could, and have perfected many cures at my own lodgings; carefully avoiding the common method of mountebanks, to do their most eminent operations in sight of the people; but must be so just to my patients as to declare, they have testified under their hands their sense of my poor abilities, and the good I have done them, which I publish for the benefit of the world, and not out of any thoughts of private advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs. Spry of a great imperfection in her eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one cockcomb to another in public places, in so ingenuously a manner, that it at once lessened her own power, and her beholders vanity. Twenty drops of my ink, placed on certain letters on which she attentively looked for half an hour, have restored her to the true use of her sight; which is, to guide, and not mis-

lead us. Ever since she took the liquor, which I call Bickerstaff's Circumspection-water, she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a day without returning one glance. This water has a peculiar virtue in it, which makes it the only true cosmetic or beauty-wash in the world: the nature of it is such, that if you go to a glass with a design to admire your face, it immediately changes it into downright deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better countenance upon your friends, it immediately gives an alacrity to the visage, and new grace to the whole person. There is indeed a great deal owing to the constitution of the person to whom it is applied: it is in vain to give it when the patient is in the rage of the distemper; a bride in her first month, a lady soon after her husband's being knighted, or any person of either sex, who has lately obtained any new fortune or preferment, must be prepared some time before they use it. It has an effect upon others, as well as the patient, when it is taken in due form. Lady Petulant has by the use of it cured her husband of jealousy; and Lady Gad her whole neighbourhood of detraction.



The fame of these things, added to my being an old fellow, makes me extremely acceptable to the fair-sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a man in town so much their delight as myself. They make no more of visiting me, than going to Madam D'Epingle's; there were two of them, namely, Damia and Clidamira, (I assure you women of distinction) who came to see me this morning in their way to prayers; and being in a very diverting humour, (as innocence always makes people cheerful) they would needs have me, according to the distinction of Pretty and Very Pretty Fellows, inform them, if I thought either of them had a title to the Very Pretty among those of their own sex; and if I did, which was the more deserving of the two?

To put them to the trial—'Look ye,' said I, 'I must not rashly give my judgment in matters of this importance; pray let me see you dance, I play upon the kit.' They immediately fell back to the lower end of the room, (you may be sure they curtsied low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the world so equally matched, and both scholars to my name-fake Isaac. Never was man in so dangerous a condition as myself, when they began to expand their charms. 'Oh, ladies, ladies!' cried I, 'not half that air; you will fire the house.' Both smiled; for by the by, there is no carrying a metaphor too far when a lady's charms are spoke of. Somebody, I think, has called a fine woman dancing, a brandished torch of beauty. These rivals moved with such an agreeable freedom, that you would believe their gesture was the necessary effect of the music, and not the product of skill and practice. Now Clidamira came on with a crowd of graces, and demanded my judgment with so sweet an air—And she had no sooner carried it, but Damia made her utterly forget by a gentle sinking, and a rigadoon step. The contest held a full half-hour; and I protest I saw no manner of difference in their perfections, until they came up together, and expected sentence: 'Look ye, ladies,' said I, 'I see no difference in the least in your performance.—But you, Clidamira, seem to be so well satisfied, that I shall determine for you, that I must give it to Damia, who stands with so much diffidence and fear, after shewing an equal merit

to what she pretends to. Therefore, Clidamira, you are a Pretty—but, Damia, you are a Very Pretty Lady. For,' said I, 'beauty loses it's force, if not accompanied with modesty. She that has an humble opinion of herself, will have every body's applause, because she does not expect it; while the vain creature loses approbation through too great a sense of deserving it.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 27.

BEING of a very spare and hecive constitution, I am forced to make frequent journeys of a mile or two for fresh air; and indeed by this last, which was no farther than the village of Chelsea, I am further convinced of the necessity of travelling to know the world. For as it is usual with young voyagers, as soon as they land upon a shore, to begin their accounts of the nature of the people, their soil, their government, their inclinations, and their passions; so really I fancied I could give you an immediate description of this village, from the five fields where the robbers lie in wait, to the coffee-house where the literati sit in council. A great ancestor of our's by the mother's side, Mr. Justice Overdo, (whose history is written by Ben Johnson) met with more enormities by walking incognito than he was capable of correcting; and found great mortifications in observing also persons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a place so near the town as this. When I came into the coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company, before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks, round the room, and on the ceiling. When my first astonishment was over, comes to me a sage of a thin and meagre countenance; which aspect made me doubt, whether reading or fretting had made it so philosophic: but I very soon perceived him to be of that sect which the ancients call Gingivite; in our language, Tooth-drawers. I immediately had a respect for the man; for these practical philosophers go upon a very rational hypothesis, not to cure, but to take away the part affected. My love of mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. Salter; for such is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary. Men are usually, but unjustly, distinguished rather by their fortunes than their talents, otherwise this personage

ce a great figure in that class which I distinguish under the d Fellows. But it is the mis- f persons of great genius to faculties dissipated by atten- o many things at once. Mr. n instance of this : if he would ive himself up to the string, in- playing twenty beginnings to e might, before he dies, play le Caubly quite out. I heard through his whole round; and think he does play the Mer- ft Church Bells pretty justly; onfessed to me, he did that rather he was orthodox, than that d himself upon the music itself. e did proceed in his anatomy, ght he not hope in time to cut off well as draw teeth? The par- y of this man put me into a deep ; whence it should proceed, that e lower order, barbers should go in hitting the ridiculous than any t of men. Watermen brawl, sing; but why must a barber be r a politician, a musician, an ist, a poet, and a physician? arned Vossius says, his barber o comb his head in Iambics. n deed, in all ages, one of this profession, this order of cosmetic phers, has been celebrated by st eminent hands. You see rber in Don Quixote is one of incipal characters of the histo- ich gave me satisfaction in the why Don Saltero writ his name Spanish termination: for he is del in a right line, not from John cant, as he himself asserts, but hat memorable companion of the of Mancha. And I hereby certi- he worthy citizens who travel to rancies, that his double-barrelled targets, coats of mail, his Sclod sword of Toledo, were left to

his ancestor by the said Don Quixote, and by the said ancestor to all his progeny down to Don Saltero. Though I go thus far in favour of Don Saltero's great merit, I cannot allow a liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my licence) on the collections he has made, to the abuse of the good people of England; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions. He shews you a straw-hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you— 'It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chamber- maid's sister's hat.' To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added, that the covering with straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquity, to impose upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities; as, the China figure of a lady in the glass-case; the Italian engine for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it: both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters- patent for making punch superseded, be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife. It may perhaps be thought I have dwelt too long upon the affairs of this operator; but I desire the reader to remember, that it is my way to consider men as they stand in merit, and not according to their fortune or figure; and if he is in a coffee-house at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find there may be more characters drawn in this account than that of Don Saltero; for half the politicians about him, he may observe, are by their place in nature, of the class of tooth-drawers.

## Nº XXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1709.

SIAM COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 28.

HERE is an habit or custom which I have put my patience to most stretch to have suffered so because several of my intimate are in the guilt; and that is, the t of taking snuff, and looking

dirty about the mouth by way of orna- ment.

My method is to dive to the bottom of a fore before I pretend to apply a remedy. For this reason, I sat by an eminent story-teller and politician who takes half an ounce in five seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty tenement near the town,

town, merely to improve and dung his brains with this prolific powder. I observed this gentleman, the other day, in the midst of a story, diverted from it by looking at something at a distance, and I softly hid his box. But he returns to his tale, and looking for his box, he cries—'And so, Sir——' Then when he should have taken a pinch—'As I was saying,' says he——'has nobody seen my box?' His friend beseeches him to finish his narration. Then he proceeds—'And so, Sir——Where can my box be?' Then turning to me—'Pray, Sir, did you see my box?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'I took it to see how long you could live without it.' He resumes his tale, and I took notice that his dulness was much more regular and fluent than before. A pinch supplied the place of—'As I was saying—And so, Sir;' and he went on currently enough in that stile, which the learned call the Insipid. This observation easily led me into a philosophic reason for taking snuff, which is done only to supply with sensations the want of reflection. This I take to be an *æternus*, a Nostrum; upon which I hope to receive the thanks of this board. For as it is natural to lift a man's hand to a fore, when you fear anything coming at you; so when a person feels his thoughts are run out, and he has no more to say, it is as natural to supply his weak brain with powder at the nearest place of access, viz. the nostrils. This is so evident, that nature suggests the use according to the indigence of the persons who take this medicine, without being prepossessed with the force of fashion or custom. For example; the native Hibernians, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient Bœotians, take this specific for emptiness in the head, in greater abundance than any other nation under the sun. The learned Sotus, as sparing as he is in his words, would be still more silent if it were not for this powder.

However low and poor the taking snuff argues a man to be in his own stock of thoughts, or means to employ his brains and his fingers; yet there is a poorer creature in the world than he, and this is a borrower of snuff; a fellow that keeps no box of his own, but is always asking others for a pinch. Such poor rogues put me always in mind of a common phrase among school-boys when they are composing their exercise,

who run to an upper scholar, and 'Pray give me a little snuff.' all things, commend me to the lady are got into this pretty help to distill I have been these three years persuading Sagitta to leave it off; but she is much, and is so learned, that above contradiction. However, accident the other day brought that which my eloquence never could supply. She had a Very Pretty in her closet, who ran thither to some company that came to visit she made an excuse to go in to some implement they were talking. Her eager gallant snatched a kiss being unused to snuff, some grain off her upper-lip made him sneeze which alarmed the visitants, and had a discovery, that profound reading much intelligence, and a general ledge of who and who are together not fill her vacant hours so much that she is sometimes obliged to go to entertainments less intellectual

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY

I KNOW no manner of new this place, but that Cynthia, been long in despair for the interest Clarissa, lately resolved to fall in the good old way of bargain and sale and has pitched upon a very agreeable young woman. He will undoubtedly succeed; for he accosts her in a familiarity, without breaking the deference that is due to a woman whom a man would chuse for himself. I have hardly ever heard rougher spoken with a better grace than his letter.

MADAM,

I Wrote to you on Saturday about Lucy, and give you this to urge the same request I made which was, that I may be admitted upon you. I should be very from desiring this, if it were a transgression of the most severe rules; but it: I know you are very much the little arts which are frequent sex, of giving unnecessary tokens to their admirers; therefore hope I do so much justice to the generosity I have for you, as to let me have an opportunity of acquainting you with what motives I pretend to in my opinion. I shall not trouble

until I know how they ; and as I know no reason of sex should make to each other differ from rules of right reason, I inness and sincerity in my u, as much as other lovers and rapture. Instead of all die for you,' I profess to lead my life with you: autiful, as witty, as prudent, good-humoured, as anything; but I must confess regard all these excellencies leave to direct them for my misery. With me, Madam, lasting motive to love is it's becoming mutual. I to let Mrs. Lucy send me I may attend you. I provide talk of nothing but inings; though, at the same w not how I shall approach ender moment of first seeing his declaration of, Madam, our most obedient, faithful humble Servant, &c.

## OFFICE-HOUSE, JUNE 29.

I taken a resolution, when next winter by an entire act, to publish observations on the performance of I think it but just to give an the laws of action, for the less learned part of the audience they may rationally enjoy and instructive a pleasure as a notation of human life: The s in playing are admirably d in Hamlet's directions to who are to play in his sup- dy; by which we shall form judgments on their behavior that reason you have the s follows:

the speech as I pronounce it rippingly on the tongue; but outh it as many of our players d as lief the town-crier had y lines. Nor do not saw the such with your hands, thus; ill gently: for in the very tor- mpet, and, as I may say, the ad of passion, you must ac- ad beget a temperance that e it smoothness. Oh! it of- e to the soul, to see a robustious -pated fellow tear a passion to

tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but in- explicable dumb shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipt for overdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overtop not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold as it were the mirror up to nature; to shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, it's form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. The censures of which one must, in your allowance, over-sway a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. This should be reformed altogether; and let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that is villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

## FROM MY OWN APARTMENT; JUNE 29.

It would be a very great obligation, and an assistance to my treatise upon punning, if any one would please to inform me in what class among the learned who play with words, to place the author of the following letter.

SIR,

NOT long since you were pleased to give us a chimerical account of the famous family of the Staffs; from whence I suppose you will insinuate, that it is the

the most ancient and numerous house in all Europe. But I positively deny that it is either; and wonder much at your audacious proceedings in this manner, since it is well known that our most illustrious, most renowned, and most celebrated Roman family of Ix has enjoyed the precedence of all others, from the reign of good old Saturn. I could say much to the defamation and disgrace of your family; as, that your relations Distaff and Broomstaff were both inconsiderable mean persons; one spinning, the other sweeping the streets, for their daily bread. But I forbear to vent my spleen on objects so much beneath my indignation. I shall only give the world a catalogue of my ancestors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the preference.

First then comes the most famous and popular Lady Meretrix, parent of the fertile family of Bellatrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Nutrix, Obisectrix, Famulatrix, Coctrix, Omatrix, Sarcinatrix, Fectrix, Balneatrix, Portatrix, Salatrix, Divinatrix, Conjectrix, Contrix, Debitrix, Creditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adfectrix, Affectatrix, Palpatrix, Præceptrix, Pitrix.

I am yours,

ELIZ. POTATRIX.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 29.

LETTERS from Brussels of the second of July, N. S. say, that the Duke of

Marlborough and Prince Eugene received advice that the Villars had drawn a considerable body out of the garrison of Tournay to reinforce his army, marched to place, and came before it: the morning of the twenty-seventh soon as they came into the town the Prince of Nassau was with a strong detachment to take the place; and at the same time the Earl of Orkney received orders to go to the assistance of Mortagne; both which he successfully executed; whereby the waters of the Scheldt and the Sea men were drawn out of each dragoons and company of the garrison of Tournay, to make reinforcement which was ordered by Marshal Villars; but upon the Allies were marching towards Tournay, they endeavoured to retake the town; but were intercepted by the Earl of Orkney, by whom a great body was killed or taken. That day, that twelve hundred dragoon horsemen carrying a foot-soldier (him) were detached from Mons themselves into Tournay, but the appearance of a great body of the Allies, retired towards Conde. We hear that the garrison does not consist of more than three thousand five hundred men. Of the sixty battalions signed to be employed in this siege are English, viz. two of the guards regiments of Argyle, Temple and Meredith.

## Nº XXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1709

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 30.

**M**ANY affairs calling my brother into the country, the care of our intelligence with the town is left to me for some time; therefore you must expect the advices you meet with in this paper, to be such as more immediately and naturally fall under the consideration of our sex. History, therefore, written by a woman, you will easily imagine to consist of love in all its forms, both in the abuse of and obedience to that passion. As to the faculty of writing itself, it will not, it is

hoped, be so much consistent with truth and simplicity; which laudables we may more justly pretend to the other sex. While, in the administration of our affairs, my hands, you shall from time to time have an exact account of all fallacies and their shallow pretences for off; of all termagant wives who wedlock a yoke; of men who in entertainments and manners are only to our sex, and women who tend to the conduct of such affairs only within the province of the necessity further to advertise that the usual places of resort to

my province or observation, blighted frequently to change places, as occurrences come by. The following letter I recd from Epsom.

EPSOM, JUNE 28.

W almost three weeks since I writ about happened in this quarrel between my friends so high as I find your account made it. The truth of the all have very faithfully. You understand, that the persons concerned in this scene were Lady Autumn, Lady Springly; Autumn is of good-breeding, formality, in a way practised in the last lady Springly, a modern imitator of our sex, who affects as immaturity as the other does. Lady Autumn knows to an inch where her place is in all her conversations; but Springly does not take place of any but understands the place to signify no more to have room enough to be at her side. Thus while Autumn takes the whole of this life to consist in adding punctilio and decorum, Springly takes every thing to be which contributes to her ease and pleasure. These heroines have many others, both knights. Springly is the elder, who is a rich lady Autumn, being a rich lady who has taken the younger, and has treated him with an equal forthrightness of the same order. As to titles, you need not be troubled with an aching torment to know the place of the other but her carelessness and distinction. The secret of her envy broiled long in the autumn; but no opportunity of that subject happening, she was quiet until the accident demanded an account. She then came out among all the gay and idle people, that on the ninth of the month, swift of foot, for a suit of head-cloaths at last. Lady Autumn on this occasion sent Springly to go with her to see the race. When she was in the place where the gossip was, and all his court of the assembly, as well as a people of all orders, a brisk

young fellow addresses himself to the younger of the ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his service to conduct her into the music-room. Springly accepts the compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing crowd; while Autumn is left among the rabble, and has much ado to get back into her coach; but she did it at last: and as it is usual to see by the horses my lady's present disposition, she orders John to whip furiously home to her husband; where, when she enters, down she sits, began to unpin her hood, and lament her foolish fond heart, to marry into a family where she was so little regarded; she that might—Here she stops; then rises up, and stamps, and sits down again. Her gentle knight made his approach with a supple beseeching gesture: 'My dear,' said he—'Tell me no dears,' replied Autumn, in the presence of the governor and all the merchants. 'What will the world say of a woman that has thrown herself away at this rate?' Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a secret to him; as well as that experience told him, he that marries a fortune is of course guilty of all faults against his wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole company together. Down she sat, and a profound silence ensued. You know a premeditated quarrel usually begins and works up with the words—'Some people.' The silence was broken by Lady Autumn, who began to say—'There are some people who fancy that if some people—' Springly immediately takes her up—'There are some people who fancy, if other people—' Autumn repartees—'People may give themselves airs; but other people, perhaps, who make less ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as people who let themselves out more.' All the other people at the table sat mute, while these two people, who were quarrelling, went on with the use of the word People, instancing the very accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant hints. 'Therefore,' says Autumn, reddening, 'there are some people who go abroad in other people's coaches, and leave those with whom they went to shift for themselves: and if, perhaps, those people have married the younger brother; yet, perhaps, he may be be-

'holden to those people for what he is.' Sprightly smartly answers—'People may bring so much ill-humour into a family, as people may repent their receiving their money;' and goes on—Every body is not considerable enough to give her uneasiness. Upon this Autum comes up to her, and desired her to kiss her, and never to see her again; which her sister refusing, my lady gave her a box on the ear. Springly returns—'Aye, aye,' said she, 'I knew well enough you meant me by your Some People;' and gives her another on the other side. To it they went with most masculine fury; each husband ran in. The wives immediately fell upon their husbands, and tore periwigs and cravats. The company interposed; when (according to the slip-knot of matrimony, which makes them return to one another when any put in between) the ladies and their husbands fell upon all the rest of the company; and having beat all their friends and relations out of the house, came to themselves time enough to know, there was no bearing the jest of the place after these adventures, and therefore marched off the next day. It is said, the governor has sent several joints of mutton, and he proposed divers dishes very exquisitely dressed, to bring them down again. From his address and knowledge in roast and boiled, all our hopes of the return of this good company depend. I am, dear Jenny, your ready friend and servant,

MARTHA TATLER.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JUNE 30.

THIS day appeared here a figure of a person, whose services to the fair-sex have reduced him to a kind of existence for which there is no name. If there be a condition between life and death, without being absolutely dead or living, his state is that. His aspect and complexion in his robust days gave him the illustrious title of Africanus: but it is not only from the warm climates in which he has served, nor from the diseases which he has suffered, that he deserves the same appellation with that renowned Roman; but the magnanimity with which he appears in his last moments, is what gives him the undoubted character of Hero. Cato stabbed himself, and Hannibal drank poison; but our Africanus lives in the continual

puncture of aching bones and juices. The old heroes find ments by death, and this in death and torments, with wholly bent upon a supply of in them. An ordinary sink under his oppressions; but an advantage of his very so raises an income from his diseases has this worthy been converting; and knows that when lowest, it is time to buy. with much prudence and if he thinks that now he has found, but a thousand nodos which the anatomists have and more diseases than the heard of; it is the only time an annuity for life. Sir Thomas, it was an entertainment prizing and pleasant than imagined, to see an inhabitant world, without hand to lift, move, scarce tongue to uttering, so keen upon biting world, and making bubbles. Sir Thomas added, that he bought twelve shillings a year but that he feared there was in it, and believed him all. 'What,' says the knight, 'Partridge, whom I met juing on both his legs firmer allowed to be quite dead Africanus, without one lip do it's office, be pronounce

What heightened the tragedy this market for annuities was observation of it provoked who is the most eloquent to many excellent reflections spoke with the vehemence as both of a gamester and an orator. 'I cast,' said that delighted my eye upon thee, thou able Africanus, I cannot help self as unaccountable as the certainly we were born to contradictions nature is ple in the same species. Her to eat, to drink, to sleep all acts of nature, except b like; and yet, by an u force of spleen and fancy, ment imagine I am dying madness in thee to provide for I will bet you ten to not live until half an hour and yet I am so distracted fear every moment, thoug

As to three, I drink three pints of burnt claret at your fustial three nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou dost hast no sense of death, art happier than one that always fears it. The knight had gone on, but that a good man ended the scene by applauding the knight's eloquence and philosophy, in a laughter too violent for his own constitution, as much as he mocked that of Africanus and Monoculus.

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 1.

THIS day arrived three mails from Holland, with advices relating to the posture of affairs in the Low Countries; which say, that the confederate army extends from Luchin, on the causeway between Tournay and Lille, to Epain, near Mortagne on the Scheld. The

Marshal Villars remains in his camp at Lens; but it is said, he detached ten thousand men under the command of the Chevalier de Luxemburg, with orders to form a camp at Crepin on the Haine, between Conde and St. Guilain, where he is to be joined by the Elector of Bavaria with a body of troops, and after their conjunction to attempt to march into Brabant. But they write from Brussels that the Duke of Marlborough having it equally in his power to make detachments to the same parts, they are under no apprehensions from these reports for the safety of their country. They farther add from Brussels, that they have good authority for believing that the French troops under the conduct of the Marshal de Bezons are retiring out of Spain.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. NICKERSTAFF.

## WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 2.

IT may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be supposed to go to White's, should pretend to talk to you of matters proper for, or in the style of, that place. But though I never visit the public haunts, I converse with those that do; and for all they pretend so much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our sex, and as much at a loss to entertain the present company, without sacrificing the last, as we ourselves. This reflection has led me into the consideration of the use of speech; and made me look over in my memory all my acquaintance of both sexes, to know to which I may more justly impute the sin of superfluous discourse in regard to conversation, without entering into it, as it respects religion.

I foresee my acquaintance will immediately, upon starting this subject, ask me, how I shall celebrate Mrs. Alice Copwood, the Yorkshire huntress, who is come to town lately, and moves as if she were on her nag, and going to take a five-bar gate; and is as loud as if she were following her dogs? I can easily answer that; for she is as soft as Dannon, in comparison of her brother-in-law, Tom Bellfrey, who is the most accom-

plished man in this kingdom for all gentlemanlike activities and accomplishments. It is allowed, that he is a professed enemy to the Italian performers in music. But then for our own native manner, according to the customs and known usages of our island, he is to be preferred, for the generality of the pleasure he bestows, much before those fellows, though they sing to full theatres: for what is a theatrical voice to that of a fox-hunter? I have been at a musical entertainment in an open field, where it amazed me to hear to what pitches the chief matters would reach. There was a meeting near our seat in Staffordshire, and the most eminent in all the counties of England were at it. How wonderful was the harmony between men and dogs! Robin Cartail of Bucks, was to answer Jowler; Mr. Tinbreast, of Cornwall, was appointed to open with Sweetlips; and Beau Singsong, a Londoner, undertook to keep the Trips, a whelp just set in: Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood were coupled together, to fill the cry on all occasions; and he in at the death of the fox, or the stag; for which both the dogs and the man were excellently suited and fitted one another, and were as much together as Banister and King. When Jowler first alarmed the field, Cartail repeated every note; Sweetlips's voice



succeeded, and shook the wood; Tin-breast echoed a quarter of a mile beyond it. We were soon after all at a loss until we rid up, and found Trips and Slimber at a default in half notes: but the day and the tune was recovered by Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood, to the great joy of us all, though they drowned every other voice: for Bellfrey carries a note four furlongs, three rods, and six paces, further than any other in England.

I fear the mention of this will be thought a digression from my purpose about speech: but I answer, No. Since this is used where speech rather should be employed, it may come into consideration in the same chapter: for Mr. Bellfrey being at a visit where I was, viz. his cousin's (Lady Dainty's) in Soho Square, was asked, What entertainments they had in the country? Now Bellfrey is very ignorant, and much a clown; but confident withal. In a word, he struck up a fox-chace; Lady Dainty's dog, Mr. Sippet, as she calls him, started and jumped out of his lady's lap, and fell a barking. Bellfrey went on, and called all the neighbouring parishes into the square. Never was woman in such confusion as that delicate lady. But there was no stopping her kinman. A room full of ladies fell into the most violent laughter: my lady looked as if she was shrieking; Mr. Sippet in the middle of the room, breaking his heart with barking, but all of us unheard. As soon as Bellfrey became silent, up gets my lady, and takes him by the arm to lead him off; Bellfrey was in his boots. As she was hurrying him away, his spurs take hold of her petticoat; his whip throws down a cabinet of china: he cries—'What! are your crocks rotten? Are your petticoats ragged? A man cannot walk in your house for trincuns.'

Every county of Great Britain has one hundred or more of this sort of fellows, who roar instead of speak. Therefore if it be true, that we women are also given to a greater fluency of words than is necessary, sure she that disturbs but a room or a family is more to be tolerated than one who draws together whole parishes and counties, and sometimes (with an estate that might make him the blessing and ornament of the world around him) has no other view and ambition but to be an animal above dogs and

horses, without the relish of any one enjoyment which is peculiar to the faculties of human nature. I know it will here be said, that talking of mere country squires at this rate, is, as it were, to write against Valentine and Orson. To prove any thing against the race of men, you must take them as they are adorned with education, as they live in courts, or have received instructions in colleges.

But I am so full of my late entertainment by Mr. Bellfrey, that I must defer pursuing this subject to another day; and wave the proper observations upon the different offenders in this kind, some by profound eloquence on small occasions, others by degrading speech upon great circumstances. Expect therefore to hear of the whisperer without business, the laughter without wit, the complainer without receiving injuries, and a very large crowd, which I shall not forget, who are common (though not commonly observed) impertinents, whose tongues are too voluble for their brains, and are the general despisers of us women, though we have their superiors, the men of sense, for our servants.

#### ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 4.

THERE has arrived no mail since our last; so that we have no manner of foreign news, except we were to give you, for such, the many speculations which are on foot concerning what was imported by the last advices. There are, it seems, sixteen battalions and seventeen squadrons appointed to serve in the siege of Tournay; the garrison of which place consists of but eleven battalions and four squadrons. Letters of the twenty-ninth of the last month from Berlin have brought advice, that the kings of Denmark and Prussia, and his Majesty Augustus, were within a few days to come to an interview at Potsdam. These letters mention, that two Polish princes of the family of Sapieha and Lubermirsky, lately arrived from Paris, confirm the reports of the misery in France for want of provisions, and give a particular instance of it; which is, that on the day Monsieur Rouille returned to court, the common people gathered in crowds about the Dauphine's coach, crying—'Peace and bread! Bread and peace!'

Mrs. Distaff has taken upon her, while the

papers, to turn her thoughts to service of her own sex, and remedies against the greatest tending female life. She has written a small treatise con-  
**Second Word**, with an apprehensive of a Reply, very proper as are married to persons red or ill-natured. There

is in this tract a digression for the use of virgins, concerning the words, *I will*.

A gentlewoman who has a very delicate ear, wants a maid who can whisper, and help her in the government of her family. If the said servant can clear-starch, lisp, and tread softly, she shall have suitable encouragement in her wages.

## XXXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1709.

JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

OWN APARTMENT, JULY 6.

Among my brother's papers the following letter verbatim, which I saw he could suppress so long since it was sent him for no other but to shew the good effects it has already had upon the minds of the age.

LONDON, JUNE 13.

Read of the public papers ought to be the benefit and instruction, as a diversion, of the readers: to be none so truly conducive as performances; especially those to the rooting out from among christian-like and bloody cut-throats; which, that you have some measure performed, will the public in the following no less heroic story.

A gentleman of this city, who is famous for serving his country as the Train-bands, being at the art of Stock-jobbers called Jon-endeavouring to raise himself in of honour ought) to the destruction at least; it happened that the Bear of another officer, though not yet commissioned in the time no less eminently serves the same in the other, in raising the credit of the kingdom, by raising that of himself. However, having told the words arising about the death of most noble Major, no less to be out-witted in the coffee-house to run into the field, according to method, abused the other with the Rogue, Villain, Bearskin, and the like. Whereupon this was demanded, and accepted; so,

forth the Major marched, commanding his adversary to follow him. To a most spacious room in the Sheriff's house, near the place of quarrel, they come; where, having due regard to what you have lately published, they resolved not to shed one another's blood in that barbarous manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put up affronts without satisfaction, they stripped, and in decent manner fought full fairly with their wrathful hands. The combat lasted a quarter of an hour; in which time victory was often doubtful, and many a dry blow was strenuously laid on each side, until the Major finding his adversary obstinate, unwilling to give him further chastisement, with a most shrill voice cried out—'I am satisfied enough.' Whereupon the combat ceased, and both were friends immediately.

Thus the world may see, how necessary it is to encourage those men who make it their business to instruct the people in every thing necessary for their preservation. I am informed, a body of worthy citizens have agreed on an address of thanks to you for what you have writ on the foregoing subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly-esteemed officers preserved from death.

Your humble servant,

A. B.

I fear the word Bear is hardly to be understood among the polite people; but I take the meaning to be, that one who insures a real value upon an imaginary thing, is said to sell a Bear, and is the same thing as a promise among courtiers, or a vow between lovers. I have writ to my brother to hasten to town; and hope that printing the letters directed to him, which I know not how to answer, will bring him speedily; and therefore I add also the following:

MR.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, JULY 5, 1709.

**YOU** have hinted a generous intention of taking under your consideration the whisperers without business, and laughter without occasion; as you tender the welfare of your country, I entreat you not to forget or delay so public-spirited a work. Now or never is the time. Many other calamities may cease with the war; but I finally dread the multiplication of these mortals under the ease and luxuriousness of a settled peace, half the blessings of which may be destroyed by them. Their mistake lies certainly here, in a wretched belief, that their mimicry passes for real business, or true wit. Dear Sir, convince them, that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of them; nor ever did, does, or to all futurity ever can, look like either of them; but that it is the most curied disturbance in nature, which is possible to be inflicted on mankind, under the noble definition of a sociable creature. In doing this, Sir, you will oblige more humble servants than can find room to subscribe their names.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 6.

IN pursuance of my last date from hence, I am to proceed on the accounts I promised of several personages among the men, whose conspicuous fortunes, or ambition in shewing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows: the levity of their minds is visible in their every word and gesture, and there is not a day passes but puts me in mind of Mr. Wycherley's character of a Coxcomb: 'He is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.' Now, though the women put on softness in their looks, or affected severity, or impertinent gaiety, or pert smartness, their self-love and admiration cannot under any of these disguises appear so invincible as that of the men. You may easily take notice, that in all their actions there is a secret approbation either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or cast of their eye, which shews that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your men of business, he shall keep you half an hour with your hat off, entertaining you with his consideration of that affair you spoke of to him last, until he has drawn a crowd that observes you in this grinace. Then when

he is public enough, he runs into secrets, and falls a whispering to you and he make breaks with you as—'But however, thus far you whisper again, and so on who are about you are disconcerted by your busy man's vanity is gratified by the notice taken of his importance he is, and how able you are; for your pretensions is never in secret, but

There is my dear Lord N all men the most gracious obliging, the terror of all the Chambre, whom he oppresses by breeding, by enquiring for me and for my good lady's he inimitable courtier will whisper to his counsellor's lacquey with goodnature and condescension when they next sit; and is taken up, and thinks he has a secret, if he knows that I have one: 'What it is,' he says to you, 'that time will discover he shrugs, and calls you Sir, I need not say to you that things are not to be spoken of to you; And harkye, no names; he be quoted.' What adds to his emptiness has it's seasons, and he will not let you into these his discoveries he is in very good humour, somebody of fashion talk will keep his Nothing to I pass by and overlook as we of them; not observing that when he is gracious, a when he is haughty. She is a man so inconsiderable as to character.

But my mind, now I am to many no less observable. Will Shoestring! I profess to you with thee! How shall I speak to thee? how shall I address thee? draw thee? thou dear Outfit he combing your wig, playing box, or picking your teeth thou rather to be speaking; ing for thy only purpose in shewing your teeth? Rub them Shoestring: do not premeditate do not for ever whiten! Oh! quiet and his own, they we

But I will forget him, a hand to the courteous Umi fine man indeed; but the bows below my apron-bird

ter the first ceremonies, as my physician, and icy makes me half ready to him of all I would to He is so courteous, that he he messages of ladies ails air midwives and nurses. ids too the art of medicine cure of a pimple or a rash. s of the like importance, he assiduous of all men living, g and searching precedents to family; then he speaks quiousness and diligence in real services. If you sneer d thank him for his great he bows, and says—'Ma- the good offices in my power, ave any knowledge or credit, t your service.' The confi- so shallow a being, and the ication with which he pursues made me carefully reflect ort of men we usually call an t: and I am, upon mature s, so far from being offended that I am really obliged to ough he will take you aside, lf an hour to you upon mat- / insignificant with the most ; yet I consider, that these of weight in his imagination, aks he is communicating what service. If therefore it be a o judge of a man by his in- cording to the equity of good- he that is impertinently kind b do you service, ought in re- ve a proportionable place both ffection and esteem: so that the Umbra deserves the favour of staintance; for though he never em, he is ever willing to do it, ves he does it. impotent kindness is to be re- ith all our abilities to oblige; ent malice is to be treated with force to depress it. For this Fly-Blow (who is received in amilies in town, through the cy and iniquity of their man- to be treated like a knave, e is one of the weakest of fools: y rote, and at second-hand, all be said of any man of figure, virtue, in town. Name a man

of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle But; for which reason I never heard him spoke of with common charity, without using my But against him: for a friend of mine saying the other day —'Mrs. Distaff has wit, good-humour, ' virtue, and friendship:' this oaf added —'But she is not handsome.'—'Cox- ' comb! the gentleman was saying what ' I was, not what I was not.'

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 6.

THE approaches before Tournay have been carried on with great success; and our advices from the camp before that place of the eleventh instant say, that they had already made a lodgment on the glacis. Two hundred boats were come up the Scheld with the heavy artillery and ammunition, which would be employed in dismounting the enemy's defences, and raised on the batteries the fifteenth. A great body of miners are summoned to the camp to countermine the works of the enemy. We are convinced of the weakness of the garrison by a certain account, that they called a council of war, to consult whether it was not advisable to march into the citadel, and leave the town defenceless. We are assured, that when the considerate army was advancing towards the camp of Marshal Villars, that general dispatched a courier to his master with a letter, giving an account of their approach, which concluded with the following words: 'The day begins to break, and your Majesty's army is already in order of battle. Before noon, I hope to have the honour of congratulating your Majesty on the success of a great action; and you shall be very well satisfied with the Marshal Villars.'

It is to be noted, when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a design in it.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXIX. SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1709.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 7.

**A**S I am called forth by the immense love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance; so I cannot more properly pursue that noble impulse, than by setting forth the excellency of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reason, I made my late excursion to Oxford, where those qualities appear in their highest lustre, and are the only pretences to honour and distinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wisdom and learning; and that just rule of life is so universally received among those happy people, that you shall see an earl walk bare-headed to the son of the meanest artificer, in respect to seven years more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is possessed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their understandings. It is not to be expressed, how pleasing the order, the discipline, the regularity of their lives, is to a philosopher, who has, by many years experience in the world, learned to condemn every thing but what is revered in this mansion of select and well-taught spirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatness of their revenues, the sweetness of their groves and retirements, seem equally adapted for the residence of princes and philosophers; and a familiarity with objects of splendour, as well as places of rectitude, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleased when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the faces of the ingenious youth, see ministers of state, chancellors, bishops, and judges! Here only is human life! here only the life of man is a rational being! here men understand and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This transitory being passes away in an employment not unworthy a future state, the contemplation of the great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as if he were to answer the ques-

tions made to Job—'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Who shut up the sea with doors, and said—"Hitherto thou shalt come, and no further?"' Such speculations make life agreeable, make death welcome.

But, alas! I was torn from this noble society by the business of this dirty mean world, and the cares of fortune; for I was obliged to be in London against the seventh day of the term, and accordingly governed myself by my Oxford Almanack, and came last night; but find, to my great astonishment, that this ignorant town began the term on the twenty-fourth of the last month, in opposition to all the learning and astronomy of the famous university of which I have been speaking; according to which, the term certainly was to commence on the first instant. You may be sure a man who has turned his studies as I have, could not be mistaken in the point of time; for knowing I was to come to town in term, I examined the passing moments very narrowly, and called an eminent astronomer to my assistance. Upon very strict observation we found, that the cold has been so severe this last winter, (which is allowed to have a benumbing quality) that it retarded the earth in moving round from Christmas to this season full seven days and two seconds. My learned friend assured me further, that the earth had lately received a shog from a comet that crossed it's vortex, which, if it had come ten degrees nearer to us, had made us lose this whole term. I was indeed once of opinion, that the Gregorian computation was the most regular, as being eleven days before the Julian; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be seven days after the chancellor and judges, and eighteen before the Pope of Rome; and that the Oxonian computation is the best of the three.

These are the reasons which I have gathered from philosophy and nature to which I can add other circumstances in vindication of the account of this learned body who publish this Almanack.

It is necessary to philosophers, that

can hasten and delay time. I am of opinion, that a man in a hurry may so far lose his meaning, that he may think a minute an hour; or, an hour a minute. Let us consider the present case by this rule, and I find, that the cause of this stake in the British nation, is a great success of the last year, and the following hopes of success ran so high at the Exchequer, that the citizens had gained three millions of courtiers; and we have enjoyed happy all this reign, that necessity did not rectify our misfortune, should think ourselves but in the year of her present Majesty. We are endless to enumerate the misfortunes that have happened by the force of the vulgar. All the estates within the diocese of Oxford have been forfeited, for not appearing the first day of this fictitious university has been non-est action against the book-binding Clarendon in quarto, that gives me the most quick the case of a poor gentleman, who was the other day taken away by a set of ignorant bailiffs. It seems, have pleaded in the first term; but being a Master of Oxford, he would not recede from his Oxonian computation. He is broad the Almanack, and when the term began; but a ignorant fellow, against learning, would hurry him went indeed quietly enough; taken exact notes of the time and sufficient witnesses of his being into gaol; and has, by accident of Oxford, brought and we doubt not but we are off with damages, and reputation of Mr. Broad, is a convincing proof, which went the courts of justice are the dog that comes contentment on the first day, did not appear until the morning to the Oxford Almanack instinct I take to be a more than men's erroneous opinions are usually biased by injustice in this case, as King second victualled his navy and which one of his dogs several pieces thrown before can trust to the alterations

of the victuallers. Mr. Cowper, and other learned counsel, have already urged the authority of this Almanack, in behalf of their clients. We shall therefore go on with all speed in our cause; and doubt not but Chancery will give at the end what we have lost in the beginning, by protracting the term for us until Wednesday come seven-night. And the University Orator shall for ever pray, &c.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 7.

THE subject of Duels has, I find, been started with so good success, that it has been the frequent subject of conversation among polite men; and a dialogue of that kind has been transmitted to me in the following words. The persons concerned in it are men of honour and experience in the manners of men, and have fallen upon the truest foundation, as well as searched to the bottom of this evil.

*Mr. Sage.* If it were in my power, every man that drew his sword, unless in the service, or purely to defend his life, person, or goods, from violence, (I mean abstracted from all punctos or whims of honour) should strike the wooden horse in the Tilt-yard for such first offence, for the second stand in the pillory, and for the third be prisoner in Bedlam for life.

*Col. Plume.* I remember that a rencounter or duel was so far from being in fashion among the officers that served in the parliament-army, that, on the contrary, it was as disputable, and as great an impediment to advancement in the service, as being bashful in time of action.

*Sir Mark.* Yet I have been informed by some old cavaliers, of famous reputation for brave and gallant men, that they were much more in mode among their party than they have been during this last war.

*Col. Plume.* That is true, too, Sir.

*Mr. Sage.* By what you say, gentlemen, one should think that our present military officers are compounded of an equal proportion of both those tempers; since duels are neither quite discontinued, nor much in vogue.

*Sir Mark.* That difference of temper in regard to duels, which appears to have been between the court and the parliament-

parliament-men of the sword, was not, I conceive, for want of courage in the latter, nor of a liberal education, because there were some of the best families in England engaged in that party; but gallantry and mode, which glitter agreeably to the imagination, were encouraged by the court, as promoting it's splendor; and it was as natural that the contrary party (who were to recommend themselves to the public for men of serious and solid parts) should deviate from every thing chimerical.

*Mr. Sage.* I have never read of a duel among the Romans; and yet their nobility used more liberty with their tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

*Sir Mark.* Perhaps the Romans were of opinion, that ill language and brutal manners reflected only on those who were guilty of them; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the person's throat who had reflected upon it: but the custom of those times had fixed the scandal in the action; whereas now it lies in the reproach.

*Mr. Sage.* And yet the only sort of duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the Horatii and Curiatii.

*Sir Mark.* Colonel Plume, pray what was the method of single combat in your time among the cavaliers? I suppose that, as the use of cloaths continues, though the fashion of them has been mutable; so duels, though still in use, have had in all times their particular modes of performance.

*Col. Plume.* We had no constant rule, but generally conducted our dispute and tilt according to the last that had happened between persons of reputation among the very top fellows for bravery and gallantry.

*Sir Mark.* If the fashion of quarrelling and tilting was so often changed in your time, Colonel Plume, a man might fight, yet lose his credit for want of understanding the fashion.

*Col. Plume.* Why, Sir Mark, in the beginning of July a man would have been censured for want of courage, or been thought indigent of the true notions of honour, if he had put up words, which, in the end of September following, one could not resent without passing for a brutal and quarrellsome fellow.

*Sir Mark.* But, Colonel, were duels

or rencounters most in fashion in those days?

*Col. Plume.* Your men of nice honour, Sir, were for avoiding all censure of advantage which they supposed might be taken in a rencounter; therefore they used seconds, who were to see that all was upon the square, and make a faithful report of the whole combat; but in a little time it became a fashion for the seconds to fight, and I will tell you how it happened.

*Mr. Sage.* Pray do, Colonel Plume, and the method of a duel at that time; and give us some notion of the punctos upon which your nice men quarrelled in those days.

*Col. Plume.* I was going to tell you, Mr. Sage, that one Cornet Modish had desired his friend Captain Smart's opinion in some affair, but did not follow it: upon which Captain Smart sent Major Adroit (a very topping fellow of those times) to the person that had slighted his advice. The major never enquired into the quarrel, because it was not the manner then among the very topping fellows; but got two swords of an equal length, and then waited upon Cornet Modish, desiring him to chuse his sword, and meet his friend Captain Smart. Cornet Modish came with his friend to the place of combat; there the principals put on their pumps, and stripped to their shirts, to shew that they had nothing but what men of honour carry about them, and then engaged.

*Sir Mark.* And did the seconds stand by, Sir?

*Col. Plume.* It was a received custom until that time; but the swords of those days being pretty long, and the principals acting on both sides upon the defensive, and the morning being frosty, Major Adroit desired that the other second, who was also a very topping fellow, would try a thrust or two only to keep them warm, until the principals had decided the matter, which was agreed to by Modish's second, who presently whipt Adroit through the body, disarmed him, and then parted the principals, who had received no harm at all.

*Mr. Sage.* But was not Adroit laughed at?

*Col. Plume.* On the contrary, the very topping fellows were ever of opinion, that no man who deserved that character should serve as a second, without fighting; and the Smarts and M

ding their account in it, the book without opposition.

*Sage.* Pray, Colonel, how long fashion continue?

*Plume.* Not long neither, Mr. Mark, as soon as it became a fashion, very topping fellows thought our reflection upon, if they did not themselves as seconds when their friends had a quarrel; so times there were a dozen of a

*Mark.* Bless me! if that custom continued, we should have been at it for our very pretty fellows; seem to be the proper men to imitate, and keep up an army:

*Sir.* how did that sociable tilting grow out of mode?

*Plume.* Why, Sir, I will tell you as a law among the combatants the party which happened to first man disarmed or killed, held as vanquished: which some thought might encourage the and Smarts in quarrelling, to the notion of only the very topping and as soon as this reflection did, the very topping fellows: an incumbrance upon their fight at all themselves. Since the Modishes and the Smarts, all Europe, have extolled the King's edict.

*Mark.* Our very pretty fellows, like to be the successors of the fighting fellows, think a quarrel fashionable, that they will not to it by any other man's want of sense.

*Sage.* But, Colonel, I have observed your account of duels, that a great exactness in avoiding that might possibly be combatants.

*Plume.* That is true, Sir; for they were always equal.

*Sage.* Yes, Sir; but suppose an odd, strong man, had insulted a poor, or a feeble, or an unpractised man?

*Plume.* Then, Sir, they fought it.

*Sage.* But, Sir, there might be an advantage that way; for a good man will be sure to hit his man at a great distance; and a man whose sword (which is common to men in pleasures, or have not out of their holsters) will

not venture to fire, unless he touches the person he shoots at. Now, Sir, I am of opinion, that one can get no honour in killing a man, if one has it all one's self, as the gamblers say, when they have a trick to make the game secure, though they seem to play upon the square.

*Sir Mark.* In truth, Mr. Sage, I think such a fact must be murder in a man's own private conscience, whatever it may appear to the world.

*Col. Plume.* I have known some men so nice, that they would not fight but upon a cloak with pistols.

*Mr. Sage.* I believe a custom well established would outdo the Grand Monarch's edict.

*Sir Mark.* And bullies would then leave off their long swords: but I do not find that a very pretty fellow can stay to change his sword when he is insulted by a bully with a long Diego; though his own at the same time be no longer than a penknife; which will certainly be the case if such little swords are in mode. Pray, Colonel, how was it between the hectors of your time, and the very topping fellows?

*Col. Plume.* Sir, long swords happened to be generally worn in those times.

*Mr. Sage.* In answer to what you were saying, Sir Mark, give me leave to inform you, that your knights-errant (who were the very pretty fellows of those ancient times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own trusty weapons to the stumps; but would venture as boldly with the page's leaden sword, as if it had been of enchanted metal. Whence, I conceive there must be a spice of romantic gallantry in the composition of that very pretty fellow.

*Sir Mark.* I am of opinion, Mr. Sage, that fashion governs a very pretty fellow; nature, or common sense, your ordinary persons, and sometimes men of fine parts.

*Mr. Sage.* But what is the reason, that men of the most excellent sense and morals, in other points, associate their understandings with the very pretty fellows in that chimera of a duel?

*Sir Mark.* There is no disputing against so great a majority.

*Mr. Sage.* But there is one scruple, Colonel Plume, and I have done: Do not you believe there may be some advantage



vantage even upon a cloak with pistols, which a man of nice honour would scruple to take?

*Col. Plume.* Faith, I cannot tell, Sir; but since one may reasonably suppose, that, in such a case, there can be but one so far in the wrong as to occasion matters to come to that extremity, I think the chance of being killed should

fall but on one; whereas, by their close and desperate manner of fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

*Sir Mark.* Why, gentlemen, if they are men of such nice honour, and must fight, there will be no fear of foul play, if they threw up cross or pile who should be shot.

## Nº XL. TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1709.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 11.

**L**ETTERS from the city of London give an account of a very great consternation that place is in at present, by reason of a late enquiry made at Guildhall, whether a noble person has parts enough to deserve the enjoyment of the great estate of which he is possessed. The city is apprehensive, that this precedent may go further than was at first imagined. The person against whom this inquisition is set up by his relations, is a peer of a neighbouring kingdom, and has in his youth made some few buils, by which it is insinuated, that he has forfeited his goods and chattels. This is the more astonishing, in that there are many persons in the said city who are still more guilty than his lordship, and who, though they are idiots, do not only possess, but have also themselves acquired great estates, contrary to the known laws of this realm, which vests their possessions in the crown.

There is a gentleman in the coffee-house at this time exhibiting a bill in Chancery against his father's younger brother, who, by some strange magic, has arrived at the value of half a plumb, as the citizens call an hundred thousand pounds; and in all the time of growing up to that wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary words or actions to discover any proof of reason. Upon this foundation my friend has set forth, that he is illegally master of his coffers, and has writ two epigrams to signify his own pretensions and sufficiency for spending that estate. He has inserted in his plea some things which I fear will give offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a man has a little of the knave mixed with the fool, he is nevertheless liable to the loss of goods; and

makes the abuse of reason as just an avoidance of an estate as the total absence of it. This is what can never pass; but witty men are so full of themselves, that there is no persuading them; and my friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting Solomon, who always used the word Fool as a term of the same signification with Unjust, and makes all deviation from goodness and virtue to come under the notion of folly; I say, he doubts not, but by the force of this authority, let his idiot uncle appear never to great a knave, he shall prove him a fool at the same time.

This affair led the company here into an examination of these points; and none coming here but wits, what was asserted by a young lawyer, that a lunatic is in the care of the Chancery, but a fool in that of the Crown, was received with general indignation. 'Why that?' says old Renault; 'why that?' 'Why must a fool be a courtier more than a madman? This is the iniquity of this dull age: I remember the time when it went on the mad side; all your top-wits were scourers, rakes, roasters, and demolishers of windows. I knew a mad head who was drunk five years together, and was the envy of that age, who is faintly imitated by the dull pretenders to vice and madness in this. Had he lived to this day, there had not been a fool in fashion in the whole kingdom.' When Renault had done speaking; a very worthy man assumed the discourse: 'This is,' said he, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, a proper argument for you to treat of in your article from this place; and if you would send your Pacolet into all our brains, you would find, that a little fibre or valve, scarce discernible, makes the distinction between a politician and an idiot. We should therefore throw

those unhappy instances of nature, who seem to breathe the direction of reason and wisdom, as we should avert our eyes with abhorrence from such as perpetual abuse and contradictory noble faculties. Shall an unfortunate man be divested of reason, because he is tractable and obedient, runs in no man's debt, inherits no man's bed, nor spends the money of his children and his character? when one who shews no sense in his actions, but in such practices, shall be named in his senses, and possibly tend to the guardianship of his property, is no ways his inferior, but is less wicked? We see old age is indifferently into the same use of soul, wherein nature has his lord.

is something very fantastical distribution of civil power and among men. The law certainly separates persons into the ward and the Crown, because that is best to protect them from injuries, and notions of craft and knavery; the life of an idiot may not ruin of a noble house, and his weakness not frustrate the industry or of the founder of his family. In one of his bright parts, as we see in his eyes open, and all men's eyes on him, destroys those purposes, so remedy. Folly and ignorance punished! folly and guilt are not! Mr. Locke has somewhere distinction between a madman and a fool: 'A fool is he that from right reason makes a wrong conclusion; a madman is one who draws a just conclusion from false principles.' Thus a man who cut off the fellow's head while asleep, and hid it, and then goes to see what he would say when he is waked, and missed his head-piece, he is right in the first thought, that he would be surprized to find such a situation in things since he fell asleep; was a little mistaken to imagine he was awake at all after his head was cut off.

A madman fancies himself a king, but upon his mistake, he acts to that character; and though he is supposing he has principality, while he drinks gruel, and lies in bed, yet you shall see him keep the same distressed menarch in all his mad actions. *These two persons*

are equally taken into custody: but what must be done to half this good company, who every hour of their life are knowingly and wittingly both fools and madmen, and yet have capacities both of forming principles, and drawing conclusions, with the full use of reason?

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 12.

THIS evening some ladies came to visit my sister Jenny; and the discourse, after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among the women, the passion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occasion, began to shew her reading; and told us, that Sir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occasion, said the tenderest things she ever read. 'The circumstance,' said she, 'is such as gives us a notion of that protecting part, which is the duty of men in their honourable designs upon, or possession of women.' In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt, he makes the lover steal into his mistress's bed-chamber, and draw the curtains; then, when his heart is full of her charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being carried away by the violence of his desires into thoughts of a warmer nature, sleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her safety than his own passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these words:

So misers look upon their gold,  
Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose:  
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling  
The jealousy of being dispossest by others.  
Her face is like the milky way in the sky,  
A meeting of gentle lights without name!

Heav'n shall this fresh ornament of the world,  
These precious love-lines, pass with other  
common things

Amongst the wastes of time? what pity 'twere!

When Milton makes Adam leaning on his arm, beholding Eve, and lying in the contemplation of her beauty, he describes the utmost tenderness and guardian affection in one word:

Adam, with looks of cordial love,  
Hung over her enamour'd.

This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something

Something more generous than friendship in itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interests in the possession of it. Sappho was proceeding on the subject, when my sister produced a letter sent to her in the time of my absence, in celebration of the marriage state, which is the condition wherein only this sort of passion reigns in full authority. The epistle is as follows:

DEAR MADAM,

**Y**OUR brother being absent, I dare take the liberty of writing to you my thoughts of that state, which our whole sex either is or desires to be in: you will easily guess I mean matrimony, which I hear so much decried, that it was with no small labour I maintained my ground against two opponents; but, as your brother observed of Socrates, I drew them into my conclusion, from their own concessions, thus:

In marriage are two happy things allow'd,  
A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud.  
How can a marriage-state then be accus'd,  
Since the last day is as happy as the first?

'If you think they were too easily confuted, you may conclude them not of

the first sense, by their talking marriage. Yours, MA

I observed Sappho began to at this epistle; and turning to who was playing with a dog she fond of as to carry him abroad. — 'Nay,' says she, 'I cannot believe if they have mean ideas of men and affections, and wonder so brought to take us for company life, when they see our ends so triflingly placed: for to my ledge, Mr. Truman would give his estate for half the afflict have shewn to that Shock: nor believe you would be ashamed feels, that I saw you cry when the colic last week with lapp milk. What more could you your lover himself?' — 'What replied the lady: 'there is not in England for whom I could half so much.' Then she flung animal with kisses, and called him Life, Dear, Monsieur, Pretty and what not, in the hurry of pertinence. Sappho rose up; a ways does at anything she observed which discovers in her own sex of mind, which renders them considerable in the opinion of ours

## Nº XLI. THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1709.

—CELEBRARE DOMESTICA FACTA.

TO CELEBRATE ACTIONS DONE AT HOME.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE, JULY 12.

**T**HERE is no one thing more to be lamented in our nation, than their general affectation of every thing that is foreign; nay, we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own countrymen when they have crossed the seas, than when we see them in the same dangerous condition before our eyes at home: else how is it possible, that on the twenty-ninth of the last month, there should have been a battle fought in our very streets of London, and nobody at this end of the town have heard of it. I protest, I, who make it my business to enquire after adventures, should never have known this, had not the following account been sent me inclosed in a letter. This, it seems, is the way of giving out orders in the Artillery-company; and they prepare for a day of action

with so little concern, as only to 'An Exercise of Arms.'

AN EXERCISE AT ARMS OF THE ARTILLERY-COMPANY, TO BE FORMED ON WEDNESDAY THE TWENTY-NINTH, UNDER THE COMMAND OF SEPH WOOLFE, KNIGHT AND LIEUTENANT-GENERAL; CHOPSON, ESQUIRE, PRESENT RIFF, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL; CAPTAIN RICHARD SYNGJOR; MAJOR JOHN SHORNTAIN OF GRENADIERS; WILLIAM GRAYHURST, JOHN BUTLER, CAPTAINS CARELLIS, CAPTAINS.

**T**HE body marched from the Ground through Moregate, Sweet, Lothbury, Broad Street

Line, Cornhill, Cheap-side, St. Martin's, at Anne's Lane, halt the pikes under the wall in Noble Street, draw up the files facing the Goldsmiths Hall, make ready and face to the left, and do, and so Ditto three times. Beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Little Lane, Gutter Lane, Honey Lane, and so wheel to the right, and make your salute to my Lord, and so down St. Anne's Lane, up Aldersgate Street, Barbican, and lie up in Red Cross Street, the right at St. Paul's Alley in the rear. March off Lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech Lane: he sends a sub-division up King's-head Court, and takes post there, and marches two divisions round the Red-Lion Market, to defend that place, and succour the division in King's-head Court; but keeps in White-Cross Street, facing Beech Lane, the rest of the body ready drawn up. Then the General marches up Beech Lane, is attacked, but forces the division in the court out of the market, and enters with three divisions while he presses the Lieutenant-general's main body; and at the same time the three divisions force those of the revolvers out of the market, and so all the Lieutenant-general's body retreats into Chiswell Street, and lodges two divisions in Grub Street; and as the General marches on, they fall on his flank, but soon made to give way: but having a retreating-place in Red Lion Court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through Paul's Alley, and pursued by the General's grenadiers, while he marches up and attacks the main body, but are repulsed again: a party of men as lay in Black-Rabbit Court; but they are forced also to retire: men in the utmost confusion, and at the same time those brave divisions in Paul's Alley ply their rear with grenades, that with precipitation they take the rout along Bunhill Row: so the General marches into the Attlebury-ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a show as if for battle, and both armies soon engage in form, and fire by platoons.

Much might be said for the improvement of this system; which, for its title and invention, may instruct generals and their historians, both in fighting a battle, and describing it when it is over. These elegant expressions—'Ditto—

'And so—But soon—But having—But 'could not—But are—But they—Finds 'the party to have found, &c.'—do certainly give great life and spirit to the relation.

Indeed, I am extremely concerned for the Lieutenant-general, who by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable instance of the fortune of war, and vicissitudes of human affairs. He, alas! has left, in Beech Lane and Chiswell Street, all the glory he lately gained in and about Holborn and St. Giles's. The art of subdividing first, and dividing afterwards, is new and surprising; and according to this method, the troops are disposed in King's Head Court and Red Lion Market: nor is the conduct of these leaders less conspicuous in their choice of the ground or field of battle. Happy was it, that the greatest part of the achievements of this day was to be performed near Crab Street, that there might not be wanting a sufficient number of faithful historians, who, being eye-witnesses of these wonders, should impartially transmit them to posterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero who commanded the divisions in Paul's Alley; especially because those divisions are justly stiled brave, and accordingly were to push the enemy along Bunhill Row, and thereby occasion a general battle. But Pal-las appeared in the form of a shower of rain, and prevented the slaughter and dilution, which were threatened by these extraordinary preparations.

*His namum atque hoc ostendit tanta  
Pallesce viridis laeta compressa quiescent*  
VIRG. GEORG. IV. VER. 86.

Yet all those dreadful deeds this doubtful fray,  
A cast of Harrod's staff will soon ally.

DEYDEN.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 13.

SOME part of the company keep up the old way of conversation in this place, which usually turned upon the examination of Nature, and an enquiry into the manners of men. There is one in the room to very judgment, that he manages his patients with the utmost dexterity. It was diverting this evening to hear a discourse between him and one of these gentlemen. He told me before that person joined us, that he was a Quaker, and

who, according to his description, is one who asks questions not with a design to receive information, but an affectation to shew his uneasiness for want of it. He went on in asserting, that there are crowds of that modest ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonstrate that they are in doubt. By this time Will Whynot was fat down by us. 'So gentlemen,' says he, 'in how many days, think you, shall we be matters of Tournay? Is the account of the action of the Vivarois to be depended upon? Could you have imagined England had so much money in it as you see it has produced? Pray, Sirs, what do you think? Will the Duke of Savoy make an irruption into France? But,' says he, 'time will clear all these mysteries.' His answer to himself gave me the altitude of his head, and to all his questions I thus answered very satisfactorily: 'Sir, have you heard that this Slaughterford never owned the fact for which he died? Have the news-papers mentioned that matter? But, pray, can you tell me what method will be taken to provide for these Palatines? But this, as you say, time will clear.'—'Aye, aye,' says he, and whispers me, 'they will never let us into these things before-hand.' I whispered him again—'We shall know it as soon as there is a proclamation.' He tells me in the other ear—'You are in the right of it.' Then he whispered my friend, to know what my name was; then made an obliging bow, and went to examine another table. This led my friend and me to weigh this wandering manner in many other incidents, and he took out of his pocket several little notes or tickets to solicit for votes to employments: as—'Mr. John Taplash having served all offices, and being reduced to great poverty, desires your votes for singing-clerk of this parish.' Another has had ten children, all whom his wife has suckled herself; therefore humbly desires to be a school-master.

There is nothing so frequent as this way of application for offices. It is not that you are fit for the place, but because the place would be convenient for you, that you claim a merit to it. But

commend me to the great Kerleus, who has lately set up for midwifery, and to help child-birth, for no other reason, but that he is himself the Unborn Doctor. The way is, to hit upon something that puts the vulgar upon the stare, or touches their compassion, which is often the weakest part about us. I know a good lady, who has taken her daughters from their old dancing-master, to place them with another, for no other reason but because the new man has broke his leg, which is so ill set that he can never dance more.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 13.

As it is a frequent mortification to me to receive letters, wherein people tell me, without a name, they know I meant them in such and such a passage; so that very accusation is an argument that there are such beings in human life as fall under our description, and that our discourse is not altogether fantastical and groundless. But in this case I am treated as I saw a boy was the other day, who gave out pocky bills: every plain fellow took it that passed by, and went on his way without farther notice: and at last came one with his nose a little abridged; who knocks the lad down with a 'Why you son of a w——c, do you think I am p——d?' But Shakespeare has made the best apology for this way of talking against the public errors; he makes Jacques, in the play called *As You Like It*, express himself thus:

Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say, the city woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
Or, what is he of basest function,  
That says his bravery is not on my cost?  
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech.  
There then! How then? Then let me see  
wherein

My tongue has wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be false,  
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies  
Unclaim'd of any man.

N<sup>o</sup> XLII. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1709.

CELEBRARE DOMESTICA FACTA.

TO CELEBRATE ACTIONS DONE AT HOME.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 15.

LOOKING over some old papers, I found a little treatise, written by my great-grandfather, concerning Bribery, and thought his manner of treating that subject not unworthy my remark. He there has a digression concerning a possibility, that in some circumstances a man may receive an injury, and yet be conscious to himself that he deserves it. There are abundance of fine things said on the subject; but the whole wrapped up in so much jargon and pun, which was the wit of those times, that it is scarce intelligible: but I thought the design was well enough in the following sketch of an old gentleman's poetry; for in this case, where two are rivals for the same thing, and propose to obtain it by presents, he that attempts the judge's honesty, by making him offers of reward, ought not to complain when he loses his cause by a better bidder. The good old doggerel runs thus:

A poor man once a judge besought  
To judge aright his cause;  
And with a pot of oil salutes  
This judge of the laws.

'My friend,' quoth he, 'thy cause is good:  
He glad away did trudge;  
Anon his wealthy foe did come  
Before this partial judge.

A hog well fed this churl presents,  
And craves a strain of law;  
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right  
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd—'O! partial judge,  
'Thy doom has me undone;  
'When oil I gave, my cause was good,  
'But now to ruin run.'

'Poor man,' quoth he, 'I thee forgot,  
'And fee thy cause of foil;  
'A hog came since into my house,  
'And broke thy pot of oil.'

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 15.

The discourse happened this evening  
To fall upon characters drawn in plays;  
And a gentleman remarked, that there

was no method in the world of knowing the taste of an age, or period of time, so good, as by the observations of the persons represented in their comedies. There were several instances produced, as Ben Johnson's bringing in a fellow smoaking, as a piece of foppery; but, said the gentleman who entertained us on this subject, this matter is no where so observable as in the difference of the characters of women on the stage in the last age and in this. It is not to be supposed that it was a poverty of genius in Shakespeare, that his women made so small a figure in his dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew women as they then were in life: for that sex had not in those days that freedom in conversation; and their characters were only, that they were Mothers, Sisters, Daughters, and Wives. There were not then among the ladies, shining Wits, Politicians, Virtuoso, Free-thinkers, and Disputants; nay, there was then hardly such a creature even as a Coquette: but vanity had quite another turn, and the most conspicuous woman at that time of day was only the best-huswife. Were it possible to bring into life an assembly of matrons of that age, and introduce the learned Lady Woodby into their company, they would not believe the same nation could produce a creature so unlike any thing they ever saw in it.

But these ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praise-worthy as the divine Aspasia. Methinks, I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence.

There dwell the scorn of vice, and pity too.

In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the  
Q contemplation.

contemplation of her own being, and that supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the severity and privacy of the last age all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; but, I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out.

But, alas! if we have one or two such ladies, how many dozens are there like the restless Peluglossa, who is acquainted with all the world but herself; who has the appearance of all, and possession of no one virtue: she has, indeed, in her practice the absence of vice, but her discourse is the continual history of it; and it is apparent, when she speaks of the criminal gratifications of others, that her innocence is only a restraint, with a certain mixture of envy. She is so perfectly opposite to the character of Aspasia, that as vice is terrible to her only as it is the object of reproach, so virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with applause.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 15.

It is now twelve of the clock at noon, and no mail come in; therefore I am not without hopes that the town will allow me the liberty which my brother news-writers take, in giving them what may be for their information in another kind, and indulge me in doing an act of friendship, by publishing the following account of goods and moveables.

This is to give notice, that a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, statues, and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury Lane; where

there are likewise several castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated, as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; being the moveables of Christopher Rich, Esquire, who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

#### THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and an half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea, consisting of a dozen large waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest Spanish wash, being all that is left of two hogsheds sent over last winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting sun, a pennyworth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Henry the Eighth, and Signior Valentini.

A basket-hilted sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclesian.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. Dennis's directions, little used.

Six elbow-chairs, very expert in company-dances, with six flower-pots for their partners.

The whiskers of a Turkish Bassa.

The complexion of a murderer in a hand-box; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A. B.

of cloaths for a ghost, viz. airt, a doublet curiously pinked, it with three great eyelet-eyes breast.

of red Spanish wool.

n plots, commonly known by of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, alques, and tables with broad ver them.

oak cudgels, with one of crab-bought for the use of Mr. nan.

ials for dancing; as masques, and a ladder of ten rounds.

gezebe's scymitar, made by own in Piccadilly.

ime of feathers; never used but pus and the Earl of Essex.

are also swords, halberts, sheep-cardinals hats, turbans, drums, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a el, an altar, an helmet, a back-breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we shew our martial skill in every line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a cross point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: the Postboy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Postman comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

## N<sup>o</sup> XLIII. TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1709.

—BENE NUMMATUM DECORAT SUADELA VENUSQUE.

HOR.

THE GODDESS OF PERSUASION FORMS HIS TRAIN,  
AND VENUS DECKS THE WELL-BEMONEY'D SWAIN.

FRANCIS.

CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 18.

from hence at present to come—that wit and merit are so little ed by people of rank and quality the wits of the age are obliged hin Temple-bar for patronage. a deplorable instance of this in f Mr. Durfey, who has dedicated inimitable comedy, called, dern Prophets, to a worthy o whom, it seems, he had communicated his plan, which ridicule the ridiculers of our d doctrine. I have elsewhere d the contrivance of this excellence; but was not, until I read tion, wholly let into the reason of it. I am afraid, it has discontinuance at this gay end va, for no other reason but the the purpose. There is, how- his epistle, the true life of paperformance; and I do not if the patron would part with

it, I can help him to others with good pretensions to it, viz. of Uncommon Understanding, who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble person, whom these words (which are the body of the panegyric) would fit to a hair:

‘Your easiness of humour, or rather  
‘your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure,  
‘that the rugged cares and disturbance  
‘that public affairs bring with it, which  
‘does so vexatiously affect the heads of  
‘other great men of business, &c. does  
‘scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow  
‘so much as with a frown. And what  
‘above all is praise-worthy, you are so  
‘far from thinking yourself better than  
‘others, that a flourishing and opulent  
‘fortune, which, by a certain natural  
‘corruption in it’s quality, seldom fails  
‘to infect other possessors with pride,  
‘seems in this case as if only providentially disposed to enlarge upon hum-  
‘ility.

Q 2

‘But



‘ But I find, Sir, I am now got into a very large field, where though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merit of this plauditory nature; yet, for fear of an author’s general vice, and that the plain justice I have done you should by my proceeding, and others mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery, a thing the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate.’

It is wonderful to see how many judges of these fine things spring up every day by the rise of stocks, and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticism. But I do hereby forbid all dedications to any persons within the city of London; except Sir Francis, Sir Stephen, and the Bank, will take epigrams and epistles as value received for their notes; and the East India Company accept of heroic poems for their sealed bonds. Upon which bottom our publishers have full power to treat with the city in behalf of us authors, to enable traders to become patrons and fellows of the Royal Society, as well as receive certain degrees of skill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off our hands.

#### GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 28.

THE learned have so long laboured under the imputation of dryness and dulness in their accounts of the phenomena, that an ingenious gentleman of our society has resolved to write a system of philosophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us, had so much vivacity in it, that I could not forbear transcribing his hypothesis, to give the reader a taste of my friend’s treatise, which is now in the press.

‘ The inferior deities, having designed on a day to play a game at football, kneaded together a numberless collection of dancing atoms into the form of seven rolling globes: and that nature might be kept from a dull inactivity, each separate party is endued with a principle of motion, or a power

of attraction, whereby all the parcels of matter draw each other portionably to their magnitude distances into such a variety of different forms, as to all the wonderful appearances observe in empire, philosophy religion. But to proceed:

‘ At the beginning of the game of the globes, being struck with a vast violence, ran out and wandered in a straight line the infinite spaces. The natives pursue, breathless almost spent in the eager chase; each caught hold of one, and fast with his name; as, Saturn, Mars, and so of the rest.

‘ I vent this inconvenience for the seven are condemned to a station, which in our inferior call gravity. Thus the centrifugal and centripetal forces, by their struggle, make the celestial describe an exact ellipsis.

‘ There will be added to this appendix, in defence of the first term according to the Osmianack, by a learned knight of the realm, with an apology for a knight’s manner of dress; that his habit, according to the thesis, is the true modern and able; and that buckles are worn, by this system, until the March, in the year 1714, according to the computation of our greatest divines, is to be the year of the Millennium; blessed age all habits will be to a primitive simplicity; and ever shall be found to have remained in a constancy of dress, in the allurements of prophane then habits, shall be rewarded never-fading doublet of a years. All points in the system are doubted, shall be attested knight’s extemporary oath, for satisfaction of his readers.’

#### WILL’S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY

WE were upon the heroic evening, and the question was is the true Sublime? Many discourses happened thereupon which a gentleman at the table it seems, writing on that subject, summed the argument; and d

seen through many instances of sublimity from the ancient writers, said, he had hardly known an occasion wherein the true greatness of soul, which animates a general in action, is so well represented, with regard to the person of whom it was spoken, and the time in which it was writ, as in a few lines in a modern poem: 'There is,' continued he, 'nothing so forced and constrained, as what we frequently meet with in tragedies; to make a man under the weight of great sorrow, or full of meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a simile to what he himself is, or the thing which he is going to act: but there is nothing more proper and natural for a poet, whose business it is to describe, and who is spectator of one in that circumstance, when his mind is working upon a great image, and that the ideas hurry upon his imagination; I say, there is nothing so natural, as for a poet to relieve and clear himself from the burden of thought at that time, by uttering his conception in simile and metaphor. The highest act of the mind of man is to possess itself with tranquillity in imminent danger, and to have its thoughts so free, as to act at that time without perplexity. The ancient authors have compared this sedate courage to a rock that remains immovable amidst the rage of winds and waves; but that is too stupid and inanimate a similitude, and could do no credit to the hero. At other times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a Lybian lion, which may give, indeed, very agreeable terrors to a description, but is no compliment to the person to whom it is applied: eagles, tygers, and wolves, are made use of on the same occasion, and very often with much beauty; but this is still an honour done to the brute rather than the hero. Mars, Pallas, Bacchus, and Hercules, have

each of them furnished very good similes in their time, and made, doubtless, a greater impression on the mind of a heathen, than they have on that of a modern reader. But the sublime image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever entered into the thought of man, is in the poem called, *The Campaign*; where the simile of a ministering angel sets forth the most sedate and the most active courage, engaged in an uproar of nature, a confusion of elements, and a scene of divine vengeance. Add to all, that these lines compliment the general and his queen at the same time, and have all the natural horrors heightened by the image that was still fresh in the mind of every reader.

'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,  
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;  
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid;  
Inspir'd repul'd battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
So when an angel, by divine command,  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britain is past,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

'The whole poem is so exquisitely noble and poetic, that I think it an honour to our nation and language.' The gentleman concluded his critique on this work, by saying that he esteem'd it wholly new, and a wonderful attempt to keep up the ordinary ideas of a march of an army, just as they happened, in so warm and great a style, and yet be at once familiar and heroic. Such a performance is a chronicle, as well as a poem, and will preserve the memory of our hero, when all the edifices and statues erected to his honour are blended with common dust.

Nº XLIV. THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1709.

— NULLUS AMOR EST MEDICABILIS HERBIS. OVID.

NO HERB, ALAS! CAN CURE THE PANGS OF LOVE.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 19.

THIS day, passing through Covent Garden, I was stopped in the piazza by Pacolet, to observe what he

called the Triumph of Love and Youth. I turned to the object he pointed at, and there I saw a gay gilt chariot drawn by fresh prancing horses; the coachman with

with a new cockade, and the lacqueys with insolence and plenty in their countenances. I asked immediately, what young heir or lover owned that glittering equipage: but my companion interrupted—'Do you not see there the mourning Æsculapius?'—'The mourning!' said I. 'Yes, Isaac,' said Pacolet, 'he is in deep mourning; and is the languishing, hopeless lover, of the divine Hebe; the emblem of youth and beauty. The excellent and learned sage you behold in that furniture is the strongest instance imaginable, that love is the most powerful of all things.

'You are not so ignorant as to be a stranger to the character of Æsculapius, as the patron and most successful of all who profess the art of medicine. But as most of his operations are owing to a natural sagacity or impulse, he has very little troubled himself with the doctrine of drugs, but has always given Nature more room to help herself, than any of her learned assistants; and, consequently, has done greater wonders than is in the power of art to perform: for which reason he is half deified by the people; and has ever been justly courted by all the world, as if he were a seventh son.

'It happened, that the charming Hebe was reduced, by a long and violent fever, to the most extreme danger of death; and when all skill failed, they went for Æsculapius. The renowned artist was touched with the deepest compassion to see the faded charms and faint bloom of Hebe; and had a generous concern in beholding a struggle, not between life, but rather between youth and death. All his skill and his passion tended to the recovery of Hebe, beautiful even in sickness: but, alas! the unhappy physician knew not, that in all his care he was only sharpening darts for his own destruction. In a word, his fortune was the same with that of the Ituriary who fell in love with the image of his own making; and the unfortunate Æsculapius is become the patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this disaster, Æsculapius was far gone in the unnecessary and superfluous amusements of old age, in increasing unwieldy stores, and providing, in the midst of an incapacity of enjoyment of what he had, for a supply of more wants than he had calls

'for in youth itself. But these low considerations are now no more, and love has taken place of avarice, or rather is become an avarice of another kind, which still urges him to pursue what he does not want. But behold the metamorphosis; the anxious man cares of an usurer are turned into the languishments and complaints of a lover. "Behold," says the aged Æsculapius, "I submit.—I own, great Love, thy empire.—Pity, Hebe, the foe which you have made. What have I to do with gilding but on pills? Yet, O fair! for thee I sit amidst a crowd of painted deities on my chariot, buttoned in gold, clasped in gold, without having any value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns the person, and laces the hat of thy dying lover. I ask not to live, O Hebe! give me but gentle death: Euthanasia, Euthanasia, that is all I implore." When Æsculapius had finished his complaint, Pacolet went on in deep morals on the uncertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: 'O wealth! how impotent art thou! and how little dost thou supply us with real happiness, when the usurer himself can forget thee for the love of what is as foreign to his felicity as thou art!'

#### WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 19.

THE company here, who have all a delicate taste of theatrical representations, had made a gathering to purchase the moveables of the neighbouring play-house, for the encouragement of one which is setting up in the Haymarket. But the proceedings at the auction, by which method the goods have been sold this evening, have been so unfair, that this generous design has been frustrated; for the Imperial mantle made for Cyrus was missing, as also the chariot and two dragons: but upon examination it was found, that a gentleman of Hampshire had clandestinely bought them both, and is gone down to his country-seat; and that on Saturday last he passed through Staines attired in that robe, and drawn by the said dragons, assisted by two only of his own horses. This theatrical traveller has also left orders with Mr. Hall to send the faded rainbow to the scowerer's; and when it comes home, to dispatch it after him. At the same time,

Mr. Rich, Esquire, is in-  
down his setting-sun him-  
box-keeper to a theatre  
his gentleman near South-  
hus there has been nothing  
n the management of this  
hich reason I beg pardon of  
hat I inserted the inventory  
r; and solemnly protest, I  
ng of this artful design of  
se rarities: but I meant on-  
of the world, in that and all  
; which I divulge.

I am upon this subject, I  
self justice, in relation to an  
former paper, wherein I made  
a person who keeps a puppet-  
town of Bath; I was tender  
names, and only just hinted,  
ces larger promises, when he  
ple to his dramatic repre-  
than he is able to perform:  
credibly informed, that he  
aphane lewd jester, whom he  
speak to the dishonour of  
staff with great familiarity;  
all my learned friends in that  
s upon him to dispute my  
appellation of Esquire. I  
did not say much to convince  
him, that this Mr. Powel, for  
name, is a pragmatical and  
to pretend to argue with me  
ect. *Mecum certasse feretur*;  
ay, it will be an honour to  
e it said he contended with  
would have him to know,  
look beyond his wires, and  
well the whole trick of his  
at it is only by these wires  
e of the spectator is cheated,  
d from seeing that there is a  
one of Punch's chops, which  
, and lets it fall at the discie-  
said Powel, who stands be-  
plays him, and makes him  
ly of his betters. He! to  
make prologues against me!—  
never behaves himself with  
his own case; therefore I  
and myself, and never trou-  
er with this little fellow, who  
not a tall puppet, and has not  
gh to make even wood speak  
to do; and I, that have heard  
g board, can despise all that  
shall be able to speak as long  
. But, *Ex quocumque ligno non*  
u—Every log of wood will

not make a Mercury. He has pre-  
tended to write to me also from the  
Bath; and says, he thought to have de-  
ferred giving me an answer until he  
came to his books; but that my writ-  
ings might do well with the wa-  
ters: which are pert expressions that be-  
come a school-boy, better than one that  
is to teach others. And when I have  
said a civil thing to him, he cries—'Oh!  
' I thank you for that—I am your  
' humble servant for that.' Ah! Mr.  
Powel, these smart civilities will never  
run down men of learning: I know well  
enough your design is to have all men  
*Automata*, like your puppets; but the  
world is grown too wise, and can look  
through these thin devices. I know your  
design to make a reply to this: but be  
sure you stick close to my words; for if  
you bring me into discourses concerning  
the government of your puppets, I must  
tell you, I neither am, nor have been,  
nor will be, at leisure to answer you.  
It is really a burning shame this man  
should be tolerated in abusing the world  
with such representations of things: but  
his parts decay, and he is not much more  
alive than Partridge.

## FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 14.

I MUST beg pardon of my readers,  
that for this time I have, I fear, huddled  
up my discourse, having been very busy  
in helping an old friend of mine out of  
town. He has a very good estate; is a  
man of wit; but he has been three years  
absent from town, and cannot bear a  
jest; for which reason I have, with some  
pains, convinced him, that he can no  
more live here than if he were a down-  
right bankrupt. He was so fond of dear  
London, that he began to fret only in-  
wardly; but being unable to laugh and  
be laughed at, I took a place in the  
northern coach for him and his family;  
and hope he is got to-night safe from all  
sneerers in his own parlour.

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 20.

THIS morning we received by express  
the agreeable news of the surrender of  
the town of Tournay, on the twenty-  
eighth instant, N. S. The place was af-  
fected at the attack of General Schnyl-  
emberg, and that of General Lotum,  
at the same time. The action at both  
these

From it's being conveyed in a cart after the Theſpian manner; all the parts being recited by one perſon, as the cuſtom was before *Æſchylus*; and from the behaviour of *Punch*, as if he had won the goal; you may poſſibly deduce it's antiquity, and ſettle the chronology, as well as ſome of our modern critics. In it's natural tranſitions from mournful to merry, as from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the rope; from the ſtalking of a ghoul to a lady's preſenting you with a jig; you may diſcover ſuch a decorum, as is not to be found elſewhere than in our tragi-comedies. But I forget myſelf; it is not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear couſin, to give you theſe hints, to ſhew you, that the *Beadleſtaffs* do not walk before men of letters to no purpoſe; and that though we do but hold up the train of Arts and Sciences, yet, like other pages, we are now and then let into our ladies ſecrets. I am, your moſt affectionate kinfman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.

FROM MOTHER GOUPON'S,  
AT HEDINGTON, NEAR OXON,  
JUNE 18.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 22.

I AM got hither ſafe, but never ſpent time with ſo little ſatisfaction as this evening; for you muſt know, I was five hours with three Merry, and two Honelt Fellows. The former ſang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noiſe they made. 'Well,' ſays Tom Bellfrey, 'you ſcholars, Mr. Bickerſtaff, are the worſt company in the world.'—'Ay,' ſays his oppoſite, 'you are dull to night; pr'ythee be merry.' With that I huzzaed, and took a jump croſs the table, then came clever upon my legs, and fell a laughing. —'Let Mr. Bickerſtaff alone,' ſays one of the Honelt Fellows, 'when he is in a good humour, he is as good company as any man in England.' He had no ſooner ſpoke, but I ſnatched his hat off his head, and clapped it upon my own, and buſt out a laughing again; upon which we all fell a laughing for half an hour. One of the Honelt Fellows got behind me in the interim, and hit me a ſound ſlap on the back; upon which he got the laugh out of my hands; and it was ſuch a twang on my ſhoulders, that I confeſs he was much

merrier than I. I was half angry, reſolved to keep up the good humour the company; and after hollowing as loud as I could poſſibly, I drank bumper of claret, that made me again. 'Nay,' ſays one of the Fellows, 'Mr. Iſaac is in the 'there is no converſation in 'what ſignifies jumping, or hitti 'another on the back? Let us 'about.' We did ſo from ſeven clock until eleven: and now I am hither; and, after the manner of the Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon paſſages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to; and as it is my way to write do the good things I have heard in converſation, to furniſh my paper from this only tell you my ſuffering my bangs.

I named Pythagoras juſt now; proteſt to you, as he believed me death entered into other ſpecies now and then tempted to think animals enter into men; and could ſeveral on two legs, that never do any ſentiments above what is common with the ſpecies of a lower kind: ſee in theſe bodily wits with whom I was to-night, whoſe parts conſiſt in ſtrength and activity; but their ſilent mirth gives me great impatience the return of ſuch happineſs as I enjoyed in a converſation laſt week. Others in that company we had who never interrupted any man when he was ſpeaking; or even to ſpeak, but others lamented what he had done. His diſcourſe ever ran in the fulneſs of the matter before him, not from oſtentation or triumph in underſtanding; for though he ſeeked to ſhew what he need fear being out of view; and his forbearance of error or bitterneſs is owing rather to his nature than his diſcretion; for reaſon he is eſteemed a gentlemanly qualified for converſation; and a general good-will to mankind off the neceſſity of caution and ſpectation.

We had at the ſame time that the beſt fort of companion that a good-natured old man. This in the company of young men with veneration for his beaſt and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is matter, but

ance from the pardon he gives mens faults: and the ingenu- of men with whom he con- ve so just a regard for him, rather is an example than a their behaviour. For this rea- enecio never pretends to be a leafure before youth, so young r set up for wisdom before Se- that you never meet, where he moniters of conversation who or gay above their years. He overies but with followers of ad good-sense, where all that is only the effect of a communi- per, and not of emulation to ir companions; all desire of su- being a contradiction to that ich makes a just conversation, effence of which is mutual l. Hence it is, that I take it ; that the natural, and not the man, is the companion. Learn-

ing, wit, gallantry, and good-breeding, are all but subordinate qualities in so- ciety; and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appear- ing equal to the rest of the company; for conversation is composed of an as- sembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are distinguished by fortune: therefore he who brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning, for he came to re- ceive homage, and not to meet his friends. —But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my in- tended purpose; which was, to explain upon the order of Merry Fellows: but I think I may pronounce them, as I heard good Senecio, with a spice of the wit of the last age, say, viz. That a Merry Fellow is the Saddest Fellow in the world.

## Nº XLVI. TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1709.

NON BENE CONVENIUNT, NEC IN UNA SEDE MORANTUR,  
MAJESTAS ET AMOR.—

—OVID. MET. L. 2. V. 88.

—LOVE BUT ILL AGREES WITH KINGLY PRIDE.

CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 25.

I see every day volumes written against that tyrant of human Love, and yet there is no help against his cruelties, or barrier inroads he is pleased to make of man. After this pre- will expect I am going to give instances of what I have as- tate expectation cannot be raised for the novelty of the history, ner of life, of the Emperor xhe, who has resided for some he cities of London and West- with the air and mien indeed of ial quality, but the equipage nment only of a private gen- This potentate, for a long se- se, appeared from the hour of til that of two at a coffee-house Exchange, and had a seat without a canopy) sacred to where he gave diurnal audi- cerning commerce, politics, let, usury and abatement, with necessary for helping the dif-

treffed, who are willing to give one limb for the better maintenance of the rest; or such joyous youths, whose philosophy is confined to the present hour, and were desirous to call in the revenue of the next half year to double the enjoyment of this. Long did this grow- ing monarch employ himself after this manner: and as alliances are necessary to all great kingdoms, he took particu- larly the interests of Lewis the Fourteenth into his care and protection. When all mankind were attacking that unhappy monarch, and those who had neither va- lour or wit to oppose against him would be still shewing their impotent malice, by laying wagers in opposition to his in- terests; Aurengezebe ever took the part of his contemporary, and laid immense treasures on his side, in defence of his important magazine of Toulon. Au- rengezebe also had all this while a con- stant intelligence with India; and his letters were answered in jewels, which he soon made brilliant, and caused to be affixed to his imperial castor, which he always wears cocked in front, to show

his defiance; with a heap of Imperial snuff in the middle of his ample visage, to show his sagacity. The zealots for this little spot called Great Britain fell universally into this Emperor's policies, and paid homage to his superior genius, in forfeiting their coffers to his treasury.

But wealth and wisdom are possessions too solemn not to give weariness to active minds, without the relief (in vacant hours) of wit and love, which are the proper amusements of the powerful and the wise: this emperor therefore, with great regularity, every day at five in the afternoon, leaves his money-changers, his publicans, and little hoarders of wealth, to their low pursuits, and ascends his chariot to drive to Will's; where the taste is refined, and a relish given to mens possessions, by a polite skill in gratifying their passions and appetites. There it is that the Emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a miser, to gaze only on his ingots or his treasures; but, with a nobler satisfaction, to live the admiration of others, for his splendor and happiness in being master of them. But a prince is no more to be his own caterer in his love than in his food; therefore Aurengezebe has ever in waiting two purveyors for his dishes, and his wenches for his retired hours, by whom the scene of his diversion is prepared in the following manner.

There is near Covent Garden a street known by the name of Drury, which, before the days of Christianity, was purchased by the Queen of Paphos, and is the only part of Great Britain where the tenure of vassalage is still in being. All that long course of building is under particular districts or ladyships, after the manner of lordships in other parts, over which matrons of known abilities preside, and have, for the support of their age and infirmities, certain taxes paid out of the rewards of the amorous labours of the young. This seraglio of Great Britain is disposed into convenient alleys and apartments, and every house, from the cellar to the garret, inhabited by nymphs of different orders, that persons of every rank may be accommodated with an immediate consort to allay their flames, and partake of their cares. Here it is, that when Aurengezebe thinks fit to give a loose to dalliance, the purveyors prepare the entertainment; and what makes it more au-

gust is, that every person concerned in the interlude has his set part, and the Prince sends before-hand word what he designs to say, and directs also the very answer which shall be made to him.

It has been before hinted that this Emperor has a continual commerce with India; and it is to be noted, that the largest stone that rich earth has produced, is in our Aurengezebe's possession.

But all things are now disposed for his reception. At his entrance into the Seraglio, a servant delivers him his heaver of state and love, on which is fixed this inestimable jewel as his diadem. When he is seated, the purveyors, Pandarus and Nuncio, marching on each side of the matron of the house, introduce her into his presence. In the midst of the room, they bow all together to the diadem.

When the matron——

'Whoever thou art, as thy awful aspect speaks thee a man of power, be propitious to this mansion of love, and let not the severity of thy wisdom disdain, that by the representation of naked innocence, or pastoral figures, we revive in thee the memory at least of that power of Venus, to which all the wise and the brave are some part of their lives devoted.' Aurengezebe consents by a nod, and they go out backward.

After this, an unhappy nymph, who is to be supposed just escaped from the hands of a ravisher, with her tresses dishevelled, runs into the room with a dagger in her hand, and falls before the Emperor.

'Pity! oh, pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy virgin, whom one of thy train has robbed of her innocence; her innocence, which was all her portion——Or rather, let me die like the memorable Lucretia.' Upon which she stabs herself. The body is immediately examined after the manner of our coroners. Lucretia recovers by a cup of right Nantz; and the matron, who is her next relation, stops all process at law.

This unhappy affair is no sooner over, but a naked mad woman breaks into the room, calls for her Duke, her Lord, her Emperor. As soon as she sees Aurengezebe, the object of all her fury and love, she calls for petticoats, is ready to sink with shame, and is dressed

in new attire at his charge. The maddest accident of the maddest Aurengezebe curious to other others who are in their guesses at his quality. For soon, the whole convent is ex- by one. 'The matron marches tawdry country girl: 'Pray, sir,' says she, 'who do you call that fine man with those jewels on his ears?'—'I believe,' says Will, 'it is our landiord—It must be Esquire himself.' The Em- press, at her simplicity: 'Go, says the matron: then turning to her:—'Your greatness will be her ignorancel' After her, hers of different characters are d to mistake who he is, in the an- ner: then the whole sisterhood d together, and the Emperor d cocking his hat, declares he reat Mogul, and they his con- Ageneral murmur goes through e assembly; and Aurengezebe, g that he keeps them for state use, tells them, they are per- o receive all men into their its; then proceeds through the among whom he throws med- med like half-crowns, and re- his chariot.

Seeing all that passed the last day Aurengezebe visited the wo- partment, he consulted Pacolet ng the foundation of such amusements in old age: to which ered—'You may remember, I gave you an account of my fortune in being drowned on the th day of my human life, I told f the disasters I should otherwise net with before I arrived at the f my Stamen, which was sixty

I may now add an observation s, that all who exceed that pe- except the latter part of it is in the exercise of virtue and con- sation of futurity, must necessa- dly into an indecent old age; be- with regard to all the enjoy- of the years of vigour and od, childhood returns upon and as infants ride on sticks, houses in dirt, and make ships ters, by a faint idea of things e to act hereafter; so old men he lovers, potentates, and em- s, for the decaying image of the perfect performances of their

'stronger years: therefore be sure to in- sert Æsculapius and Aurengezebe in your next bill of mortality of the me- taphorically defunct.'

## WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 24.

As soon as I came hither this even- ing, no less than ten people produced the following poem, which they all re- ported was sent to each of them by the penny-post from an unknown hand. All the battle-writers in the room were in debate, who could be the author of a piece so martially written; and every body applauded the address and skill of the author, in calling it a postscript: it being the nature of a postscript to con- tain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the letter itself. Thus the verses being occasioned by a march without beat of drum, and that circumstance being no ways taken notice of in any of the stan- zas, the author calls it a postscript; not that it is a postscript, but figuratively, because it wants a postscript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the book itself, supply it by a preface: but a postscript seems to me the more just way of apology; because otherwise a man makes an ex- cuse before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were guessed at for it's author; but though he could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which spoke his quali- fications—

I' th' midst of all this warlike rabble,  
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

The poem is admirably suited to the occasion: for to write, without discover- ing your meaning, bears a just resem- blance to marching without beat of drum.

ON THE MARCH TO TOURNAY  
WITHOUT BEAT OF DRUM.

## THE BRUSSELS POSTSCRIPT.

COULD I with plainest words express  
That great man's wonderful address,  
His penetration, and his tower'd thought;  
It would the gazing world surprize,  
To see one man at all times wise,  
To view the wonder, he with ease has wrought.

Refining schemes approach his mind,  
Like breezes of a southern wind,



To temperate a sultry glorious day;  
 Whose fannings, with an useful pride,  
 It's mighty heat do softly guide,  
 And, having clear'd the air, glide silently away.

Thus his immensity of thought  
 Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,  
 His temper always softening life's disease;  
 That Fortune, when she does intend  
 To rudely frown, she turns his friend,  
 Admires his judgment, and applauds his ease.

His great address in this design,  
 Does now, and will for ever shine,  
 And wants a Waller but to do him right;  
 The whole amusement was so strong,  
 Like Fate, he doom'd them to be wrong,  
 And Tournay's took by a peculiar flight.

Thus, Madam, all mankind behold  
 Your vast ascendent, not by gold,  
 But by your wisdom and your pious life;  
 Your aim no more than to destroy  
 That which does Europe's ease annoy,  
 And supersede a reign of shame and strife.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 24.

MY brethren of the quill, the ingenious society of News-writers, having with great spirit and elegance already informed the world, that the town of Tournay capitulated on the twenty-eighth instant; there is nothing left for me to say, but to congratulate the good company here, that we have reason to hope for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Withe's next winter in this place,

for the service he has done his country. No man deserves better of his friends than that gentleman, whose distinguishing character it is, that he gives his orders with the familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generosity, of a fellow-soldier. His Grace the Duke of Argyll had also an eminent part in the reduction of this important place. That illustrious youth discovers the peculiar turn of spirit and greatness of soul, which only make men of high birth and quality useful to their country; and considers nobility as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But that our military glory is arrived at it's present height, and that men of all ranks so passionately affect their share in it, is certainly owing to the merit and conduct of our glorious general: for as the great secret in chemistry, though not in nature, has occasioned many useful discoveries; and the fantastic notion of being wholly disinterested in friendship has made men do a thousand generous actions above themselves; so, though the present grandeur and fame of the Duke of Marlborough is a station of glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their actions to a higher pitch, by having that great example laid before them.

Nº XLVII. THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.

JUV. SAT. l. v. 84, 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—

BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 27.

MY friend Sir Thomas has communicated to me his letters from Epsum of the twenty fifth instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correspondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of Sir Taffety Trippet, a fortune-hunter, whose follies are too gross to give diversion; and whose vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a public offence. If people will indulge a splenetic humour, it is impossible to be at ease, when such creatures as are the scandal of our

species set up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more easy therefore to laugh Sir Taffety into reason, than convert him from his foppery by any serious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors, and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their insolence. This rule will hold as well with coxcombs, they are never mortified, but when they see you receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your ignorance makes them out of your good graces; or that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunned and avoided. But Sir Taffety is a fop of so singular

a complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair-one he at present pursues to get rid of the chace, without being so tired, as, for her own ease, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel she runs from. But the history of Sir Taffety is as pleasant as his character.

It happened, that when he first set up for a fortune-hunter, he chose Tunbridge for the scene of action, where were at that time two sisters upon the same design. The knight believed of course the elder must be the better prize; and consequently makes all his sail that way. People that want sense do always in an egregious manner want modesty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was possible. The adored lady was no less vain of his public addresses. An attorney with one cause is not half so restless as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud, chose each other partner at balls, saluted at the most conspicuous parts of the service of the church, and practised, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are usual for persons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the rest of the world. These two lovers seemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of Nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, so universally approved, the younger sister, envious of the good fortune even of her sister, who had been present at most of their interviews, and had an equal taste for the charms of a boy, as there are a set of women made for that order of men; the younger, I say, unable to see so rich a prize pass by her, discovered to Sir Taffety, that a coquet air, much tongue, and three fairs, was all the portion of his mistress. His love vanished that moment, himself and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune until he arrived at Epitom, where there is at present a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impudent to infect that quarter. At the head of this assembly, Sir Taffety shines in the brightest manner, with all the accomplishments which usually ensnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great ser-

vice, that he is laughed at for her sake. The friends of the fair-one are in much pain for the sufferings she goes through from the perseverance of this hero; but they may be much more so from the danger of his succeeding, toward which they give a helping hand, if they dissuade her with bitterness; for there is a fantastical generosity in the sex to approve creatures of the least merit imaginable, when they see the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of derision for their sakes; and there is nothing so frequent, as that he who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment, has won her by being too violently opposed by others.

#### GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 27.

IN the several capacities I bear, of Astrologer, Civilian, and Physician, I have with great application studied the public emolument: to this end serve all my lucubrations, speculations, and whatever other labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this motive am I induced to publish a never-failing medicine for the spleen: my experience in this distemper came from a very remarkable cure on my ever worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through excessive gaiety, had exhausted that natural stock of wit and spirits he had long been blessed with: he was sunk and flattened to the lowest degree imaginable, sitting whole hours over the Book of Martyrs and Pilgrim's Progress; his other contemplations never rising higher than the colour of his urine, or the regularity of his pulse. In this condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. Drachm, and a good old nurse. Drachm had prescribed magazines of herbs, and mines of steel. I soon discovered the malady, and descended on the nature of it, until I convinced both the patient and his nurse, that the spleen is not to be cured by medicine, but by poetry. Apollo, the author of physic, shone with diffusive rays, the best of poets as well as of physicians; and it is in this double capacity that I have made my way; and have found sweet, easy, flowing numbers, are oft superior to our noblest medicines. When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the use of incu-

cury.

cure. I have done wonders in this kind; for the spleen is like the Tarantula, the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of music: for you are to understand, that as some noxious animals carry antidotes for their own poisons, so there is something equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is sometimes a disease, it is to be cured only by itself. Now I, knowing Tom Spindle's constitution, and that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but also a pretty poet, found the true cause of his distemper was a violent grief, that moved his affections too strongly: for during the late treaty of peace, he had writ a most excellent poem on that subject; and when he wanted but two lines in the last stanza for finishing the whole piece, there comes news that the French tyrant would not sign. Spindle in a few days took his bed; and had lain there still, had not I been sent for. I immediately told him, there was great probability the French would now sue to us for peace. I saw immediately a new life in his eyes; and I knew that nothing could help him forward so well, as hearing verses which he would believe worse than his own: I read him, therefore, the Brussels postscript. After which I recited some heroic lines of my own, which operated so strongly on the tympanum of his ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other sounds for a fortnight; and have reason to hope, we shall see him abroad the day before his poem.

This, you see, is a particular secret I have found out, viz. that you are not to chide your physician for his knowledge in your distemper, but for having it himself. Therefore I am at hand for all maladies arising from poetical vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other day to one in love, I took, indeed, their three guineas, and gave them my advice, which was to send for Æsculapius. Æsculapius, as soon as he saw the patient, cries out—  
 'It is love! it is love! Oh! the unequal pulse! these are the symptoms a lover feels; such fits, such pangs, attend the uneasy mind; nor can our art, or all our boasted skill, avail—Yet, O fair! for thee—' Thus the sage ran on, and owned the passion which he pities, as well as that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured: after which he

concluded—  
 'All I can advise,  
 'riage: charms and beauty  
 'new life and vigour, and  
 'course of nature to it's better;  
 This is the new way; and thus  
 Iapetus has left his beloved power  
 writes a recipe for a wife at six  
 short, my friend followed the  
 tion, and married youth and  
 it's perfect bloom.

Supine in Silvia's snowy arms he lay  
 And all the busy cares of life decay  
 Each happy hour is fill'd with rest  
 While peace the day, and pleasure  
 the night.

#### FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,

TRAGICAL passion was the  
 of the discourse where I last vi-  
 evening: and a gentleman who  
 that I am at present writing a  
 tragedy, directed his discourse  
 ticular manner to me. 'It is  
 'mon fault,' said he, 'of you  
 'men who write in the buskin  
 'you give us rather the senti-  
 'such who behold tragical eve-  
 'of such who bear a part in the  
 'selves. I would advise all  
 'tend this way, to read Sh-  
 'with care; and they will so-  
 'tered from putting forth what  
 'ally called Tragedy. The  
 'common writers in this kind  
 'the description than the experi-  
 'sorrow. There is no medium  
 'attempts; and you must go to  
 'bottom of the heart, or it is  
 'language; and the writer of it  
 'is no more a poet, than a  
 'physician for knowing the  
 'distempers, without the cause.  
 'Men of sense are professed en-  
 'all such empty labours: for  
 'pretends to be sorrowful, as  
 'is a wretch yet more contemp-  
 'he who pretends to be merry  
 'not. Such a tragedian is only  
 'drunk.' The gentleman was  
 much warmth; but all he could  
 little effect upon me; but when  
 hither, I so far observed his  
 that I looked into Shakespeare's  
 tragedy I dipped into was the  
 Fourth. In the scene where I  
 preparing to tell Northumberland  
 son's death, the old man does  
 him time to speak, but says—

The whiteness of thy cheeks  
 has thy tongue to tell thy errand;  
 he a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
 is dead in look, so woe-be-gone,  
 am'st curtain at the dead of night,  
 I have told him half his Troy was  
 lost;  
 he found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
 Piercy's death, ere thou report'st it.

Image in this place is wonder-  
 ble and great; yet this man in  
 is but rising towards his great  
 , and is still enough himself, as  
 to make a simile. But when  
 ain of his son's death, he is lost  
 sience, and gives up all the re-  
 this life; and since the last of  
 allen upon him, he calls for it  
 the world.

Now let not Nature's hand  
 wild flood confin'd; let order die,  
 the world no longer be a stage,  
 invention in a lingering act;  
 the spirit of the first-born Cain  
 all bosoms, that each heart being set

On bloody courses, the wide scene may end,  
 And darkness be the burier of the dead.

Reading but this one scene has con-  
 vinced me, that he who describes the  
 concern of great men must have a soul  
 as noble and as susceptible of high  
 thoughts as they whom he represents: I  
 shall therefore lay by my drama for  
 some time, and turn my thoughts to  
 cares and griefs, somewhat below that  
 of heroes, but no less moving. A mis-  
 fortune, proper for me to take notice  
 of, has too lately happened: the discon-  
 solate Maria has three days kept her  
 chamber for the loss of the beautiful  
 Fidelia, her lap-dog. Læstia herself  
 did not shed more tears for her sparrow.  
 What makes her the more concerned, is,  
 that we know not whether Fidelia was  
 killed or stolen; but she was seen in the  
 parlour-window when the train-bands  
 went by, and never since. Whoever  
 gives notice of her, dead or alive, shall  
 be rewarded with a kiss of her lady.

NO XLVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1709.

—VIRTUTEM VERBA PUTANT, UT  
 LUCUM LIGNA—

HOR. EP. 6. L. 1. V. 31.

THEY LOOK ON VIRTUE AS AN EMPTY NAME.

OWN APARTMENT, JULY 29.

3 day I oblig'd Pacolet to en-  
 join me with matters which re-  
 fers of his own character and  
 n. We chose to take our walk  
 r Hill; and as we were com-  
 thence in order to stroll as far  
 way's, I observ'd two men,  
 but just landed, coming from  
 side. I thought there was  
 uncommon in their mien and  
 though they seem'd by their  
 be related, yet was there a  
 their manner, as if they dif-  
 much in their sentiments of  
 on which they were talking.  
 seem'd to have a natural  
 , mix'd with an ingenuous  
 in his gesture, his dress very  
 very graceful and becoming;  
 in the midst of an overbear-  
 ing, nettay'd, by frequent  
 and him, a suspicion that he  
 enough regard'd by those he

met, or that he feared they would make  
 some attack upon him. This person  
 was much taller than his companion,  
 and added to that height the advantage  
 of a feather in his hat, and heels to his  
 shoes so monstrously high, that he had  
 three or four times fallen down, had he  
 not been supported by his friend. They  
 made a full stop as they came within a  
 few yards of the place where we stood.  
 The plain gentleman bow'd to Pacolet;  
 the other look'd upon him with some  
 displeasure: upon which I ask'd him, who  
 they both were; when he thus inform'd  
 me of their persons and circumstances.

' You may remember, Isaac, that I  
 have often told you, there are beings  
 of a superior rank to mankind; who  
 frequently visit the habitations of men,  
 in order to call them from some wrong  
 pursuits in which they are actually  
 engaged, or divert them from methods  
 which will lead them into errors for  
 the future. He that will carefully  
 reflect upon the occurrences of his life,  
 will

will find he has been sometimes extricated out of difficulties, and received favours, where he could never have expected such benefits; as well as met with cross events, from some unseen hand, which has disappointed his best-laid designs. Such accidents arise from the interventions of aerial beings, as they are benignant or hurtful to the nature of man, and attend his steps in the tracks of ambition, of business, and of pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your evening-walks, and have often, by throwing some accident in your way, as the passing by of a funeral, or the appearance of some other solemn object, given your imagination a new turn, and changed a night you have destined to mirth and jollity, into an exercise of study and contemplation. I was the old soldier who met you last summer in Chelsea fields, and pretended that I had broken my wooden leg, and could not get home; but I snapped it short off, on purpose that you might fall into the reflections you did on that subject, and take me into your hack. If you remember, you made yourself very merry on that fracture, and asked me whether I thought I should next winter feel cold in the toes of that leg; as is usually observed, that those who lose limbs are sensible of pains in the extreme parts, even after those limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the story of the battle of the Boyne prevented an assignation which would have led you into more disasters than I then related.

To be short: those two persons you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real men, but are mere shades and figures; one is named Alethes, the other Verisimilis. Their office is to be the guardians and representatives of Conscience and Honour. They are now going to visit the several parts of the town, to see how their interests in the world decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the many false imputations they daily meet with in the commerce and conversation of men. You observed Verisimilis frowned when he first saw me. What he is provoked at is, that I told him one day, though he strutted and drilled with so much

ostentation, if he kept himself within his own bounds, he was but a laced and wore only that gentleman's livery whom he is now with. This brought him to the heart; for you must know he has pretended a long time to be for himself, and gets among a crowd of the more unthinking part of the kind, who take him for a perfect the first quality; though his intrusion into the world was wholly owing to his present companion.

This encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was resolved to dog and desired Pacolet to accompany me. I soon perceived what he told me of the persons; for when they looked at each other in discourse, the well-dressed man suddenly cast down his eyes, and discovered that the other had a painful superiority over him. In some further discourse, they took leave. The plain gentleman went down towards Thames Street, in order to be present, at least, at the oath to the Custom House; and the other directly for the heart of the city. Incredible how great a change the plain man immediately appeared in the man of honour when he got rid of his unequal companion: he adjusted the cock of his sword, settled his sword-knot, and an appearance that attracted an inclination for him and his interest all who beheld him. For my part, I said to Pacolet, 'I cannot but think you are mistaken in calling this of the lower quality; for he is much more like a gentleman than the other. Do not you observe how he is upon him as he advances? each sex gazes at his stature, his address, and motion?' Pacolet smiled, and shook his head; as me to be convinced by my own observation. We kept on our way until we came to Exchange, where the plain gentleman again met the other; and they stood together after the manner of eminent persons, as if ready to receive company; but I could observe none to either of them. The one walked as a fop; and I heard many persons against the other, as a sort of fellow, and a great tradesman. They crossed Cornhill, and came into the full Exchange; the one bowed, and gave themselves

so fine a man as Verisimily said, had great interest courts; and the other was by several, as one they had long before. One more id, he had formerly been consideration in the world; lucky, that they who dealt some strange infatuation a way of cutting off their were prodigiously slow in ir stock. But as much as to observe the reception in met with upon the Exchange and being inter- that came up towards us, y body made their compliments of the common height, fs there seemed to be great no way particular, except exact and feat manner of circumspection. He was areful that his shoes and he without the least speck and seemed to think, that ident depended his very ure. There was hardly Exchange who had not a n; and each seemed very hat their money lay in his t demanding payment. I what great merchant that : so universally addressed so familiar an appearance that extraordinary desert answered—'This person or genius of Crete is Umbra. If you allows Alethes and Verisimilance; and indeed has no or the figure he makes in ut that he is thought to sh; though, at the same who trust him would trust r a groat.' As the combat, the three spectres into one place. When they thought there was an al- them, they immediately em the business of the re. But their affairs soon ch an unwieldy bulk, ok his leave, and said he age further than he had and to answer. Verisimilis though he had revenues o go on his own bottom, w one of his family to trade in his own name; retired. I was extreme-

ly troubled to see the glorious mart of London left with no other guardian but him of Credit. But Pacolet told me, that traders had nothing to do with the Honour and Conscience of their correspondents, provided they supported a general behaviour in the world, which could not hurt their credit or their purses: 'For,' said he, 'you may, in this one tract of building of London and Westminster, see the imaginary motives on which the greatest affairs move, as well as in rambling over the face of the earth. For though Alethes is the real governor, as well as legislator of mankind, he has very little business but to make up quarrels; and is only a general referee, to whom every man pretends to appeal, but is satisfied with his determinations no further than they promote his own interest. Hence it is, that the soldier and the courtier model their actions according to Verisimilis's manner, and the merchant according to that of Umbra. Among these men, Honour and Credit are not valuable possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a principle of justice; but merely as they are serviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity, until men are firmly convinced, that Conscience, Honour, and Credit, are all in one interest; and that without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others. The force these delusive words have is not seen in the transactions of the busy world only, but also have their tyranny over the fair-sex. Were you to ask the unhappy *Lais*, what pangs of reflection preferring the consideration of her Honour to her Conscience has given her, she could tell you that it has forced her to drink up half a gallon this winter of *Tom Dastapas's* potions; that she still pines away for fear of being a mother; and knows not but, the moment she is such, she shall be a murderer: but if Conscience had as strong a force upon the mind as Honour, the first step to her unhappy condition had never been made; she had still been innocent, as she is beautiful. Were men so enlightened and studious of their own good, as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, Con-

‘ Science would be the steady ruler of  
 ‘ human life; and the words, Truth,  
 ‘ Law, Reason, Equity, and Religion,  
 ‘ would be but synonymous terms for  
 ‘ that only Guide which makes  
 ‘ our days in our own favour  
 ‘ probation.’

Nº XLIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1709

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI FARPAGO LIBELLI.

JUV. SAT. I. V. 8

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—

BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 4.

THE imposition of honest names and words upon improper subjects, has made so regular a confusion amongst us, that we are apt to sit down with our errors, well enough satisfied with the methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none have suffered so much in this kind, as Love; under which revered name a brutal desire called Lust is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon. Philander, the other day, was bewailing this misfortune with much indignation, and upbraided me for having some time since quoted those excellent lines of the satirist:

To an exact perfection they have brought  
 The action love, the passion is forgot.

‘ How could you,’ said he, ‘ leave such a hint to coquetry? How could Aspasia and Semphronia enter into your imagination at the same time, and you never declare to us the different reception you give them?’

The figures which the ancient mythologists and poets put upon Love and Lust in their writings, are very instructive. Love is a beautiful blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without design or direction; to intimate to us, that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you

put upon it, as it is that it defer benevolence. On the other side, Lust in the form of a shape, part human, part bestial, signify that the followers of it, the reason of a man to pursue the titles of a beast. This satyr is haunt the paths and covert woods, nymphs and shepherdesses on the banks of rivulets, and whispering streams, as the regions of virgins; to shew that lawless desire chiefly to prey upon innocence, something so unnatural in it hates it's own make, and shun itself it loved, as soon as it has like itself. Love therefore is that complains and bewails it's to help itself, and weeps for a without an immediate reflection ledge of the food it wants: watchful thief, which seizes and lays snares for it's own ruin it's principal object being innocent never robs, but it murders at time.

From this idea of a Cupid satyr, we may settle our notion different desires, and according their followers. Aspasia must be allowed to be the first of the order of Love, who is a freedom, and conscious innocent her the attendance of the Grace actions. That awful distance bear towards her in all our thoughts, and that cheerful familiarity which we approach her, are instances of her being the truest love of any of her sex. In the plished lady, love is the constant because it is never the desist though her mien carries more invitation than command, to be an immediate check to loose and to love her is a liberal

g the nature of all love to creation of the beloved person in a regard for Aspasia natural decency of manners, and lust of life, in her admirers. the giggling Leucippe could train of fops assembled, and note by them, she would be at the veneration with which held, even by Leucippe's own equipage, whose passions have leave of their understandings, rity is esteemed a conjunction of quantities necessary to a virtu-

so love is the happy composition of the accomplishments that ine gentleman. The motive s life is seen in all his actions; as have the beauteous Boy for art, have a simplicity of behind a certain evenness of desire, rns like the lamp of life in their while they who are intiguated ity, are ever tortured by 'ea- the object of their wishes; e what they scorn, and as often y and knowingly embrace y are mutually indifferent.

that generous husband, and um, the kind keeper, are noted of the different effects which esproduce in the mind. Anan- s the wife of Florio, lives in the enjoyment of new instances of nd's friendship, and sees it the lish ambition to make her life s of pleasure and satisfaction; and's relish of the goods of life makes them pleasing to Florio: ve themselves to each other, stent, with a certain apparent nee, which transports above rpi- i they think of each other in ab- h a confidence unknown to the friendship. Their satisfactions ied, their sorrows lessened, by ason.

e other hand, Corinna, who is es of Limberham, lives in com- ment: her equipage is an old who was what Corinna is now; antiquated footman, who was

Limberham's father; and a maid, who is Limberham's ; sits, out of a principle of poli- take her jealous and watchful na. Under this guard, and in ervation, Corinna lives in state: are of her habitation, and her

own gorgeous dress, make her the envy of all the strolling ladies in the town; but Corinna knows she herself is but part of Limberham's household-stuff, and is as capable of being disposed of elsewhere, as any other moveable. But while her keeper is persuaded by his spies, that no enemy has been within his doors since his last visit, no Persian prince was ever so magnificently bountiful: a kind look or falling tear is worth a piece of brocade; a sigh is a jewel; and a smile is a cupboard of plate. All this is shared between Corinna and her guard in his absence. With this great economy and industry does the unhappy Limberham purchase the constant tortures of jealousy, the favour of spending his estate, and the opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and despised. These are the ordinary and common evils which attend keepers; and Corinna is a wench but of common size of wickedness, were you to know what passes under the roof where fair Messalina reigns with her humble adorer.

Messalina is the professed mistress of mankind; she has left the bed of her husband and beauteous offspring to give a loose to want of shame and fullness of desire. Wretched Nocturnus, her feeble keeper! how the poor creature fribbles in his gait, and skuttles from place to place to dispatch his necessary affairs in painful day light, that he may return to the constant twilight preserved in that scene of wantonness, Messalina's bed-chamber! How does he, while he is absent from thence, consider in his imagination the breadth of his porter's shoulders, the spruce night-cap of his valet, the ready attendance of his butler! any of all whom he knows he admires, and professes to approve of. This, alas! is the gallantry, this the freedom of our fine gentlemen; for this they preserve their liberty, and keep clear of the hugbear, marriage. But he does not understand either vice or virtue, who will not allow, that life without the rules of morality is a wayward uneasy being, with snatches only of pleasure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reasonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. I have seen, in a play of old Haywood's, a speech at the end of an act, which touched this point with much spirit. He makes a married man in the play, upon some endearing occasion, look at his spouse



spouse with an air of fondness, and fall into the following reflection on his condition.

Oh, marriage! happiest, easiest, safest state;  
Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rites,  
Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts,  
profane

Both thee and Heaven, by whom thou wert  
ordain'd.

How can the savage call it his of freedom,  
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at

A faithful, beauteous friend?

Blush not, my fair-one, that I  
placed thee,

Nor be it painful to my wedded w  
That my full heart o'erflows in pr  
Thou art by law, by interest, pass  
Passion and reason join in love o  
Thus, through a world of calumny  
We pass both unrepurch'd. both  
While in each other's interest an  
We without art all faculties emj  
And all our senses without guilt

## Nº L. THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1709

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG 2.

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE  
FAIR. CHAP. I.

**W**HATEVER malicious men may say of our lucubrations, we have no design but to produce unknown merit, or place in a proper light the actions of our contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For we shall never give accounts to the world of any thing but what the lives and endeavours of the persons of whom we treat make the basis of their fame and reputation. For this reason, it is to be hoped that our appearance is reputed a public benefit; and though certain persons may turn what we mean for panegyric into scandal, let it be answered, once for all, that if our praises are really designed as railery, such malevolent persons owe their safety from it only to their being too inconsiderable for history. It is not every man who deals in rats-bane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn story like *Æsculapius*; nor every stock-jobber of the India Company can assume the port, and personate the figure, of *Aurengzebe*. My noble ancestor, Mr. Shakespeare, who was of the race of the Staffs, was not more fond of the memorable Sir John Falstaff, than I am of those worthies; but the Latins have an admirable admonition expressed in three words, to wit, *Ne quid nimis*, which forbids my indulging myself on those delightful subjects, and calls me to do justice to others, who make no less figures in our generation: of such, the first and most renowned is, that eminent hero and lover, Orlando the Handsome, whose disappointments in love, in gal-

lantry, and in war, have been from public view, and most voluntarily enter into a conflict which the ungrateful age we live in have forced him. Ten more are wholly passed since first appeared in the metropolis island: his descent is noble, morous, his person charming; none of these recommendatages was his title to undoubt of his beauty. His complexion but his countenance mainly; of the tallest, his shape the and though in all his limbs he portion as delicate as we see i of the most skilful statuaries had a strength and firmness prior to the marble of which t are formed. This made C universal flame of all the fair cent virgins sighed for him, experienced widows, as Herc did this figure walk along and ornament of our spec course the envy of all who h passions, without his superic pretences to the favour of th ing creature, Woman. H generous Orlando believed hied for the world, and not t sed by any particular affi sished not for Delia, for t Chloë, for Betty, nor my for the ready chambermaid, baroness: Woman was his r the whole sex his seraglio. was always irresistible: an sider, that not one of five h bear the least favour from out being exalted above him we must allow, that a smile box has made Jack Spruce

think it wonderful that Or-  
 eated conquests touched his  
 certainly did, and Orlando  
 enthusiast in love; and in all  
 contracted something out of  
 ry course of breeding and ci-  
 lowever, powerful as he was,  
 still add to the advantages of  
 , that of a profession which  
 always favour, and immedi-  
 nanced Soldier. Thus equip-  
 are and honour, our hero seeks  
 mes and adventures, and leaves  
 iring nymphs of Great Britain  
 uthships of beaux and wiflings  
 return. His exploits in fu-  
 lions and courts have not been  
 enough communicated unto  
 part them with that veracity  
 e profess in our narrations: but  
 ny feats of arms, (which those  
 e witnesses to them have sup-  
 out of envy, but which we have  
 hfully related from his own  
 n our public streets) Orlando  
 home full, but not loaded, with  
 Beaus born in his absence made  
 dulness to deride his furniture,  
 , his manner; but all such rivalry  
 esed, as the philosopher did the  
 who argued there was no such  
 motion, by only moving. The  
 us Villaria, who only was formi-  
 is paramour, became the object  
 ffection. His first speech to her  
 follows:

124,

not only that Nature has made us  
 the most accomplished of each  
 d pointed to us to obey her dis-  
 becoming one; but that there is  
 ambition in following the mighty  
 you have favoured. When kings  
 ces, as great as Alexander, or  
 could personate Alexander, have  
 permit your general to lay his

ording to Milton,

r with conscious majesty approv'd  
 Med reason. —————

me having now supplied Orlando  
 essaries for his high taste of gal-  
 and pleasure, his equipage and  
 my had something in them more  
 our and gallant than could be re-  
 in our degenerate age; therefore  
 we, though highly graceful, ap-

peared so exotic, that it assembled all  
 the Britons under the age of sixteen,  
 who saw his grandeur, to follow his  
 chariot with shouts and acclamations;  
 which he regarded with the contempt  
 which great minds affect in the midst of  
 applauses. I remember, I had the ho-  
 nour to see him one day stop, and call  
 the youths about him, to whom he spake  
 as follows:

‘ Good bastards—Go to school, and  
 do not lose your time in following my  
 wheels: I am loth to hurt you, be-  
 cause I know not but you are all my  
 own offspring.—Hark ye, you sirrah,  
 with the white hair, I am sure you  
 are mine: there is half a crown. Tell  
 your mother, this, with the half crown  
 I gave her when I got you, comes to  
 five shillings. Thou hast cost me all  
 that, and yet thou art good for ~~not~~  
 thing.—Why, you young dogs, did  
 you never see a man before?’—‘Never  
 such a one as you, noble General,’  
 replied a truant from Westminster.  
 ‘ Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown  
 for thee.—Drive on, coachman.’

This vehicle, though sacred to Love,  
 was not adorned with Doves: such an  
 hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a  
 passion. Orlando therefore gave the  
 Eagle, as being of a constitution which  
 inclined him rather to seize his prey  
 with talons, than pine for it with mur-  
 murs.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 2.

I HAVE received the following letter  
 from Mr. Powel of the Bath, who, I  
 think, runs from the point between us,  
 which I leave the whole world to judge.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

HAVING a great deal of more ad-  
 vantageous business at present on  
 my hands, I thought to have deferred  
 answering your Tatler of the twenty-  
 first instant until the company was gone,  
 and season over; but having resolved  
 not to regard any impertinences of your  
 paper, except what relate particularly to  
 me, I am the more easily induced to an-  
 swer you, as I shall find time to do it.  
 First, partly lest you should think your-  
 self neglected, which I have reason to  
 believe you would take heinously ill.  
 Secondly, partly because it will increase  
 my

my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the quality shall see with how much wit and raillery I shew you—I do not care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being without books, if I do not shew much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain; and fully comprehend whatever any German artist in the world can do: yet cannot I imagine, why you should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty, which though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues, which you are pleased to miscall foolish and abusive. No, no, until you give a better, I shall not forbear thinking, that the true reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, because it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your assumed victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac, I can see into a mill-stone as far as another, as the saying is; you are for sowing the seeds of sedition and disobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the good old cause would make you persuade Punch to pull the strings from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he should harangue. Now I appeal to all men, if this be not contrary to that unaccountable and uncontrollable dominion which by the laws of Nature I exercise over them; for all sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and benefit of man. I have therefore an unquestionable right to frame, fashion, and put them together, as I please; and having made them what they are, my Puppets are my property, and therefore my slaves: nor is there in nature any thing more just than the homage which is paid by a less to a more excellent being; so that by the right, therefore, of a superior genius, I am their supreme Moderator, although you would insinuate, agreeably to your levelling principles, that I am myself but a great Puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose, I have now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right to keep a puppet-show; and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

And therefore, if you write of yourself against this my self I admonish you to keep within for every day will not be so good to you as the twenty-ninth and perhaps my resentment may be better of my generosity, and I no longer scorn to fight one who is equal, with unequal weapons: such things as *Scandalums Mag* therefore take heed hereafter write such things as I cannot answer, for that will put me in a fever.

I order you to handle only two propositions, to which our dispute be reduced: The first, whether I have not an absolute power, whenever to light a pipe with one of Punch or warm my fingers with his wattle? The second, whether I would not be in Punch, should word or deed oppose my sovereign and pleasure? And then perhaps if I can find leisure for it, give trouble of a second letter.

But if you intend to tell me original of puppet-shows, and real changes and revolutions that happened in them since Theophrastus do not care who, that is *Noli Curare*; I have solemnly engaged nothing of what I cannot apprehend if you talk of certain contracts of mayor and burghesses, or fees to the stables, for the privilege of a sign: I will not write one single word about such matters; but shall leave you to be abused by the learned and very ignorant author of a late book, who knew well what is to be said and done in such cases. He is now shuffling this and dealing to Timothy: but if the game, I will send him to back-gammon with you; and will satisfy you, that duce-accus-five.

And so, submitting myself to my country, and allowing a choice of twelve good men, and true that country; not excepting any Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, to be of counsel, for you are neither good nor true, I bid you heartily farewell; and am your loving friend,

P.

BATH, JULY 28.

TO

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, ESQ.

SIR,

**W**HEN I send you this volume, I am rather to make you a request than a Dedication. I must desire, that if you think fit to throw away any moments on it, you would not do it after reading those excellent pieces with which you are usually conversant. The images which you will meet with here will be very faint, after the perusal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I must confess I am obliged to you for the taste of many of their excellencies, which I had not observed until you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are some things in these papers which I know you pardon; and it is no small pleasure to have one's labours suffered by the judgment of a man, who so well understands the true charms of eloquence and poesy. But I direct this address to you, not that I think I can entertain you with my writings, but to thank you for the new delight I have, from your conversation, in those of other men.

May you enjoy a long continuance of the true relish of the happiness Heaven has bestowed upon you! I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, than to wish that you may be always what you are; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger fortune than you want.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



1. [Illegible text]

2. [Illegible text]

3. [Illegible text]

4. [Illegible text]

5. [Illegible text]

6. [Illegible text]

7. [Illegible text]

8. [Illegible text]

9. [Illegible text]

THE

# A T L E R.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Nº LI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.

JUV. SAT. I. V. 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—  
BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

ST. CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 5.

HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE  
FAIR. CHAP. II.

RTUNE being now propitious to the gay Orlando, he dressed, he moved, as a man might be supposed to do in a nation of pygmies, and equal value for our approbation or . It is usual for those who profess contempt of the world, to fly from it, to obscurity; but Orlando, with great magnanimity, contemned it, appeared in it to tell them so. If his exalted mien met with an equal reception, he was sure also to double the cause which gave taste. You see our beauties attending with negligence in the ornament of hair, and adjusting their head-dresses, as conscious that they adorn rather than they wear. Orlando had not his humour in common with others, but also had a neglect whether it became him or not, in a world so unkind. For this reason, a notoriety appeared in all his reversion, furniture, and equipage. And since the present little race, how all their measures were to an ill effect, as he called himself, in the midst of the insects which now appeared on him, he sometimes rode in an open chariot, of less size than ordinary, to the largeness of his limbs, and the greatness of his personage, to the greater taste; at other seasons, all his ap-

pointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio of old, which shewed itself in doing ordinary things with an air of pomp and grandeur. Orlando therefore called for tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet to horse; and water was brought for his teeth, when the sound was changed to boots and saddle.

In all these glorious excesses from the common practice, did the happy Orlando live and reign in an uninterrupted tranquillity, until an unlucky accident brought to his remembrance, that one evening he was married before he courted the nuptials of Villaria. Several fatal memorandums were produced to revive the memory of this accident, and the unhappy lover was for ever banished her presence, to whom he owed the support of his just renown and gallantry. But distress does not debase noble minds; it only changes the scene, and gives them new glory by that alteration. Orlando therefore now raves in a garret, and calls to his neighbours to pity his dolours, and to find redress for an unhappy lover. All high spirits, in any great agitation of mind, are inclined to relieve themselves by poetry: the renowned porter of Oliver had not more volumes around his cell in the college of Bedlam, than Orlando in his present apartment. And though inserting poetry in the midst of prose he thought a licence among correct writers

not to be indulged, it is hoped the necessity of doing it, to give a just idea of the hero of whom we treat, will plead for a liberty we shall hereafter take, to print Orlando's soliloquies in verse and prose, after the manner of great wits, and such as those to whom they are near allied.

## WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 5.

A GOOD company of us were this day to see, or rather to hear, an artful person do several feats of activity with his throat and windpipe. The first thing wherewith he presented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a most miraculous manner; after that, he gave us all the different notes of a pack of hounds, to our great delight and astonishment. The company expressed their applause with much noise; and never was heard such a harmony of men and dogs: but a certain plump merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a crowing like a cock so ingeniously, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an instant. As soon as I saw him, I recollected I had seen him on the stage, and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour, the comical actor. He immediately addressed himself to me, and told me, he was surprised to see a virtuoso take satisfaction in any representations below that of human life; and asked me, whether I thought this acting bells and dogs was to be considered under the notion of Wit, Humour, or Satire? 'Were it not better,' continued he, 'to have some particular picture of man laid before your eyes, that might incite your laughter?' He had no sooner spoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural shape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had used before; upon which, all that sat near us laughed; but I saw no distortion in his countenance, or any thing that appeared to me disagreeable. I asked Paolet, what meant that sudden whisper about us, for I could not take the jest. He answered—'The gentleman you were talking to assumed your air and countenance so exactly, that all fell a laughing to see how little you knew yourself, and how much you were enamoured with your own image. But that person,' continued my mentor, 'if men would make the

'right use of him, might be as  
'mental to their reformation as  
'gesture, language, and speech  
'dancing-master, linguist, or  
'You see he laid yourself bet  
'with so much address, that  
'nothing particular in his be  
'he has so happy a knack of re  
'ing errors and imperfections,  
'can hear your faults in him as  
'in yourself: he is the first mi  
'ever gave the beauties, as well  
'deformities of the man he acted  
'Mr. Dryden said of a very gr  
'may be well applied to him:

—He seems to  
Not one, but all mankind's epitom

'You are to know, that this  
'mime may be said to be a species  
'self: he has no commerce with  
'of mankind, but as they are  
'jects of imitation; like the  
'fowl, called the Mock-bird,  
'no note of his own, but hi  
'found in the wood as soon as  
'it; so that Mirrour is at once  
'and an original. Poor Mirrou  
'as well as talent, is like that of  
'we just now spoke of; the night  
'the linnet, the lark, are delight  
'his company; but the buzz  
'crow, and the owl, are ob  
'he his mortal enemies. W  
'Sophronius meets Mirrour, he  
'him with civility and respect,  
'knows a good copy of him  
'he no injury to him; but Bathil  
'the street where he expects  
'him; for he that knows his e  
'and look is constrained and  
'must be afraid to be rivalled  
'action, and of having it discov  
'be unnatural, by it's being  
'by another as well as himself.

## FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,

LETTERS from Coventry to places have been sent to me, in to what I said in relation to my gossip Mr. Powell; and advise warm language, to keep to sobriety proper for me than such high But the writers of these epistles the use and service I propose to learned world by such observation you are to understand, that this paper gives me a right o

asserting in it, all such  
ok or letter which are  
urpose intended, or pro-  
writers: so that suppose  
should argue, and treat  
warmth and levity, un-  
subject or character, all  
fit for that place is very  
letted here. Therefore  
ue, in all writings which  
be published, you shall  
extracts of all that shall  
the purpose; and for the  
entle reader, I will shew  
er unread, and what to  
is end I have a mathe-  
paring, in which I will  
and paragraph; and all  
ugh I shall make bold  
in use. The same thing  
ficial in speech; for all  
reflections in talk full to me  
a plender at the bar de-  
terminely impertinent and  
elicious—‘Under favour  
—With submission, my  
bly offer—and ‘I think  
considered this matter;  
be very far from trifling  
relationship’s time, or tri-  
our patience—However,  
entire to say—and so  
, when a sufficient self-  
mb is bringing out some-  
rn praise, and begins—  
ty, I must take this upon

There is also a trick  
see here, that will great-  
ly facet my volume, as it  
is going to abate her  
Pray,’ says she, ‘have  
at it bid of Mrs. Such-  
heartily forty to hear any

‘thing of that kind of one I have so  
‘great a value for: but they make no  
‘scruple of telling it; and it was not  
‘spoken of to me as a secret, for now  
‘the town rings of it.’ All such flowers  
in rhetoric, and little refuges for ma-  
lice, are to be noted, and naturally be-  
long only to Tatlers. By this method  
you will immediately find folios con-  
tract themselves into octavos, and the  
labour of a fortnight got over in half a  
day.

## ST. JAMES’S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 6.

LAST night arrived a mail from Lis-  
bon, which gives a very pleasing account  
of the posture of affairs in that part of  
the world, the enemy having been ne-  
cessitated wholly to abandon the blockade  
of Olivença. These advices say, that  
Sir John Jennings is arrived at Lisbon.  
When that gentleman left Barcelona,  
his Catholic Majesty was taking all pos-  
sible methods for carrying on an offen-  
sive war. It is observed with great sa-  
tisfaction in the court of Spain, that  
there is a very good intelligence between  
the general officers; Count Staremberg  
and Mr. Stanhope acting in all things  
with such unanimity, that the public  
affairs receive great advantages from  
their personal friendship and esteem to  
each other, and mutual assistance in  
promoting the service of the common  
cause.

This is to give notice, that if any able-  
bodied Palatine will enter into bonds of  
matrimony with Betty Pepin, the said  
Palatine shall be settled in a freehold of  
forty shillings per annum in the county  
of Middlesex.

## LII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1709.

## OLATE HEWY, AUG. 7.

## RESIGNS HER FAN.

I the crowd of the gay  
flood in suspension, so to  
in passion to the beau-  
; but all their hopes are  
by the declaration that  
for choice, to take the  
d for her companion for  
making this known, the  
it powder and Jessamine  
abated; and the mer-

cere and milliners complain of her want  
of public spirit, in not concealing longer  
a secret which was so much the benefit  
of trade. But so it happened; and no  
one was in confidence with her in car-  
rying on this treaty, but the matchless  
Virginia, whose despair of ever entering  
the matrimonial state made her, some  
nights before Delamira’s resolution was  
published to the world, address herself  
to her in the following manner:

‘Delamira! you are now going into  
‘that state of life, wherein the use of  
‘your



your charms is wholly to be applied to the pleasing only one man. That swimming air of your body, that janty bearing of your head over one shoulder, and that inexpressible beauty in your manner of playing your fan, must be lowered into a more confined behaviour; to shew that you would rather shun than receive addresses for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me those excellencies you leave off, and acquaint me with your manner of charming: for I take the liberty of our friendship to say, that when I consider my own stature, motion, complexion, wit, or breeding, I cannot think myself any way your inferior; yet do I go through crowds without wounding a man, and ail my acquaintance marry round me, while I live a virgin unasked, and, I think, unregarded.

Delamira heard her with great attention, and, with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that all she had above the rest of her sex and contemporary beauties was wholly owing to a fan, (that was left her by her mother, and had been long in the family) which whoever had in possession, and used with skill, should command the hearts of all her beholders: 'And since,' said she, smiling, 'I have no more to do with extending my conquests or triumphs, I will make you a present of this inestimable rarity.' Virgulta made her expressions of the highest gratitude for so uncommon a confidence in her, and desired she would shew her what was peculiar in the management of that utensil, which rendered it of such general force while she was mistress of it. Delamira replied:—'You see, Madam, Cupid is the principal figure painted on it; and the skill in playing this fan is, in your several motions of it, to let him appear as little as possible; for honourable lovers fly all endeavours to ensnare them; and your Cupid must hide his bow and arrow, or he will never be sure of his game. You may observe,' continued she, 'that in all public assemblies, the sexes seem to separate themselves, and draw up to attack each other with eye-shot: that is the time when the fan, which is all the armour of a woman, is of most use in our defence; for our minds are disturbed by the waving of that little instrument, and our thoughts appear in

composure or agitation according to the motion of it. You may observe, when Will Peregrine comes into the side-box, Miss Gatty flutters her fan as a fly does it's wings round a candle; while her elder sister, who is as much in love with him as she is, is as grave as a vestal at his entrance, and the consequence is accordingly. He watches half the play for a glance from her sister, while Gatty is overlooked and neglected. I wish you heartily as much success in the management of it as I have had; if you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a short account of the execution I have made with it.

Cimon, who is the dullest of mortals, and though a wonderful great scholar, does not only pause, but seems to take a nap with his eyes open between every other sentence in his discourse: him have I made a leader in assemblies; and one blow on the shoulder as I passed by him has raised him to a downright impertinent in all conversations. The airy Will Sampster is become as lethargic by this my wand, as Cimon is sprightly. Take it, good girl, and use it without mercy; for the reign of beauty never lasted full three years, but it ended in marriage, or condemnation to virginity. As you fear therefore the one, and hope for the other, I expect an hourly journal of your triumphs; for I have it by certain tradition, that it was given to the first who wore it, by an enchantress, with this remarkable power, that it bestows a husband in half a year on her who does not overlook her proper minute; but assigns to a long despair the woman who is well offered, and neglects that proposal. May occasion attend your charms, and your charms slip no occasion. Give me, I say, an account of the progress of your forces at our next meeting; and you shall hear what I think of my new condition. I shall meet my future spouse this moment. Farewel. Live in just terror of the dreadful words—"She was."

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 8.

I HAD the honour this evening to visit some ladies, where the subject of the conversation was Modesty; which they commended as a quality quite as becoming

coming in men as in women. I took the liberty to say, it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in their's, yet it could not be said it was as successful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, so it was the greatest obstacle to us both in love and business. A gentleman present was of my mind, and said, that we must describe the difference between the modesty of women and that of men, or we should be confounded in our reasonings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with respect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is to be careful in her economy, and chaste in her affections: the man's, to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his reputation for that end. Modesty therefore in a woman has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters upon; and in men, it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet man is always a modest one. It is to be noted, that modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says very justly, that modesty is to the other virtues in a man, what shade in a picture is to the parts of the thing represented; it makes all the other beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild heap of colours. This shade in our actions must therefore be very justly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, instead of shewing them to advantage.

Nestor, in Athens, was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did; yet, for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in those days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanic powers; which he brought to so great perfection, that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure; and they record of him, that he was so prodigiously exact, that, for the experiment's sake, he built an edifice of great beau-

ty, and seeming strength; but contrived it so as to bear only it's own weight, and not to admit the addition of the least particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by all the virtuosi of that time, but fell down with no other pressure but the settling of a wren upon the top of it. Yet Nestor's modesty was such, that his art and skill were soon disregarded, for want of that manner with which men of the world support and assert the merit of their own performances. Soon after this instance of his art, Athens was, by the treachery of it's enemies, burned to the ground. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal, and his person venerable: for all the new city rose according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that people were erected by that sole artist: nay, all their temples, as well as houses, were the effects of his study and labour; in-somuch that it was said by an old sage—'Sure, Nestor will now be famous; for the habitations of gods, as well as men, are built by his contrivance.' But this bashful quality still put a damp upon his great knowledge, which has as fatal an effect upon men's reputations as poverty; for as it was said—'the poor man saved the city, and the poor man's labour was forgot;' so here we find, the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.

Thus we see every man is the maker of his own fortune; and, what is very odd to consider, he must, in some measure, be the trumpet of his fame: not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves; but they are to be endued with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the rules and arts by which they govern themselves.

Varillus was the man, of all I have read, of the happiest in the true possession of this quality of modesty. My author says of him—Modesty in Varillus is really a virtue; for it is a voluntary quality, and the effect of good sense. He is naturally bold and enterprising; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing; but those who behold him, know he has performed much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the persons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable, and all his attempts successful; for, as

bad as the world is thought to be by those who are perhaps unkilld in it, want of success in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic modesty, which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be best seen in the success of such as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term Fellow. This word, added to any of our adjectives, extremely varies, or quite alters, the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus, though a modest man is the most unfortunate of all men, yet a modest fellow is as superlatively happy. A modest fellow is a ready creature, who with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places; and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himself fit

for any thing he can get, so nothing which is offered. If young bachelor of arts, & town recommended to a chap but none being vacant, modest that of a position.

We have very many confusions of this undertaking, turn. I have a grandson & happy in this quality. I sent time of the last peace into soon as he landed at Calais an exact account of the people, and the policies of France. I got him since member of a corporation: the nature, as soon as he came in mon council, told a senior was perfectly out of the arch house. In other circumstances thoroughly modest a fellow seems to pretend only to understand. He is a citizen or and in the city a courtier. to speak the characteristic; between a modest man and fellow; the modest man is in his actions; a modest fellow doubt from his cradle to his

## Nº LIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1709

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AT 6. 10.

### THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

**T**HE fate and character of the incessant Olmyn is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner, is the reason the town has just now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relief but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Olmyn with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related: for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured

until the death of her gaoler full fifteen years since the lady was given into the happy Olmyn, who, in the eye of the world, received at that time more valuable than the both the Indies. She was early bloom, with an under discretion very little inferior experienced matrons. She holden to the charms of her company was preferable myn could meet with abroad all she said considered, wit to her being a woman, it is the examination of the severe She had all the beauty of her with all the conversationments of our's. But Olmyn grew surfeited with the person by possession, and by want of taste; for he was loose sort of men, who have reason for setting any value fair-lex; who consider even

women, and consequently neglect them they cease to be such. All that of Elmira could not prevent coming a mere wife within few days after her nuptials; and Osmyn little relish for her conversation, complained of the advantages of *My spouse*, said he to one of his friends, 'is so very discreet, so so virtuous, and I know not that I think her person is rather better of esteem than of love; and is such a thing as a merit, which is rather distance than passion.' They being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take all gradations to become the most of all beings. They grew in the place very complaisant; and at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, appeared made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed mutual coldness. This lasted but a few months, when they shewed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, in a short time, a certain decay of affection, and perhaps was introduced in all discourse. 'I have a mind to go to Park,' says she; 'but perhaps, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion.' He would very willingly carry her to the Play; but perceived that he had rather go to Lady Cennet's play at ombre. They were persons of good discerning, and understood that they mortally hated each other by their manner of hiding it. It is, that there are some Geniuses not capable of pure affection; and man is born with talents for it, as for poetry or any other

He began too late to find the influence of his own heart; and used all the methods in the world to correct his passion for his wife, by the exhibition of her excellent qualities, and his obligations to her, and the hope he saw all the world except did put upon her. But such is the unhappy condition, that though the strength of the heart has a prevailing force against the weakness of the head, Osmyn, therefore, struggled in to revive departed desire; and for some time resolved to retire to one of

his estates in the country, and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country sports would be an amusement, he hoped also, that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira; who received it, as now she did all things, like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach for the convenience of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:

'My dear, I believe I look quite as silly, now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable, survivorship: desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?'

The lady answered, without the least observation on the extravagance of the speech—

'My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still; and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, this half year; and yet, neither in language or behaviour has it been visible

but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment, I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ; study broths, plaisters, and conferves, until from a fine lady I become a notable woman. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy or anger. Thus I am resolved to kill all keen passions by employing my mind on little subjects, and listening to the uneasiness of my spirits while you, my dear, with much ale, exercise, and ill company, are to goad as to endeavour to be as contemptible, as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you."

At Rutland they arrived, and lived with great, but secret, impatience, for many successive years, until Osmyrn thought of an happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows:

"My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene; the rivulets, the groves, and soil, so extremely kind to nature; that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town; so that there is no hope of a release in this place: but if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the Hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this county."

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her spouse in that place to reit with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town; and not thought guilty of an indecorum, in not protesting the sense, or bearing the habit of sorrow, for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life, and gave her only common civility, instead of complacency of manners, dignity of passion, and that constant assemblage of soft desires and affections which all feel who love, but none can express.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 10.

*Mr. Truman*, who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I

am about a tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. "Mr. Bickerstaff," said he, "I was reading last night your second act you were so kind to lend me: but I find you depend mightily upon the retinue of your hero to make him magnificent. You make guards, and ushers, and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before; and then enters your prince, and says, they cannot defend him from his love. Why, prithee, Isaac, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving monarch in a solitude; let him have no sense at all of his grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his passion. He must value himself as the greatest of lovers, not as the first of princes; and then let him say a more tender thing than ever man said before—For his feather and eagle's beak are nothing at all. The man is to be expressed by his sentiments and affections, and not by his fortune or equipage. You are also to take care, that at his first entrance he says something, which may give us an idea of what we are to expect in a person of his way of thinking. Shakespeare is your pattern. In the tragedy of *Cæsar* he introduces his hero in his night-gown. He had at that time all the power of Rome: deposed consuls, subordinating generals, and captive princes, might have preceded him; but his genius was above such mechanic methods of shewing greatness. Therefore, he rather presents that great soul debating upon the subject of life and death with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepossess his audience with empty shew and pomp. When those who attend talk of him the many omens which had appeared that day, he answers—

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

"When the hero has spoken this sentiment, there is nothing that is great which cannot be expected from one whose first position is the contempt of death to so great a degree, as to make

a thing wholly indifferent, and part of his care, but that of and Fate.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 10.

LETTERS from Brussels, of the fifteenth, N. S. say, that Major-avignan returned on the eighth, French King's answer to the capitulation from the citadel says; which is, that he does not to sign that capitulation, ex-Allies will grant a cessation of general, during the time in acts of hostility were to have between the citadel and the be-Soon after the receipt of this : cannon on each side began There are two attacks against el, commanded by General and General Schuylemberg, : both carried on with great and it is not doubted but the ll be in the hands of the Allies : last day of this month. Let-

ters from Ipres say, that on the ninth instant part of the garrison in that place had mutinied in two bodies, each consisting of two hundred; who being dispersed the same day, a body of eight hundred appeared in the market-place at nine the night following, and seized all manner of provisions, but were with much difficulty quieted. The governor has not punished any of the offenders, the dissatisfaction being universal in that place; and it is thought the officers command those disorders, that the ministry may be convinced of the necessity of paying those troops, and supplying them with provisions. These advices add, that on the fourteenth the Marquis d'Este passed express through Brussels from the Duke of Savoy, with advice that the army of his Royal Highness had forced the retrenchments of the enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of men which guarded those passes under the command of the Marquis de Thury.

NO. LIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1709.

THE CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 12.

#### GOVERNMENT OF AFFECTION.

THE labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that had the affections of his mind, in his person, the matter on was to feed, and all the animal able world about him. There is an assiduous care and cultivation bestowed upon our passions; for they, as they are the eyes of our souls, like our hairs, look horrid or becoming, or let them grow. All this care is meant to assign a reason for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, the husband and Ten thousand follies had this man escaped, had he made a with himself to be upon his and not permitted his vagrant in so many different inclinations him, as all his days he has vexed with. But indeed, at he has brought himself to be ally to one prevailing mistress; whom and his wife Duumvir

passes his hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife, and Phillis his mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some months, the least amorous commerce. Duumvir has passed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before that stage of our being, and which after that season are rather punishments than satisfactions: for palled appetite is humorous, and must be gratified with sauces rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with an haughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastic mistress, to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him, after absence, with an easy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls insipid: Phillis rates him for his absence, and bids him return from whence he came; this he calls spirit and fire. Laura's gentleness is thought mean; Phillis's insolence, sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings, to Phillis he appears an obsequious lover, to Laura

an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has himself often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows, at the same time, that Phillis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. The other day, Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him—'Fie, Madam,' he cried, 'we must be past all these gaieties.' Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when she begins to warble—'Well,' says he, 'there is such a pleasing simplicity in all that wench does.' In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance to be the subject of raillery. He said a fourth thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which she burst into tears. 'What the devil,' Madam, says he, 'cannot I speak in my own house?' He answered Phillis a little abruptly at supper the same evening, upon which she threw his periwig into the fire. 'Well,' said he, 'thou art a brave terriblant jade: do you know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty guineas?' Oh, Laura! is it for this that the faithful Cromius fought for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances! It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and religion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In ordinary conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, and an humility which heightened all the complacencies of good-breeding and education, gave her more slaves than all the

pride of her sex ever made women wish for. Laura's hours are now spent in the sad reflection on her choice, and that deceitful vanity, almost inseparable from the sex, of believing, she could reclaim one that had so often ensnared others: as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do her justice; for though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeableness is arbitrary, and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever Fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with all this passion for Phillis, and indifference for Laura, he has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady; who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, the will endear the memory of her predecessor. But in the mean time, it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued until after death.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 22.

As we have professed, that all the actions of men are our subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happen to creep into their behaviour any thing improper for such occasions. Therefore the offence mentioned in the following epistles, though it may seem to be committed in a place sacred from observation, is such, that it is our duty to remark upon it; for though he who does it is himself only guilty of an indecorum, he occasions a criminal levity in all others who are present at it.

MR. EICKERSTAFF,

IT being mine, as well the opinion of many others, that your papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent practice, I present the following as one which requires your correction. Myself, and a great many good people who frequent the divine service at St. Paul's, have been a long time scandalized by the imprudent conduct of Scentor in that cathedral. This gentleman, you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his devotion, which I believe nobody blames; but then

then he is accustomed to roar and bellow so terribly loud in the responses, that he frightens even us of the congregation who are daily used to him: and one of our pesty canons, a punning Cambridge Scholar, calls his way of worship a bull-offering. His harsh untunable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join with the music of a choir; yet nobody having been enough his friend, I suppose, to inform him of it, he never fails, when present, to drown the harmony of every hymn and anthem, by an inundation of sound beyond that of the bridge at the ebb of the tide, or the neighbouring lions in the anguish of their hunger. This is a grievance which, to my certain knowledge, several worthy people desire to see redressed; and if by inserting this epistle in your paper, or by representing the matter your own way, you can convince Stentor, that discord in a choir is the same sin that schism is in the church in general, you would lay a great obligation upon us; and make some atonement for certain of your paragraphs, which have not been highly approved by us. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JEFFERY CHANTICLEER.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AUG. 11.

It is wonderful there should be such a general lamentation, and the grievance so frequent, and yet the offender never know any thing of it. I have received the following letter from my kinsman at the Herald's-office near the same place.

DEAR COUSIN,

THIS office, which has had it's share in the impartial justice of your censures, demands at present your vindication of their rights and privileges.

There are certain hours when our young heralds are exercised in the faculties of making proclamation, and other vociferations, which of right belong to us only to utter: but at the same hours, Stentor in St. Paul's Church, in spite of the coaches, carts, London cries, and all other sounds between us, exalts his throat to so high a key, that the most noisy of our order is utterly unheard. If you please to observe upon this, you will ever oblige, &c.

There have been communicated to me some other ill consequences from the same cause; as, the overturning of coaches by sudden starts of the horses as they passed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families lost; which are public disasters, though arising from a good intention: but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of so great supererogation, as singing without a voice.

But I am diverted from prosecuting Stentor's reformation, by an account, that the two faithful lovers, Lifander and Coriana, are dead; for no longer ago than the first day of the last month, they swore eternal fidelity to each other, and to love until death. Ever since that time, Lifander has been twice a day at the Chocolate-house, visits in every circle, is missing four hours in four and twenty, and will give no account of himself. These are undoubted proofs of the departure of a lover; and consequently Coriana is also dead as a mistress. I have written to Stentor to give this couple three calls at the church-door, which they must hear if they are living within the bills of mortality; and if they do not answer at that time, they are from that moment added to the number of my defuncts.

Nº LV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1709.

PAULO MAJORA CANAMUS.

VIRG. ECL. IV. VER. 1.

BEGIN A LOFTIER STRAIN.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 15.

WHILE others are busied in relations which concern the interests of princes, the peace of nations, and the

revolutions of empire; I think, though these are very great subjects, my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of Providence and Nature, and  
Arrange



an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has himself often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows, at the same time, that Phillis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. The other day, Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him:—‘Fie, Madam,’ he cried, ‘we must be past all these gaieties.’ Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when she begins to warble—‘Well,’ says he, ‘there is such a pleasing simplicity in all that wench does.’ In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that was wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance to be the subject of raillery. He said a fourth thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which she burst into tears. ‘What the devil,’ Madam, says he, ‘cannot I speak in my own house?’ He answered Phillis a little abruptly at supper the same evening, upon which she threw his periwig into the fire. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘thou art a brave terribant jade: do you know, hussy, that our wig cost forty guineas?’ Oh, Laura! is it for this that the faithful Cromius sighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances! It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and religion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In ordinary conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, and an humility which heightened all the complacencies of good breeding and education, gave her more slaves than all the

pride of her sex ever made women wish for. Laura’s hours are now spent in the sad reflection on her choice; and that deceitful vanity, almost inseparable from the sex, of believing, she could reclaim one that had so often ensnared others: as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do, her justice; for though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeableness is arbitrary; and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever Fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with all this passion for Phillis, and indifference for Laura, he has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady, who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, she will endear the memory of her predecessor. But in the mean time, it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued until after death.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 22.

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MR. DICKERSTAFF,

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is accustomed to roar and belterably loud in the responses, lightens even us of the congregations are daily used to him: and in party canons, a punning Cambrist, calls his way of worship singing. His harsh untunable no more fit than a raven's to the music of a choir; yet nothing been enough his friend, I so inform him of it, he never present, to drown the harmony every hymn and anthem, by an ion of sound beyond that of the ebb of the tide, or the ang lions in the anguish of anger. This is a grievance to my certain knowledge, several people desire to see redressed; by inserting this epistle in your way, you can convince Stentor discord in a choir is the same khism is in the church in general would lay a great obligation, and make some atonement for if your paragraphs, which have highly approved by us. I am, most humble servant,

JEOFFRY CHANTICLEER.

L<sup>d</sup>'S CHURCH-  
AUG. 11.

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There have been communicated to me some other ill consequences from the same cause; as, the overturning of coaches by sudden starts of the horses as they passed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families lost; which are public disasters, though arising from a good intention: but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of so great supererogation, as singing without a voice.

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PAULO MAJORA CANAMUS.

VIRG. ECL. IV. VER. 1.

BEGIN A LOFTIER STRAIN.

CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 15.

While others are busied in relations which concern the interests of the peace of nations, and the

revolutions of empire; I think, though these are very great subjects, my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of Providence and Nature, and  
Arrange

are deputed to determine the affair of Tockenburgh, continue their application to that business, notwithstanding some new difficulties started by the Abbot of Saint Gall. Letters from Geneva of the ninth say, that the Duke of Savoy's cavalry had joined Count Thaun, as had also two Imperial regiments of hussars; and that his Royal Highness's army was disposed in the following manner: The troops under the command of Count Thaun are extended from Constans to Saint Peter D'Albigni. Small parties are left in several posts from thence to Little St. Bernard, to preserve the communication with Piedmont by the valley of Aosta. Some forces are also posted at Taloir, and in the castle of Doin, on each side of the lake of Anneci. General Rhebinder is encamped in the valley of Oulx with ten thousand foot, and some detachments of horse: his troops are extended from Exilles to Mount Genevre, so that he may easily penetrate into Dauphiné on the least motion of the enemy; but the Duke of Berwick takes all necessary precautions to prevent such an enterprize. That general's head quarters are at Francin; and he hath disposed his army in several parties, to preserve a communication with the Maurienne and Briançon. He hath no provisions for his army

but from Savoy; Provence and being unable to supply him with forages. He left two regiments of grooms at Annen, who suffered in the late action at Teflons, lost fifteen hundred, who were the spot, four standards and dreed prisoners, among whom officers. The last letters from of Marlborough's camp at the nineteenth instant advise, Monsieur Ravignan being returned French court with an account King of France refused to ratify the surrender of of Tournay, the approaches carried on with great vigour: our miners have discovered of the enemy's mines, who have divers others, which did little; but for the better security of troops, both assaults are carried the cautious way of sapping. The eighteenth, the confederate a general forage without any loss. Marshal Villars continues in his forage and applies himself with great industry in casting up new lines behind on the Scarp. The Duke of Burgundy and Prince Eugene did begin a general review of the army the twentieth.

## Nº LVI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1706

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.

JUV. S.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—

BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 17.

**T**HERE is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the questions he asks about the persons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loss to express to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my answer, upon his asking who such a fine gentleman is, that he is what we call a Sharper, and he wants my explanation. I thought it would be very unjust to tell him, he is the same the French call Coquins; the Latins,

Nebulo; or the Greeks, Πάνος. Custom is the most powerful of all, and that the order of men Sharpers are received among only with permission, but I thought it unjust to use these terms upon no establishment, that it would be an unpardonable honour to our country, to let us with an opinion, that our and gentry keep company with thieves and cheats: I told I were a sort of tame Hussars, allowed in our cities, like the in our camp; who had all the belonging to us, but at the same time were not tied to our discipline.

1, who is a gentleman of too true for the age he lives in, let this matter be thus pal-  
 -sed told my pupil, that he was stand that distinction, quality, and industry, were laid aside  
 -s by the incursions of these civil who had got so much counte-  
 -hat the breeding and fashion of turned their way to the ruin of  
 -d economy in all places where - admitted. But Sophronius,  
 -er falls into heat upon any sub- it applies proper language, tend  
 -d skill, with which the thing in s to be treated, told the youth,  
 -tleman had spoken nothing but as literally true; but fell upon  
 -too much earnestness to give a a of that sort of people he was  
 -ing against, or to remedy the ick he bewailed: for the accept-  
 -these men being an ill which -t into the conversation-part of  
 -s, and not into our constitution t must be corrected where it be-  
 -d consequently is to be amend- by bringing railery and deri-  
 -on the persons who are guilty, : who converse with them. 'For  
 -harpers,' continued he, 'at pre- re not, as formerly, under the ac-  
 -tion of pick-pockets; but are by n erected into a real and vena-  
 -ody of men, and have subdued so very particular a deference to  
 -, that though they are known to en without honour or conscience,  
 -mand is called a debt of honour disputably as theirs. You may  
 -our honour to them, but they one against you; as the priesthood  
 -oman Catholic countries can pur- what they please for the church,  
 -they can alienate nothing from it. from this toleration, that Sharpers  
 -be found among all sorts of as- lies and companies; and every  
 -t amongst men is made use of by one or other of the society for  
 -ood of their common cause: so an unexperienced young gentle-  
 -is as often ensnared by his under- ling as his folly; for who could  
 -moved to hear the eloquent no explain the constitution, talk  
 -in key of Cato, with the severity ne of the ancient sages, and de-  
 -the greatest question of state in a non chocolate or coffee-house?

'Who could, I say, hear this generous  
 ' declamator, without being fired at his  
 ' noble zeal, and becoming his profes-  
 ' sed follower, if he might be admit-  
 ' ted? Monoculus's gravity would be  
 ' no less inviting to a beginner in con-  
 ' versation; and the snare of his elo-  
 ' quence would equally catch one who  
 ' had never seen an old gentleman so  
 ' very wise, and yet so little severe.' Many other instances of extraordinary  
 men among the brotherhood might be  
 produced; but every man who knows  
 the town can supply himself with such  
 examples without their being named.  
 Will Vaser, who is skilful at finding out  
 the ridiculous side of a thing, and placing  
 it in a new and proper light, though he  
 very seldom talks, thought fit to enter  
 into this subject. He has lately lost cer-  
 tain loose sums, which half the income  
 of his estate will bring in within seven  
 years: besides which, he proposes to  
 marry, to set all right. He was there-  
 fore indolent enough to speak of this  
 matter with great impartiality. 'When  
 ' I look around me,' said this easy gen-  
 ' tleman, 'and consider in a just balance  
 ' us hubbles, elder brothers, whose sup-  
 ' port our dull fathers contrived to de-  
 ' pend upon certain acres, with the  
 ' rooks, whose ancestors left them the  
 ' wide world; I cannot but admire their  
 ' fraternity and condemn my own. Is  
 ' not Jack Heyday much to be prefer-  
 ' red to the knight he has bubbled? Jack  
 ' has his equipage, his wenchess, and  
 ' his followers; the knight, so far from  
 ' a retinue, that he is almost one of  
 ' Jack's. However, he is gay, you see,  
 ' still; a florid old fellow—His habit  
 ' speaks the man—And since he must  
 ' unbutton, he would not be noticed  
 ' outwardly, but is stripped to his up-  
 ' per coat. But though I have great  
 ' temptation to it, I will not at this  
 ' time give the history of the losing side;  
 ' but speak the effects of my thoughts;  
 ' since the loss of my money, upon the  
 ' gaining people. This ill fortune makes  
 ' most men contemplative and given to  
 ' reading; at least it has happened so to  
 ' me; and the rise and fall of the fam-  
 ' ily of Sharpers in all ages has been  
 ' my contemplation.'

I find, all times have had of this  
 people: Homer, in his excellent heroic  
 Poem, calls them Myrmidons, who were  
 a body that kept among the mules, and  
 had nothing to look; therefore never

spared either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party. But there is a memorable verse, which gives us an account of what broke that whole body, and made both Greeks and Trojans masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder. There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations; therefore I shall inform you only, that in this battalion there were two officers, called Therites and Pandarus: they were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after certain gifts, which the rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though some historians say, gaming began among the Lydians to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had it's rise at the siege of Troy; and that Ulysses won the seven-fold shield at hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the Myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Therites and Pandarus. The first of these was leader of a squadron wherein the latter was but a private man; but having all the good qualities necessary for a partizan, he was the favourite of his officer. But the whole history of the several changes in the order of Sharpers, from those Myrmidons to our modern men of addits and plunder, will require that we consult some ancient manuscripts. As we make these enquiries, we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the Knights of the Industry may be better understood by the good people of England. This sort of men, in some ages, were sycophants and flatterers only, and were ended with arts of life to captivate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impeller, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the different conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How therefore pit-ops, foot-men, fidlers, and lacquays, are elevated into companions in this present age, shall be accounted for from the influ-

ence of the planet Mercury on this island; the ascendancy of which Sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the muses and all honest professions, has been noted by the learned Job Gadbury to be the cause 'that cunning and trick are more esteemed than art and science.' It must be allowed also, to the memory of Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil Street in the Strand, that in his answer to an horary question, At what hour of the night to set a fox-trap in June 1705? he has largely discussed, under the character of Reynard, the manner of surprizing all Sharpers as well as him. But of these great points after more mature deliberation.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 17.  
TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.  
SIR,

WE have nothing at present new, but that we undertake by some owler, old people die in France. Letters from Paris of the tenth instant, N.S. say, that Monsieur d'Andre, Marquis d'Oraison, died at eighty-five. Monsieur Brunnars, at one hundred and two years, died for love of his wife, who was ninety-two at her death, after seventy years cohabitation. Nicholas de Boutheller, parish-priester of Sasseville, being a batchelor, held out to one hundred and sixteen. Dame Claude de Massy, relict of Monsieur Peter de Monceaux, Grand Audiencer of France, died on the seventh instant, aged one hundred and seven. Letters of the seventeenth say, Monsieur Chrestien de Lamoignon died on the seventh instant, a person of great piety and virtue; but having died young, his age is concealed for reasons of state. On the fifteenth his Most Christian Majesty, attended by the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke and Dutchess of Berry, assisted at the procession which he yearly performs in memory of a vow made by Louis the Thirteenth, in 1638. For which act of piety his Majesty received absolution of his confessor, for the breach of all inconvenient vows made by himself. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
HUMPHREY KIDDER.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUGUST 17.

I AM to acknowledge several letters which I have lately received; and others, one subscribed Philanthropus, another Emilia; both which shall be

.. I have a third from an officer army, wherein he desires I would ice to the many gallant actions have been done by men of privateers, or officers of lower standing during this long war; that their may have the pleasure of seeing it in an age wherein men of all had their proper share in fame ory. There is nothing I should like with greater pleasure than

matters of this kind: if therefore they who are acquainted with such facts, would please to communicate them, by letters directed to me at Mr. Morphew's, no pains should be spared to put them in a proper and distinguishing light.

This is to admonish Stentor, that it was not admiration of his voice, but my publication of it, which has lately increased the number of his hearers.

## Nº LVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1709.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI FARRAGO IRELLI.

JUV. SAT. l. v. 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—

BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

### 'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUGUST 19.

s this evening representing a com-  
int sent me out of the country  
Emilia. She says, her neighbours  
are so little sense of what a re-  
ndy of the town is, that she, who  
celebrated wit in London, is in  
all part of the world in so little  
that they call her in their base  
Tongue-Paul. Old Truepenny  
advise her to keep her wit until  
mes to town again, and admonish  
at both wit and breeding are lo-  
a fine court-lady is as awkward  
country housewives, as one of  
ould appear in a drawing-room.  
therefore the most useful know-  
ne can attain at, to understand  
what sort of men we make the  
ure; for if there be a place where  
uteous and accomplished Emilia  
ceptable, it is certainly a vain  
ur to attempt pleasing in all com-  
ms. Here is Will Ubi, who is  
by after the reputation of a com-  
at his company is for any  
at will accept of it; and for want  
sing whom to chuse for himself,  
: chosen by others. There is a  
chastity of behaviour which  
a man desirable, and which if he  
esses, his wit will have the same  
th Delia's beauty, which no one  
y, because all know it is within  
wer. The best courtes Emilia  
is, to have less humility; for  
ould have as good an opinion of  
for having every quality, as some

of her neighbours have of themselves  
with one, she would inspire even them  
with a sense of her merit, and make that  
carriage which is now the subject of  
their derision, the sole object of their  
imitation. Until she has arrived at this  
value of herself, she must be contented  
with the fate of that uncommon crea-  
ture, a woman too humble.

### WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 19.

SINCE my last, I have received a let-  
ter from Tom Trump, to desire that I  
would do the fraternity of gamblers the  
justice to own, that there are notorious  
sharpers who are not of their class.  
Among others, he presented me with  
the picture of Harry Coppersmith, in  
little, who, he says, is at this day worth  
half a plumb, by means much more in-  
direct than by false dice. I must con-  
fess, there appeared some reason in what  
he asserted; and he met me since, and  
addressed me in the following manner:  
'It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bicker-  
'staff, that you can pretend to be a man  
'of penetration, and fall upon us Knights  
'of the Industry as the wickedest of  
'mortals, when there are so many who  
'live in the constant practice of baser  
'methods, unobserved. You cannot,  
'though you know the story of myself  
'and the North Bilton, but allow I  
'am an honest man than Will Cop-  
'persmith, for all his great credit  
'among the Lombards. I get my mo-  
'ney by men's follies, and he gets his  
'by their distresses. The declining  
X 2 ' merchant

‘ merchant communicates his griefs to him, and he augments them by extortion. If therefore regard is to be had to the merit of the persons we injure, who is the more blameable, he that oppresses an unhappy man, or he that cheats a foolish one? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverse strokes of fortune; and he who adds to them, when he might relieve them, is certainly a worse subject than he who unburdens a man whose prosperity is unwieldy to him. Besides all which, he that horrors of Coppermith does it out of necessity; he that plays with me does it out of choice.’

I allowed Trump there are men as bad as himself, which is the height of his pretensions: and must confess, that Coppermith is the most wicked and impudent of all sharpers; a creature that cheats with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend. The contemplation of this worthy person made me reflect on the wonderful successes I have observed men of the meanest capacities meet with in the world, and recollect an observation I once heard a sage man make, which was, That he had observed, that in some professions, the lower the understanding, the greater the capacity. I remember, he instanced that of a banker, and said, that the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his business.

There is little Sir Trifram, without connexion in his speech, or so much as common sense, has arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greatest estates amongst us. But honest Sir Trifram knows himself to be but a repository for cash: he is just such an utensil as his iron chest, and may rather be said to hold money, than possess it. There is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation of these wealthy proficients. I had lately the honour to drink half a pint with Sir Trifram, Harry Coppersmith, and Giles Twoshoes. These wags give one another credit in discourse, according to their purses; they jolt by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myself the prettiest fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muscle in their faces, though they smiled at every word spoken by each other. Sir Trifram called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling

us tobacco was a pot-herb, drawer bring him the other. Twoshoes laughed at the kni without moderation; I took it to say, it was but a pun. ‘ A Coppersmith, ‘ you would be ‘ man by ten thousand pound ‘ could pun like Sir Trifram. that they all burst out together queer cures maintained this sty logue until we had drunk out a-piece by half-pints. All I co away with me is, that Twoshoe worth twenty thousand pound: mirth, though he was as insipid of the others, had no more of the company than if he had bankrupt.

#### FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,

I HAVE heard, it has been a dissertation to his inferior cler instead of broaching opinions over, and uttering doctrines which lead themselves and hearers in they would read some of the r brated sermons, printed by o the instruction of their congr In imitation of such preachers a hand, I shall transcribe from one of the most elegant pieces c and satire which I have ever n describes the French, as if sp: a people not yet discovered, i and style of a traveller:

‘ I have heard talk of a ‘ where the old men are gallan ‘ and civil; the young men, on ‘ trary, stubborn, wild, with ‘ manners or civility. They ‘ from passion for women at ‘ when in other countries t ‘ to feel it; and prefer beasts, ‘ and ridiculous amours, be ‘ Amongst these people, he is ‘ is never drunk with any t ‘ wine, the too frequent use of ‘ rendered it flat and inspid ‘ they endeavour by brandy, s ‘ strong liquors, to quicken t ‘ already extinguished, and ‘ thing to compleat their d ‘ but to drink aqua-fortis. ‘ men of that country hasten ‘ of their beauty by their a ‘ preserve it: they paint their ‘ eye-brows, and shoulders, w ‘ lay open, together with thei

'arms, and ears, as if they were afraid to hide those places which they think will please, and never think they shew enough of them. The physiognomies of the people of that country are not at all neat, but confused and embarrassed with a bundle of strange hair, which they prefer before their natural: with this they weave something to cover their heads, which descends down half way their bodies, hides their features, and hinders you from knowing men by their faces. This nation has, besides this, their God and their King. The grandees go every day, at a certain hour, to a temple they call a church: at the upper end of that temple there stands an altar consecrated to their God, where the priest celebrates some mysteries which they call holy, sacred, and tremendous. The great men make a vast circle at the foot of the altar, standing with their backs to the priests and the holy mysteries, and their faces erected towards their king, who is seen on his knees upon a throne, and to whom they seem to direct the desires of their hearts, and all their de-

votion. However, in this custom there is to be remarked a sort of subordination; for the people appear adoring their prince, and their prince adoring God. The inhabitants of this region call it ——. It is from forty-eight degrees of latitude, and more than eleven hundred leagues by sea from the Iroquois and Hurons.'

Letters from Hampstead say, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent him to me, superscribed him with this description out of Suckling—

I am a man of war and might,  
And know thus much, that I can fight,  
Whether I am i'th' wrong or right,  
Devoutly.

No woman under heaven I fear,  
New oaths I can exactly swear;  
And forty healths my brain will bear,  
Most stoutly.

## Nº LVIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 22.

**P**oor Cynthia, who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts, and tells me his most private frailties, owned to me, that though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady as if he were eighty. 'That one passion for Clarinda has taken up,' said he, 'my whole soul; and all my idle flames are extinguished, as you may observe ordinary fires are often put out by the sunshine.'

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the highest opinion of a man's secrecy; yet, as much a subject of raillery as such a speech would be, it is certain, that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, who, as Ben Jonson says in the comedy, 'was a Pretty Fellow in his time,' was of this mind, and is celebrated for it by an au-

thor of good sense. When he lived, wit, and humour, and raillery, and public success, were at as high a pitch at Rome as at present in England; yet, I believe, there was no man in those days thought that general at all ridiculous in his behaviour in the following account of him.

Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory; and a multitude of prisoners of each sex, and all conditions, fell into his possession; among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely of all objects without being moved with passion: besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when a conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country,



country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. But for fear of injuring the delicate circumstances with an old translation, I shall proceed to tell you, that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his prisoner into their presence. The Romans, as noble as they were, seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered; therefore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio observing in him a manly fullness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words:

‘It is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may; we fight not to ravage countries, or to break through the ties of humanity; I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady: fortune has made me your master; but I desire to be your friend. This is your wife; take her, and may the gods bless you with her! But far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy.’

Indibilis’s heart was too full to make him any answer; but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, until the father burst into the following words—‘Oh, divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue. Oh, glorious leader! oh, wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, raptures, above all the transports which you could have reaped from the pas-

‘sion of her injured person?’ The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion; and saying—‘Father, be a friend to Rome,’ retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom, but he sent it to her husband, and smiling, said—‘This is a trifle after what I have given him already; but let Indibilis know, that chastity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practise than generosity.’

I observed Cynthia was very much taken with my narrative; but told me; this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable figure in our days; However, I took the liberty to say, that we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our practice. For after we have done laughing, solid virtue will keep its place in men’s opinions: and though custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to ensnare innocent women, and triumph in the falshood; such actions, as we have here related, must be accounted true gallantry, and rise higher in our esteem the farther they are removed from our imitation.

#### WILL’S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 22.

‘A MAN would be apt to think, in this laughing town, that it were impossible a thing so exploded as speaking hard words should be practised by any one that had ever seen good company; but, as if there were a standard in our minds as well as bodies, you see very many just where they were twenty years ago; and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can understand; though he talks more than any man else.’

Will Dactyle the epigrammatist, Jack Comma the grammarian, Nick Cross-grain who writes anagrams, and myself, made a pretty company at a corner of this room; and entered very peaceably upon a subject fit enough for us, which was, the examination of the force of the particle *For*, when Martius joined us. He, being well known to us all, asked what we were upon; for he had a mind to consummate the happiness of the day which had been spent among the flames of the first magnitude, among the mazes of letters; and therefore, to put a period to it, as he had commenced it, he should be glad to be allowed to participate of

our Society. I told him Faith, gentlemen,' said r subject is humble; and give me leave to elevate ion, I should humbly of- would enlarge your en- he word For-as-much; take it,' said he, 'to be d, yet the particle Much antity, the particle As will be greater, and more es, to treat of For-as- ck Comma is always se- vered—' Martius, I must rty to say, that you have all this error and profuse speech by a certain hurry gination, for want of be- cast in the knowledge of speech; and it is so with have not well studied the . You have spoken For king any inference, which use of that particle. There er of force in your obser- quantity and similitude in : As and Much. But it fault of men of great wit rest; which evil they run indiscreet use of the word sider all the books of con- ige have been written, and ge you will observe, that te lies in this point, whe- ought in For in a just man- ed it in for their own use, as understanding the use itself: there is nothing like ances; you have heard the Irishman, who, reading— 'live hair,' took a lodg- pected to be paid for liv- house. If this man had r was in that place of a nt signification from the , he could not have fallen istake of taking live for utins call *vivere*, or rather

med at a loss; and admir- ound learning, wished he f a scholar, for he did not e of his discourse. This of which we had much

more, made me reflect upon the difference of their capacities, and wonder that there could be as it were a diversity in mens genius for nonsense; that one should bluster, while another crept, in absurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way of stepping; and Comma, like one who is only short-sighted, picking his way when he should be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a brisk entertaining fool, and gives himself a full scope; but that which Comma has, and calls learning, makes him diffident, and curb his natural misunderstanding to the great loss of the men of raillery. This conversation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning usually does but improve in us what nature endowed us with. He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

## ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 22.

WE have undoubted intelligence of the defeat of the King of Sweden; and that prince, who for some years had hovered like an approaching tempest, and was looked up at by all the nations of Europe, which seemed to expect their fate according to the course he should take, is now, in all probability, an unhappy exile, without the common necessities of life. His Czarish Majesty treats his prisoners with great gallantry and distinction. Count Rhensfeldt has had particular marks of his Majesty's esteem, for his merit and services to his master; but Count Piper, whom his Majesty believes author of the most violent councils into which his prince entered, is disarmed, and entertained accordingly. That decisive battle was ended at nine in the morning; and all the Swedish generals dined with the Czar that very day, and received assurances, that they should find Muscovy was not unacquainted with the laws of honour and humanity.

N<sup>O</sup> LIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 170

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 24.

**Æ**SOP has gained to himself an immortal renown for figuring the manners, desires, passions, and interests of men, by fables of beasts and birds. I shall, in my future accounts of our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called Sharpers, imitate the method of that delightful moralist; and think I cannot represent those worthies more naturally than under the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set of men are, like them, made up of finders, lurchers, and setters. Some search for the prey, others pursue, others take it; and if it be worth it, they all come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the field and the haubours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chase.

But I am diverted from the train of my discourse of the fraternity about this town by letters from Hampstead, which give me an account, there is a late institution there, under the name of a *Raffling-shop*; which is, it seems, secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the law, and out of tenderness of conscience has, under the name of his maid Silly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. He is so far from having an intelligence with the rest of the fraternity, that all the humbler cheats, who appear there, are out-faced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of superior brass. This notice is given to all the silly faces that pass that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft allurements of a fine lady, who is the sign to the pageantry. And at the same time, Signior Hawkily, who is the patron of the household, is desired to leave off this interloping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Industry to their share in the spoil. But this little matter is only by way of digression. Therefore, to return to our worthies.

The present race of terriers and hounds would starve, were it not for the enchanted *Ætæon*, who has kept

the whole pack for many successful hunting seasons. *Ætæon* trafficks of rich soil; but had the tune in his youth to fall under of sorcery, and has been ever since parts of the year, a deer, and parts a man. While he is a man is the force of magic, he grows to such a bulk and fat he is again turned into a deer, and hunted until he is lean; upon returns to his human shape. Many have been tried, and many taken, by *Ætæon* himself, and such methods as would break charmment; but all have hitherto ineffectual. I have, therefore, night watchings and much care out, that there is no way to from the jaws of his hounds, to destroy the pack; which, by assistance, I find I am destitute form. For which end I have my Familiar, to bring me to the places where they are hid; that I may know where to strike the horn, and bring them together to take an account of their haunts and their marks, against another tunity.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG.

THE author of the ensuing his name, and the quotations from the ancients, seems a foreigner from the old world, whom we ought to be careful of offending; for I must be free, and own I hit where he takes me, rather oblige him.

SIR,

**H**AVING a peculiar humour, being to be somewhat the wiser for what I read, I am always when, in any profound work I read no others, I happen to what I cannot understand. What falls out, it is a great grievance that I am not able to consult myself about his meaning; commentators are a sect that have in my esteem: your elaborate have, among many others, the

tage, that their author is still alive, and ready, as his extensive charity makes us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, Sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampshire hero's character could be perfectly new when the last letters came away, and yet Sir John Suckling so well acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, Sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you, which makes me write this, with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. 'When in reading,' says he, 'any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should to our wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the mistakes we before attributed to them.' If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you; several things falling in my way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to

Your most humble Servant,

OBADIAH GREENHAT.

I own this is clean; and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense, yet am I not at all offended at him.

*Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque; damusque; vicissim.*

HOR. ARS. POET. VER. II.

I own th'indulgence—Such I give and take.

FRANCIS.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shews at the same time he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice against the person he railles. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face, to say he speaks of him by the same rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and makes him flatter himself,

that it is only being named with them which renders him most ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now past my grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or rather, if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of pastime; I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is, indeed, one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him something for it; or else he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jest in the whole. The other day he told Beau Prim, who is thought impotent, that his mistress had declared she would not have him because he was a sloven, and had committed a rape. The beau bit at the banter, and said very gravely, he thought to be clean was as much as was necessary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that should come to her ears; but it had indeed cost him an hundred pounds to hush the affair.

The Greenhats are a family with small voices and short arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after those who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you, if you resist. But it has been remarkable, that all who have shunned their company, or not listened to them, have fallen into the hands of such as have knocked out their brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry the Second. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at single rapier. A man must be very much used to their play to know how to defend himself; for their posture is so different from that of the right handed, that you run upon their swords if you push forward; and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard.

There have been also letters lately sent to me which relate to other peoples

Y

among

among the rest, some whom I have heretofore declared to be so, are deceased. I must not, therefore, break through rules so far, as to speak ill of the dead. This maxim extends to all but the late Partridge, who still denies his death. I am informed, indeed, by several, that he walks; but I shall with all convenient speed lay him.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 24.

WE hear from Tournay, that on the night between the twenty-second and twenty-third, they went on with their works in the enemy's mines, and levelled the earth which was taken out of them. The next day, at eight in the morning, when the French observed we were relieving our trenches, they sprung a larger mine than any they had fired during the siege, which killed only four private centinels. The ensuing night we had three men and two officers killed, as also seven men wounded. Between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, we repaired some works which the enemy had ruined. On the next day, some of the enemy's magazines blew up; and it is thought they were destroyed on

purpose by some of their men, impatient of the hardships of the service. There happened not markable for two or three day ing. A deserter, who came c citadel on the twenty-seventh, garrison is brought to the utmost; that their bread and water very bad; and that they were to eat horse-flesh. The manner ing in this siege has discovered lantry in our men unknown t ages; their meeting with adver under ground, where every t with apprehensions of being t with mines below them, or c the fall of the earth above t all this acted in darkness, has t in it more terrible than ever is in any other part of a soldi However, this is performed v cheerfulness. In other parts c we have also good prospects Thaur has taken Annecy, Count de Mercy marched into Compté, while his Electoral is much superior in number to d'Harcourt; so that both on t Savoy and Germany, we ha to expect very suddenly some gr

## Nº LX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 170

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 26.

TO proceed regularly in the history of my worthies, I ought to give an account of what has passed from day to day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has so lately been rescued out of the hands of the Knights of the Industry, that I rather chuse to relate the manner of his escape from them, and the uncommon way which was used to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary.

You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a student of the Inner Temple, and has spent his time, since he left the university for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons, who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man

of sense, but as scanty for a gentleman. His frequent loss reduced him to so necessitous a state that his lodgings were always by impatient creditors; and thoughts employed in contrivance to support himself of life from which he knew no retreat, and in which he wanted to proceed. There is never a good-natured person to see an account of what he has not heard; therefore many epistles conveyed to the father of this extent to inform him of the company, furies, the distresses, and content in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices all the pain of a parent, but consulted his pillow to know how to behave himself on such importuness, as the welfare of his son's safety of his fortune. After reflections of mind, he reflected, necessity was the usual snare wi





men fall into meanness, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honest mind; he resolved, therefore, to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of talking what it is to be at ease, and inclosed to him the following order upon Sir Trifram Cash.

PRAY pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the sum of one thousand pounds, and place it to the account of Yours,  
HUMPHRY WILDAIR.

Tom was so astonished at the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at Sir Trifram's, yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him, until he writ to his father the following letter:

#### HONOURED FATHER,

I Have received an order under your hand for a thousand pounds, in words as length; and I think I could swear it is your own hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thousand times. There is in plain letters, T, H, O, U, S, A, N, D; and after it, the letters P, O, U, N, D, S. I have it still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it until I hear from you.

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this second letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them until he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again; and to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with sudden madness in the

midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and with a design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his night-cap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day; but soon rose again, and resolved to visit Sir Trifram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money; but no such thing being said—'Look you, Sir Trifram,' said he, 'you are to know, that an affair has happened, which—' 'Look you,' says Trifram, 'I know, Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me to advance; but the late call of the Bank, where I have not yet made my last payment, has obliged me—' Tom interrupted him, by shewing him the bill of a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance—'Look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand pounds—' Before he could proceed, he shews him the order for three thousand more. Sir Trifram examined the orders at the light, and finding, at the writing the name, there was a certain stroke in one letter, which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unswerving confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he could have in the city.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 26.

THERE is not any thing in nature so extravagant but that you will find one man or other that shall practise or maintain it; otherwise Harry Spondee could not have made so long an harangue as  
Y 2 he



he did here this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonsense. Among ladies, he positively averred it was the most prevailing part of eloquence; and had so little complaisance as to say, a woman is never taken by her reason, but always by her passion. He proceeded to assert, the way to move that, was only to astonish her.

"I knew," continued he, "a very late instance of this; for being by accident in the room next to Strephon, I could not help over-hearing him as he made love to a certain great lady's woman. The true method in your application to one of this second rank of understanding, is not to elevate and surprize, but rather to elevate and amaze. Strephon is a perfect master in this kind of persuasion: his way is, to run over with a soft air a multitude of words, without meaning or connection; but such as do each of them apart give a pleasing idea, though they have nothing to do with each other as he assembles them. After the common phrases of salutation, and making his entry into the room, I perceived he had taken the fair nymph's hand, and kissing it, said—  
 "Witness to my happiness, ye groves!—  
 "be still, ye rivulets!—oh! woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and streams!—Oh, fairest! could you love me?" To which I overheard her answer, with a very pretty lip—"Oh! Strephon, you are a dangerous creature: why do you talk these tender things to me? But you men of wit—" "Is it then possible," said the enamoured Strephon, "that she regards my sorrows?—Oh! Pity, thou balmy cure to an heart overloaded. If rapture, solicitation, soft desire, and pleasing anxiety—But still I live in the most afflicting of all circumstances, doubt. Cannot my charmer name the place and moment—"

There all these joys insatiably to prove,  
 With which rich beauty feeds the gutton  
 Love.

"Forgive me, Madam; it is not that my heart is weary of it's chain, but —" This incoherent stuff was answered by a tender sigh—"Why do you put your wit to a weak woman?" Strephon saw he had made some progress in her heart, and pursued it, by saying that he would cer-

tainly wait upon her at sunset near Rosamond's Pond; as sylvan deities, and rural places, sacred and inviolable. Love, the mover of all men should hear his vows repeated in streams and echoes. This was accordingly made. I call the unintelligible speaking his mind; and I have had this gallant spoken place she had never understood readily: for we may take it, that he will be esteemed cold lover who discovers truths that he is in his sense.

#### FROM MY OWN APARTMENT.

THE following letter came hand, with a request to have recommended to our readers, by the Smart Fellows; who as repair to Major Touch-hole help them to firelocks that for exercise.

#### JUST READY FOR THE

MARS Triumphant; or Glory: Being the who campment, with the method telling armies, marching the ing the officers, forming hollow and the various ways of salute with the half-pike; as formed by the Trained Band on this year, one thousand dressed and nine, in that number, the Artillery Ground in you have a new method of a strong line of foot, with intervals between each platoon, to prevent the breaking in of civil way of performing the ceremony; wherein the march from his horse, and at the company salutes the lieutenant and the lieutenant-colonel, the compliment, courteously distributed after the same manner salute exactly as it was performed, dance of applause, on the final. Likewise an account invention, made use of in the moment, to quell mutineering with several other things for the public. To which I appendix by Major Touching the method of discipline in our armies to be very useful.

an essay towards an amendment. Dedicated to the Lieutenant-Colonel of the first regiment.

Mr. Bickerstaff has now in the press, A Defence of Aukward Fellows against the class of the Smarts: with a dissertation upon the Gravity which becomes Weighty persons. Illustrated by way of fable; and a discourse on the nature

of the elephant, the cow, the dray-horse, and the dromedary, which have motions equally steady and grave. To this is added a treatise written by an elephant, according to Pliny, against receiving foreigners into the forest. Adapted to some present circumstances. Together with allusions to such beasts as declare against the poor Palatines.

## Nº LXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 29.

**A**MONG many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent this place, there is not one which misleads me more than that of a 'Fellow of a great deal of Fire.' This metaphorical term, Fire, has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but at the same time it has made them troublesome to every body else. You see, in the very air of a 'Fellow of Fire,' something too expressive of what he would be at, that if it were not for self-preservation, a man would laugh out.

I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these Firemen, who are indeed dispersed like the Myrmidons in all quarters, and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with Fire; and the other a soldier of the same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was decisive without words, and would give a struggle or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar, and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity of the first was ridiculous; that of the second, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in some measure moderated their extravagancies towards each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company; but as if brought to be convinced, that I was an inconsiderable thing, any otherwise than that they would show each other to me, and make me spectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The scholar has been very conversant with books, and the other with *men only; which makes*

them both superficial; for the taste of books is necessary to our behaviour in the best company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books: but they have both Fire, which makes one pass for a man of sense, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar: for if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it rest there; I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of laziness, and contempt of those of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is, that all the young fellows of such a civil life, and little understanding, who repair to our armies, usurp upon the conversation of reasonable men, under the notion of having Fire.

The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers, to supply them with chat to their mistresses, than it has been to pretended men of pleasure, to support them in being pert and dull, and saying of every fool of their order—'Such a one has Fire.' There is Colonel Trunchcon, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; an hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever positively fixed in the wrong, not out of obstinate opinion, but invincible stupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of London, that it is possible for such as can learn only fashion, habit, and a set of common phrases of salutation, to pass with no other accomplishments, in this nation of freedom, for men of conversation and sense. All these ought to pretend to is, not to offend; but they

carry

carry it so far, as to be negligent whether they offend or not; 'For they have 'Fire.' But their force differs from true spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of Fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, his valet de chambre and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the Fire that animates the noble Marquis, a youth of good-nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence moves it's oar; he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of Fire is, to be constantly in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

#### WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 29.

IT is a common objection against writings of a satirical mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and consequently in their fortunes and possessions; but a gentleman who frequents this room declared, he was of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper restrictions. The greatest evils in human society are such as no law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be most binding to the person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion, shall it be possible for the magistrate to respect and is it not lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law, and do base things? Shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them, which they have to defend themselves? We shall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good application for offenders, and to turn them not ridiculous, under signed names.

I am advertised by a letter, of August the twenty-fifth, that the name of Coppermith has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means unjustly given, by those who are conscious

they deserve it themselves, to a and worthy citizen belonging Copper Office; but that word out of a moral consideration amongst men, whereby he has taken any part of it by injustice is to be thought in the eternal men so much the poorer gain. Thus all the gold which from our neighbours, by means of their wants, is collected, I authorize the Lombards to distribute themselves accordingly. All those who make a reasonable profit, the advantage of themselves they deal with, are Goldsmiths; those who tear unjustly all Coppermiths. At the same time fire him who is most guilty, to satisfied with riches and content be known by the title of 'The Smith,' as being the chief of the respected, contemptible fraternity.

This is the case of all others named in our luctuations; pe of Stentor, who goes on in his lions at St. Paul's with so much nacy, that he has received a from Saint Peter's for it, from of eminent wit and piety; but old age reduced to the infirmity of a service, to which he fifty years attentive; and whenever it happens, may, with the saints, well be called, Fall for the innocence of his life expect it as indifferently as his ordinary rest. This gives him fulness of spirit to railly on weakness, and hath made him Stentor to hearken to my address 'Brother Stentor,' said he, 'repose of the church, hearken to the staff; and consider that 'are so devout at Saint Paul' 'not sleep for you at Saint P

#### FROM MY OWN APARTMENT.

THERE has been lately a much harder question than was put to me, since I professed to wit, How far, and to what men ought to make their chief concern? The regard to their faces and persons are as to be considered, as their complexions differ; but if one may against the careful practice of sex so much as to give an opinion

ably presume, that less care, applied, would encrease their em-  
make it last as long as life;  
now, from their own exam-  
take our esteem of their merit  
for it is very just, that she who  
self only on her beauty, should  
led by others on no other con-  
n.

is certainly a liberal and pe-  
lucation among women, as well  
and the merit lasts according-  
therefore that is bred with free-  
ed in good company, considers  
ording to their respective cha-  
and distinctions; while she that  
d up from such observations,  
sider her father's butler, not as  
but as a man. In like man-  
men converse with women,  
bred and intelligent are looked  
h an observation suitable to their  
talents and accomplishments,  
respect to their sex; while a  
man can be observed under no  
ation but that of a woman; and  
be but one reason for placing  
ie upon her, or losing time in  
pany. Wherefore I am of opi-  
at the rule for pleasing long is,  
such qualifications as would  
em so, were they not women.

the beautiful Cleomira then threw  
eal face, and know that every-  
ife has it's peculiar charms, and  
is no necessity for fifty to be  
that childish colouring of her  
is now as ungraceful as that  
uld have been when her face  
s real countenance. She has  
thought to know, that if she  
follow nature, nature will fol-

Time then has made that per-  
h had, when I visited her grand-  
in agreeable bloom, sprightly  
ostituerance, now no less grace-  
ovely aspect, an awful manner,  
cruel wisdom. But her heart  
n upon her first character, that  
As and repines at her present;  
she is against a more stayed con-  
chery, for she recommends gra-  
cumspetion, and severity of  
mee, to her daughter. Thus,  
all chronology, the girl is the  
e mother the fine lady.

these great evils proceed from an  
instable wild method in the edu-  
of the better half of the world,  
ten. *We have no such thing as*

a standard for good-breeding. I was  
the other day at my Lady Wealthy's,  
and asked one of her daughters how she  
did. She answered, she never conversed  
with men. The same day I visited at  
Lady Plantwell's, and asked her daugh-  
ter the same question. She answers—  
'What is that to you, you old thief?'  
and gives me a slap on the shoulders.

I defy any man in England, except he  
knows the family before he enters, to be  
able to judge whether he shall be agree-  
able or not, when he comes into it.  
You find either some odd old woman,  
who is permitted to rule as long as she  
lives, in hopes of her death, and to in-  
terrupt all things; or some impertinent  
young woman, who will talk freely upon  
the strength of looking beautifully. I  
will not answer for it, but it may be,  
that I (like all other old fellows) have  
a fondness for the fashions and manners  
which prevailed when I was young and  
in fashion myself. But certain it is,  
that the taste of grace and beauty is very  
much lowered. The fine women they  
shew me now-a-days are at best but  
pretty girls to me who have seen Sa-  
charissa, when all the world repeated  
the poems she inspired; and Villaria,  
when a youthful king was her subject.  
The things you follow, and make songs  
on now, should be sent to knit, or sit  
down to hobbins or bone-lace: they are  
indeed neat, and so are their sempstresses;  
they are pretty, and so are their hand-  
maids; but that graceful motion, that  
awful mien, and that winning attrac-  
tion, which grew upon them from the  
thoughts and conversations they met  
with in my time, are now no more seen.  
They tell me I am old: I am glad I  
am so; for I do not like your present  
young ladies.

Those among us who set up for any  
thing of decorum, do so mistake the  
matter, that they offend on the other  
side. Five young ladies, who are of no  
small fame for their great severity of  
manners, and exemplary behaviour,  
would lately go no where with their lo-  
vers but to an organ-loft in a church;  
where they had a cold treat, and some  
few opera songs, to their great refresh-  
ment and edification. Whether these  
prudent persons had not been as much  
so, if this had been done at a tavern, is  
not very hard to determine. It is too  
silly starts and incoherences as these,  
which undervalue the betwixt sex.  
and.

and puzzle us in our choice of sweetness of temper and simplicity of manners, which are the only lasting charms of women. But I must leave this important subject, at present, for some matters which press for publication; as you will observe in the following letter:

DEAR SIR,

IT is natural for distant relations to claim kindred with a rising family; though at this time, zeal to my country, not interest, calls me out. The city-forces being shortly to take the field, all good Protestants would be pleased that their arms and valour should shine with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held, the Honourable Colonel Mortar being president. After many debates, it was unanimously resolved, That Major Blunder, a most expert officer, should be detached for Birmingham, to buy arms, and to prove his firelocks on the spot, as well to prevent expence, as disappointment in the day of battle. The major, being a person of consummate experience, was invested

with a discretionary power from ancient story, the rear, and making a glorious the most celebrated piece. Accordingly such measures to prevent surprize in the arms, that even Pallas in shape of rust, could not. They were drawn into firmly embodied, and without touch-holes. C tional actions deserve pop and as praise is no expence therefore, dearest kinsman, I am y fectionate kinsman,

OFFSPR

LONDON, AUG. 26.  
ARTILLERY-GROUND.

A war-horse belonging colonels of the artillery, to He may be seen adorned w and set forth to the best at next training day.

## Nº LXII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, AUG. 31.

THIS place being frequented by persons of condition, I am desir'd to recommend a dog-kennel to any who shall want a pack. It lies not far from Suffolk Street, and is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French service, but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: besides that, according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of their skin, to follow this trade, than the heat of drum. Their residence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to follow the scent. The most eminent of the kennel are blood-hounds, which lead the van, and are as follow:

### A LIST OF THE DOGS.

Jowler, of a right Irish breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, by the courtesy of England called *alias* Captain.

Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in

a convent in France, and sail.

These two last hunt in company followed by—

Ringwood, a French breed, a fine dog; and an old sick hound kennel, but of the true good nose, French breed.

There is also an Italian with good legs, and know ground from Ghent to Paris.

Ten setting-dogs, right

Four mongrels, of the

And twenty whelps, fit:

These curs are so extreme that they are too keen at to worry their game before it come in. The other day from the north rushed in and at first indeed defended against the whole pack; but at last too many for him, and five pounds of flesh from with which they filled their made so great a noise in the hood, that the keepers:

the file. That quarter of the here they are kennelled is gene-habited by strangers, whose blood uids have often sucked in such a, that many a German count, uer Virtuosi, who came from the nt, have lost the intention of their and been unable to proceed on urney.

ese hounds are not very soon diff- f to some good purchaser, as also : the kennels near Saint James's, ably proposed, that they may be ether transported to America, the dogs are few, and the wild many: or, that during their stay parts, some eminent justice of ce may have it in particular di- to visit their harbours; and that iff of Middlesex may allow him lance of the common hangman off their ears, or part of them, for on-fake, that we may know the ounds from the mongrels and

Until these things are regulated, y enquire at an house belonging , at the upper end of Suffolk or an house belonging to Ghent, to the lower end of Pall Mall, w further.

re to be wished that the curs were of; for it is a very great nuisance them tolerated in cities. That lon takes care, that the Common fited by the serjeants and bailiffs, em whenever they are found he walls; though it is said, some families keep them, to the de- of their neighbours: but it is that all who know of any of rs, or have been bit by them, ad me their marks, and the here they are harboured; and I do it but I shall alarm the people so o have them used like mad-dogs r the appear. In the mean time, all such as entertain this kind of that if they give me timely no- their dogs are dismissed, I shall go unregarded; otherwise am to admonish my fellow-subjects ehalf, and instruct them how to ing worried, when they are go- n their lawful professions and . There was lately a young us bit to the bone; who has now covered his health, but is as a skeleton. It grieved my heart gentleman's son run among the

hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the best of the pack.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 31.

THIS evening was spent at our table in discourse of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; but a very odd fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a briskness of imagination more like madness than regular thoughts, said that Harry Jacks was the first who told him of the taking of the citadel of Tournay; 'And,' says he, 'Harry deserves a statue more than the boy who ran to the senate with a thorn in his foot, to tell of a victory.' We were astonished at the assertion, and Spondee asked him, 'What affinity is there between that boy and Harry, that you say their merit has so near a resemblance as you just now told us?'—'Why,' says he, 'Harry, you know, is in the French interest; and it was more pain to him to tell the story of Tournay, than to the boy to run upon a thorn to relate a victory which he was glad of.' The gentleman who was in the chair upon the subject of the propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was wit in this comparison; and urged, that to have any thing gracefully said, it must be natural; but that whatsoever was introduced in common discourse with so much premeditation, was insufferable. That critic went on—'Had Mr. Jacks,' said he, 'told him the citadel was taken, and another had answered, He deserves a statue as well as the Roman boy, for he told it with as much pain, it might have passed for a sprightly expression; but there is a wit for discourse, and a wit for writing. The easiness and familiarity of the first is not to favour in the least of study; but the exactness of the other is to admit of something like the freedom of discourse, especially in treatises of humanity, and what regards the Belles Lettres. I do not in this allow that Bickerstaff's Tatlers, or discourse of wit by retail, and for the penny, should come within the description of writing.' I bowed at his compliment, and—But he would not let me proceed.

'You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in

an accomplished woman. Whether it be, that there is partiality inescapable when we judge of that sex, or whatever it is, you may observe a wonderful freedom in their utterance, and an easy flow of words, without being distracted (as we often are who read much) in the choice of diction and phrases. My Lady Courtly is an instance of this: she was talking the other day of diets, and did it with so excellent an air and gesture, that you would have sworn she had learned her diction from our Demosthenes. Besides which, her words were so particularly well adapted to the matter she talked of, that though diets was a new thing to us men, she avoided the terms of art in it, and described an unaffected garb and manner in so proper terms, that she came up to that of Horace's *Simplex Menditius*; which, whoever can translate in two words, has as much elegance as Lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace, but would not undertake to translate them; upon which she smiled, and told me, she believed me a very great scholar; and I took my leave.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 31.

I HAVE been just now reading the introduction to the history of Catiline by Salust, an author who is very much in my favour: but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and, at the same time, see how industriously he has avoided saying any thing to the praise of Cicero, to whose vigilance the commonwealth owed its safety, it very much lessens my esteem for that writer; and is one argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, and profess purely to act for the service of mankind, without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; some aim at riches, others at honour, by their public services: however, they are all pursuing some end to themselves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most graceful way then, I should think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at serving your-  
*self*; but at the same time make it ap-

pear, it is for the service of you have these opportunities

Of all the disinterested have ever heard of, I take that of Dampier's ship to be the best, but the most excusable to know, that in the wild navigation was making, that to be out at sea, far distant shore, in want of all the relief; in such a case, that they be not without hunger, on each boatswain was a fat, healthy fellow, and attracted the eyes of the crew. In such an extreme form of superiority were the captain and lieutenant were being carried, and the unsworn in danger only by eating. To be short, the crew unanimous, and the boat cut up. He saw their desire he might speak a few words, which they proceeded; which omitted, he delivered himself

GENTLEMEN SAILORS,

FAR be it that I should speak private interest of my private interest of my take it, that I should not do conscience, if I did not consider that I am not found. I say justice, and the testimony of science, as well as love of to which I hope you will all like me to own, that his Dampier has made me very content; and, I speak it with a fear, gentlemen, I should

This speech had a good boatswain's favour; but that the ship protested, he had cut well, and offered to eat the him himself.

The boatswain replied, with a true notion of and in hopes to gain time, heartily glad if he could be vice, and thanked the sun information. 'However,' must inform you, for you that I have ever since been very thirsty and dropical presume, it would be metap me and drink me at me at once, and have no ship fit to be drunk.' Acting on with this harangue,

d gave the crew hopes of a bet-  
at the nearest shore, to which  
ved next morning.

of the self-denials we meet with  
is fort; therefore I think he acts  
owns, he hopes at least to have  
fare, without professing that  
himself up with pleasure to be  
for the preservation of his

and the quarter-master general was, at  
the time of dispatching these letters,  
marking the ground for the encampment  
of the covering army.

TO THE BOOKSELLERS, OR OTHERS  
WHOM THIS ADVERTISEMENT  
MAY CONCERN.

**M**R. Omicron, the unborn poet, gives  
notice, that he writes all treatises,  
as well in verse as prose, being a ninth  
son; and translates out of languages,  
without learning or study.

If any bookseller will treat for his  
pistral on the siege and surrender of the  
citadel of Tournay, he must find in his  
proposals before the news of a capitula-  
tion for any other town.

The undertaker for a play-house  
may have an opera written by him; or,  
if it shall suit their design, a satire upon  
operas; both ready for next winter.

This is to give notice, that Richard  
Farlee, M.A. well known for his acuteness  
in dissection of dead bodies, and his  
great skill in osteology, has now laid by  
that practice; and having, by great study  
and much labour, acquired the know-  
ledge of an anastrophe for all the most  
common malades of the stomach, is re-  
moved and may be applied to, at any  
time of the day, in the south entrance  
from Newgate Street into Christ's Hos-  
pital.

ES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 31.

**E**RS from the Hague of the  
September, N. S. say, that the  
of the citadel of Tournay,  
fered their Highnesses the Duke  
rough and the Prince of Savoy  
der that place on the thirty first  
month, on terms which were  
ed them by those princes, hosti-  
thereupon renewed; but that  
ird the place was surrendered,  
oming condition granted to the  
above that of being prisoners of  
they were forthwith to be con-  
Conde, but were to be ex-  
for prisoners of the Allies, and  
rly those of Warneeton were  
ed in the demand. Both armies  
retched towards Mons with the  
tiligence, that of the Allies.  
they passed the much more diffi-  
l, arrived first before that town,  
ey have now actually invested;

LXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1709.

CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 2.

THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE  
IN REGARD TO OTHERS.

I ever thought it the greatest dis-  
tinction to the Roman glory ima-  
that in their institution of pub-  
nships, they led their enemies in  
when they were prisoners. It is  
lowed, that doing all honour to  
riority of heroes above the rest of  
d, must needs conduce to the  
ad advantage of a nation; but  
ocks the imagination to reflect  
s, that a polite people should  
t reasonable, that an unhappy  
to was no way inferior to the  
ut by the chance of war, should  
ike a slave at the wheels of his  
Indeed, these other circum-

stances of a triumph, that it was not al-  
lowed in a civil war, lest part of it  
should be in tears, while the other was  
making acclamations; that it should not  
be granted, except such a number were  
slain in battle; that the general should  
be disgraced who made a false muster of  
his dead; these, I say, had great and  
politic ends in their being established,  
and tended to the apparent benefit of the  
commonwealth. But this behaviour to  
the conquered had no foundation in  
nature and policy, only to gratify the  
insolence of an haughty people, who  
triumphed over barbarous nations, by  
adding what was fit only for those very  
barbarians to practise. It seems won-  
derful, that they who were so refined as  
to take care that, to complete the ho-  
nour done to the victorious officer, no  
power should be known above him in  
Z 2 the



the empire on the day of his triumph, but that the consuls themselves should be but guests at his table that evening; could not take it into thought to make the man of chief note among his prisoners one of the company. This would have improved the gladness of the occasion; and the victor had made a much greater figure, in that no other man appeared unhappy on his day, than because no other man appeared great.

But we will wave at present such important incidents, and turn our thoughts rather to the familiar part of human life; and we shall find, that the great business we contend for is in a less degree what those Romans did on more solemn occasions, to triumph over our fellow-creatures; and there is hardly a man to be found, who would not rather be in pain to appear happy, than be really happy and appear miserable. This men attempt by sumptuous equipages, splendid houses, numerous servants, and all the cares and pursuits of an ambitious or fashionable life.

Bromeo and Tabio are particularly ill-wishers to each other, and rivals in happiness. There is no way in nature so good to procure the esteem of the one, as to give him little notices of certain secret points, wherein the other is uneasy. Gnatho has the skill of doing this, and never applauds the improvements Bromeo has been many years making, and ever will be making; but, he adds—  
 ‘ Now this very thing was my thought when Tabio was pulling up his underwood, yet he never would hear of it; but now your gardens are in this posture, he is ready to hang himself. Well, to be sincere, that situation of his can never make an agreeable seat; he may make his house and appurtenances what he pleases, but he cannot remove them to the same ground where Bromeo stands; and of all things under the sun, a man that is happy at second-hand is the most monstrous.’  
 — ‘ It is a very strange madness,’ answers Bromeo, ‘ if a man on these occasions can think of any end but pleasing himself. As for my part, if things are convenient, I hate all ostentation. There is no end or the folly of adapting our affairs to the imagination of others.’ Upon which, the next thing he does is to enlarge whatever he hears his rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their misfortune is, that they

are in their time of life, in their estates, and in their understandings, equal; so that the emulation may continue to the last day of their lives. As it stands now, Tabio has heard that Bromeo has lately purchased two hundred a year in the annuities since he last settled the account of their happiness, in which he thought himself to have the balance. This may seem a very fantastical way of thinking in these men; but there is nothing so common, as a man’s endeavouring rather to go further than some other person towards an easy fortune, than to form any certain standard that would make himself happy.

#### WILL’S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 2.

MR. DASTYLE has been this evening very profuse of his eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule; and seemed to say very justly, that there was generally in it something too dissingenuous for the society of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumstances of persons, time, and place. ‘ This talent,’ continued he, ‘ is to be used as a man does his sword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors in society to a true light. But we have seen this faculty so mistaken, that the burlesque of Virgil himself has passed, among men of little taste, for wit; and the noblest thoughts that can enter into the heart of man levelled with ribaldry and baseness: though, by the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus cowards, who would hide themselves by an affected terror in their mien and dress; and pedants, who would show the depth of their knowledge by a supercilious gravity; are equally the objects of laughter. Not that they are in themselves ridiculous for their want of courage, or weakness of understanding; but that they seem insensible of their own place in life, and unhappily rank themselves with those whose abilities, compared to their defects, make them contemptible.’

‘ At the same time, it must be remarked, that risibility being the effect of reason, a man ought to be expelled from sober company who laughs alone.’—

‘ Hal

He says Will Truby, who sat  
 I any man pretend to give me  
 as I should laugh, or tell me  
 should laugh at?—'Look ye,'  
 Humphry Slyboots, 'you are  
 mistaken; you may, if you  
 make what noise you will, and  
 can hinder an English gentle-  
 man putting his face into what  
 he thinks fit; but, take my  
 word for it, that motion which you  
 make with your mouth open, and  
 motion of your stomach, which  
 comes by heaving your sides, is  
 greater laughter is a more weigh-  
 ty than you imagine; and I will  
 be a secret, you never did laugh  
 in your life; and truly I am afraid  
 you will, except you take great  
 care to be cured of those convulsive  
 Truby left us; and when he  
 yards from us—'Well,' said  
 'are strange fellows!' and was  
 easily taken with another fit.

Trubies are a well-natured fami-  
 ly particular make is such,  
 have the same pleasure out of  
 it, which other people have in  
 it, which is the cause of laughter:  
 their bursting into the figures  
 when laughing, proceeds only  
 from benevolence they are born  
 the Slyboots smile only on the  
 occasion of mirth; which dissem-  
 inated rather from a different  
 of their organs, than that one  
 spread than the other. I know  
 enters inwardly, when Will Tru-  
 is at him; but when I meet him,  
 bursts out, I know it is out of  
 want of joy to see me, which he  
 by that vociferation which is  
 laughter. But I shall defer  
 on this subject at large, until I  
 my treatise of oscillation, laugh-  
 ridicule.

#### OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 2.

following letter being a panegyric  
 on me for a quality which every  
 y attain, an acknowledgment  
 pls; I thought it for the good  
 of low-writers to publish it.

if he allowed, that Episcure  
 staff is of all authors the most  
 is. There are few, very few,  
 own themselves in a satire,

though all the world see them to be in  
 downright nonsense. You will be pleas-  
 ed, Sir, to pardon this expression, for  
 the same reason for which you once de-  
 sired us to excuse you, when you seemed  
 any thing dull. Most writers, like the  
 generality of Claude Lorraine's saints,  
 seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying  
 hard; but you, Sir, to shew a good  
 example to your brethren, have not only  
 confessed, but of your own accord mended  
 the indictment: nay, you have been  
 so good-natured as to discover beauties  
 in it, which, I will assure you, he that  
 drew it never dreamed of; and, to  
 make your civility the more accomplish-  
 ed, you have honoured him with the  
 title of your kinsman, which, though  
 derived by the left-hand, he is not a  
 little proud of. My brother, for such  
 Obadiah is, being at present very busy  
 about nothing, has ordered me to return  
 you his sincere thanks for all these fa-  
 vours; and, as a small token of his gra-  
 titude, to communicate to you the fol-  
 lowing piece of intelligence, which, he  
 thinks, belongs more properly to you  
 than to any others of our modern histo-  
 rians.

Madonella, who, as it was thought,  
 had long since taken her flight towards  
 the æthereal mansions, still walks, it  
 seems, in the regions of mortality; where  
 she has found, by deep reflections on  
 the revolution mentioned in yours of  
 June the twenty-third, that where early  
 instructions have been wanting to im-  
 print true ideas of things on the tender  
 souls of those of her sex, they are never  
 after able to arrive at such a pitch of  
 perfection, as to be above the laws of  
 matter and motion; laws which are con-  
 siderably enforced by the principles usu-  
 ally imbibed in nurseries and boarding-  
 schools. To remedy this evil, she has  
 laid the scheme of a college for young  
 damsels; where, instead of scissars,  
 needles, and samplers; pens, compasses,  
 quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek,  
 Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their  
 whole time. Only on holidays the stu-  
 dents will, for moderate exercise, be  
 allowed to divert themselves with the  
 use of some of the lightest and most vo-  
 luble weapons; and proper care will be  
 taken to give them at least a superficial  
 tincture of the ancient and modern Ama-  
 zonian tactics. Of these military per-  
 formances, the direction is undertaken  
 by Epicene, the writer of memoirs from  
 the

the Mediterranean, who, by the help of some artificial position conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same success, revived others who had long since been pronounced in the whole world of Lethæ. Another of the professions is to be a certain Lady, who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels, which are said to have been in as great request with the ladies of Queen Emma's court, as the memoirs from the New Atlantic are with those of ours. I shall make it my business to enquire into the progress of this learned institution, and give you the first notice of their philosophical innovations, and searches after nature. Yours, &c.

\* TOELAH GREENHAT.

*J<sup>r</sup> Ambrose, Grosvenor, Alders: of London.*

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 2.

THIS day we have received advices by the way of Ostend, which give an account of an engagement between the French and the Allies on the eleventh instant, N. S. Marshal Bussiers arrived in the enemy's camp on the fifth, and

acquainted Marshal Villars, that he did not come in any character, but to receive his commands for the King's service, and communicate to him his orders upon the present posture of affairs. On the ninth, both armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the ensuing day until the close of the evening, and stood on their arms all that night. On the day of battle the cannonading was renewed about seven: the Duke of Argyle had orders to attack the wood Sart on the right, which he executed so successfully, that he pierced through it, and won a considerable post. The Prince of Orange had the same good fortune in a wood on the left: after which the whole body of the confederates, joined by the forces from the siege, marched up and engaged the enemy, who were drawn up at some distance from these woods. The dispute was very warm for some time, but towards noon, the French began to give ground from one wing to the other; which advantage being observed by our generals, the whole army was urged on with fresh vigour, and in a few hours the day ended with the entire defeat of the enemy.

## N<sup>o</sup> LXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1709.

QUE CARIT ORA CURE NOSTR?

HOR. OD. I. L. 2. VER. 36.

WHAT COAST, ENCIRCLED BY THE BRINY FLOOD,

DEALS NOT THE LIGNIOUS TRIESTE OF OUR BLOOD?

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 5.

WHEN I look back of triumphs, and the behaviour of the Romans on these occasions, I knew by my skill in astrology, that there was a great event approaching to mankind; but not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer the mention of the battle near Mons until it happened; which meditation was no small pain to me; but I should write my art, if I concealed that some of my most intelligent friends had apprised me of the news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of Lieutenant-colonel Graham in England. All nations, as well as persons, have their good and evil genius attending them; but the Kingdom of France has three, the last of which is neither

for it nor against it in reality; but has for some months past acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to save it's ward from the incursion of it's powerful enemies, by little subtleties and tricks, which a nation is more than undone when it is reduced to practise. Thus, instead of giving exact accounts and representations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the same time a falsehood, when all the circumstances come to be related. Picolet was at the court of France on Friday night last, when this genius of that kingdom came thither in the shape of a post-boy, and cried out, that Mons was relieved, and the Duke of Marlborough marched. Picolet was much astonished at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons,

\* on the Authority of *Lepens*. — See *Emigrants of London* p. 556. vol. 1.  
J<sup>r</sup> A. was buried at Mitcham 1718.

ence he found the Alliance; and began to reason of this sudden self-learned he had heard a sure of the French affairs, in country. But upon among the trials who regions, and consultation pouring peasants, he was ne the following account of the armies since they out that place, and the allowed then upon.

y the seventh of September the Confederate Army was in camp at Havre, by in the enemy were marching Prince of Hesse. Upon the Duke of Marlborough at the troops should in; which was accordingly they were all joined on ght at noon. On that morning it appeared, that attacked, the advanced detachment, commanded of Hesse, had dispersed oners a party of the en- which was sent out to ob- ch of the Confederates. moved from Quirrain on morning, and inclined to thence all that day. The nday following, they con- nard, until on Tuesday y possessed themselves of Dour and Blaugies. As me into that ground, they enforcements with all ex- Allies arrived within few the enemy was posted; but Marlborough thought fit e arrival of the reinforce e expected from the siege

Upon notice that the o far advanced, is to be for an action the next day, lingly resolved to engage

necessary for understanding of the action, and the made in the time of the that you have in your of the place. The two eleventh instant were both fore the words of Dour, rt, and Janfart; the army of Savoy on their for blaugies; the forces of Ch at center on his left; those

of the High Allies before the wood Sart, as well as a large interval of plain ground, and Janfart, on the left of the whole. The enemy were entrenched in the paths of the woods, and drawn up behind two entrenchments over-against them, opposite to the armies of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. There were also two lines entrenched in the plains over-against the army of the States. This was the posture of the French and Confederate forces when the signal was given, and the whole line moved on to the charge.

The Dutch army, commanded by the Prince of Hesse, attacked with the most undaunted bravery; and, after a very obstinate resistance, forced the first entrenchment of the enemy in the plain between Sart and Janfart; but were repulsed in their attack on the second with great slaughter on both sides. The Duke of Marlborough, while this was transacting on the left, had with very much difficulty marched through Sart, and lenten the enemy from the several entrenchments they had thrown up in it. As soon as the Duke had marched into the plain, he observed the main body of the enemy drawn up and entrenched in the front of his army. This situation of the enemy, in the ordinary course of war, is usually thought an advantage hardly to be surmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that army which had just overcome greater difficulties. The Duke commanded the troops to form, but to forbear enlarging until further orders. In the mean time he visited the left of our line, where the troops of the States had been engaged. The slaughter on this side had been very great, and the Dutch incapable of making further progress, except they were suddenly reinforced. The right of our line was attacked soon after their coming upon the plain; but they drove back the enemy with such bravery, that the victory began to incline to the Allies by the prompt restoration of the French to their works, from whence they were infinitely beaten. The Duke, upon observing this advantage on the right, commanded the Earl of Orkney to march with a sufficient number of battalions, to force the enemy from their entrenchments on the plain between the woods of Sart and Janfart; which being performed, the north and the Allies marched into the plains,

plains, covered by their own foot, and forming themselves in good order, the cavalry of the enemy attempted no more but to cover the foot in their retreat. The Allies made so good use of the beginning of the victory, that all their troops moved on with fresh resolution, until they saw the enemy fly before them towards Conde and Maubeuge; after whom proper detachments were made, who made a terrible slaughter in the pursuit.

In this action, it is said, Prince Eugene was wounded, as also the Duke of Arenberg, and Lieutenant-general Webb. The Count of Oxenstern, Colonel Lalo, and Sir Thomas Pendergraft, were killed.

This wonderful success, obtained under all the difficulties that could be opposed in the way of an army, must be acknowledged as owing to the genius, courage, and conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, a consummate hero; who has lived not only beyond the time in which Cæsar said he was arrived at a satiety of life and glory; but also been so long the subject of panegyric, that it is as hard to say any thing new in his praise, as to add to the merit which requires such eulogiums.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 5.

THE following letter being very explanatory of the true design of our lucubrations, and at the same time an excellent model for performing it, it is absolutely necessary, for the better understanding our works, to publish it.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,  
THOUGH I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs, nor related to any branch of it, yet I applaud your wholesome project of making wit useful.

This is what has been, or should have been, intended by the best comedies. But nobody, I think, before you, thought of a way to bring the stage as it were into the coffee-house,

and there attack those who thought themselves out of raillery, by prudently avoiding walks and districts. I am a solid citizen of threescore and six, and am now just beginning to learn of wit in spectacles; and a tentative table sometimes of pertinent queries, which I to answer, and then join in it the sincerest way, by which he does not understand it.

In pursuing this design, ways have a large scene before them, which can never be at a loss for entertain a town so plentiful with them. The follies of minds, which a philosopher knows how to dissect, will be your skill: and of this for liberty to send you the folio.

Cleantes is a man of good learning, entertainment, and acute wit. He is a master of style, and writes nobly in verse. Yet all that to make him politely ridiculous he is above the rank of characters, only to have the being laughed at by the family makes him proud at his learning, assuming and his wit, arrogant and mixes some of the best of the head with the worst of the body is entertained by his body esteems him. I am,

Your most affectionate

JOSIAH

Lost, from the Cocoa-nut mall, two Irish dogs, below pack of London; one a tall dog; the other a black n hound, not very sound, a to be gone to the Bath by cure. The man of the inn they ran, being now there if he meets either of them, up. Several others are lost bridge and Epfom; which maintain, may keep.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1709.

QUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI PARRAGO LIBELLI.

JUV. SAT. I. VER. 85.

EVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—

JMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

FEE-ROUSE, SEPT. 7.

er this evening, and exchanging else but mutual con-  
the company on the late  
found our room, which  
e hoped to have seen full  
ur and alacrity upon so  
caison, full of sour ani-  
g into the action, in doubt  
happened, and fearful of  
their countrymen. It is  
eve easily, what we with  
a certain rule, that they  
to a glad occasion, who  
can against the truth of  
eir argument against our  
t they wish it otherwise.  
into the room, a gentle-  
aiming—' If,' says he,  
reat and compleat a vic-  
ave we not the names of  
? why is not an exact re-  
conduct of our generals  
e world? why do we not  
or whom to applaud? If  
ous, why do we not give  
f our captives and our  
e are to be satisfied with  
es we are conquerors,  
it so. Sure this is ap-  
despotic way of treating  
hich we pretend to fight  
e fit down satisfied with  
ictory accounts, which  
rds of triumph, but do  
pirit of it.' I whispered  
—' Pray, what can that  
an be?'—' He is,' an-  
character you have not  
observed. You have  
ttle-painters, have men-  
le-poet; but this is a bat-  
le is a fellow that lives  
ent so gentle, that though  
enemy, suffers his ma-  
they know his im-  
is to examine the weight  
age before the company  
Greenbat was going

on in his explanation, when Sir George  
England thought fit to take up the dis-  
course in the following manner:

' Gentlemen, the action you are in  
' so great doubt to approve of is greater  
' than ever has been performed in any  
' age; and the value of it I observe from  
' your dissatisfaction: for battle-critics  
' are like all others; you are the more  
' offended, the more you ought to be,  
' and are convinced you ought to be,  
' pleased. Had this engagement hap-  
' pened in the time of the old Romans,  
' and such things been acted in their  
' service, there would not be a foot of  
' the wood which was pierced, but had  
' been consecrated to some deity, or  
' made memorable by the death of him  
' who expired in it for the sake of his  
' country. It had been said on some  
' monument at the entrance—" Here  
' the Duke of Argyle drew his sword,  
' and said—" March."—Here Webb,  
' after having an accomplished fame  
' for gallantry, exposed himself like a  
' common soldier.—Here Rivett, who  
' was wounded at the beginning of  
' the day, and carried off as dead, re-  
' turned to the field, and received his  
' death." Medals had been struck for  
' our general's behaviour when he first  
' came into the plain, " Here was the  
' fury of the action; and here the hero  
' stood as fearless as if invulnerable."  
' Such certainly had been the cares  
' of that state for their own honour,  
' and in gratitude to their heroic sub-  
' jects. But the wood intrenched, the  
' plain made more impassable than the  
' wood; and all the difficulties opposed  
' to the most gallant army, and most  
' intrepid leaders that ever the sun shone  
' upon, are treated by the talk of some  
' in this room as objections to the me-  
' rit of our general and our army: but,  
' continued he, " I leave all the examina-  
' tion of this matter, and a proper dis-  
' course on our sense of public actions,  
' to my friend Mr. Bickerstaff; who  
' may let beaus and gamesters rest,  
A 2      ' until

- until he has examined into the reasons
- of men's being malecontents, in the
- only nation that suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air.'

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 7.

THE following letters are sent to me from relations; and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publish them. I have only writ nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done a good action, if they alarm any heedless men against the fraternity of the knights whom the Greeks call *ἑταῖροι*.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

IT is taken very ill by several gentlemen here, that you are so little vigilant, as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the Sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they have divided themselves into nobles and commons; Beau Bogg, Beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy, are of their upper house; broken captains, ignorant attorneys, and such other bankrupts from industrious professions, compose their lower order. Among these two sets of men, there happened here lately some unhappy differences. Esquire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas: his raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the Societies; for Sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder as the others to ask for alms. Pert was the man exactly fitted for taking with Humphry, as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rutticity or bathfulness. There arose an entire friendship by this sympathy between Pert and Humphry, which ended in tripping the latter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his sun-bbox; the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him.

At last fresh bills came down immediately their countenances up, ancient kindnesses and favours renewed, and to dinner he was by the fraternity. You are that while he was in his days rude, a commoner, who was from his share of the prey, he pered the Esquire, that he was cautioned him of venturing. However, hopes of recovering his box, which was given him by made him fall to play after dinner mindful of what he was told something that provoked him, they were a company of! Presently Tallboy fell on him, ing too hard at fifty-cuffs, and out of doors. The valiant I lowed, and kicked him in which the Esquire resented, near his match; so challenged differing about time and place interposed, for he had still me and persuaded him to ask provoking them to beat him, asked his for doing it. The hesitating whence Humphry could information, concluded it must some malicious commoner; a revenged, Beau Bogg watch haunts, and in a shop where they were at play with ladies dice which he found, or pretend, upon them; and declare false they were, warned the take care who they played & his seeming candour, he clear putation at least to fools, and women; but it was still blast Esquire's story with thinking however, he gained a great profit for the next day he got the shut up with himself and fellows, and robbed them at discretion.

I cannot express to you my indignation I behold the noble gentlemen degenerated to that cut-purses. It is in vain to remedy, whilst so many of the get and enjoy estates of twenty and fifty thousand pounds, poverty; creep into the best tions, and spread their infectious through the nation; lesser rogues, that rob for nakedness, are sacrificed by and, in this respect, partial festive law. Could you open eyes against the occasion of a

rupter of our manners and more author of more bankrupts war, and sure bane of all intemperance, and good-nature; in of all virtues, (I mean public play at cards or dice) how would I contribute my utmost, bly send you some memoirs of and politics of some of the y of great figure, that might be you in setting this in a clear ink next session; that all who their country or posterity, and smicious effects of such a puhmay endeavour it's destruction effectual laws. In concurthis good design, I remain

Your humble Servant, &c.  
Aug. 30.

ERSTAFF, FRIDAY, SEPT. 2.  
ly join with you in your laud-  
effig against the Myrmidons,  
your late insinuations against

Coxcombs of Fire; and I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the success of your labours, which I observed yesterday in one of the hottest Fire-men in town; who not only affects a soft smile, but was seen to be thrice contradicted, without shewing any sign of impatience. These, I say, so happy beginnings promise fair, and on this account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkenel the curs; a work of such use, that I admire it so long escaped your vigilance; and exhort you, by the concern you have for the good people of England, to pursue your design: and that these vermin may not flatter themselves that they pass undiscovered, I desire you would acquaint Jack Haughty, that the whole secret of his bubbling his friend with the Swifs at the Thatched-house is well known, as also his sweetening the knight; and I shall acknowledge the favour.

Your most humble Servant, &c.

## KVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1709.

COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 9.

subject of the discourse this morning was Eloquence and Grace. Lyfander, who is somewhat particular in his way of thinking, told us, a man could not act without action: for the de- of the body, the turn of the an apt sound to every word eral, must all conspire to make plished speaker. Action in speaks in public is the same good mien in ordinary life. a certain insensibility in the ace recommends a sentence of and jest, so it must be a very seriousness that gives grace to iments. The jest is to be a xpected; therefore your under- manner is a beauty in expres- nirth; but when you are to talk abject, the more you are moved the more you will move others. re is," said he, "a remarkable le of that kind. Alcibiades, a orator of antiquity, had pleaded ma in a great cause against De- ses; but having lost it, retired odes: eloquence was then the most admired among men;

and the magistrates of that place, having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. "If you are," said he, "thus touched with hearing only what that great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak? for he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration." Certain it is, that they who speak gracefully are very lamely represented in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people; for there is something native to each man, so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his shall immediately observe—"That is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it."

But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the Clergy of Great Britain, who

A 2 are,



are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the dean we heard the other day together is an orator. He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he is to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage; and adding to the propriety of speech, which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions until he has convinced your reason. All the objections which he can form are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to shew the beauty of holiness, until he hath convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and shew so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world, but because it is spoken extempore: for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears; and there

is no way to come at their  
by power over their imagi-

There is my friend and  
panion Daniel: he knows  
better than he speaks, and  
a proper discourse as well  
thodox neighbour. But  
very well that to bawl  
beloved!" and the words "  
generation! sanctification!  
the day! the day!—aye, r  
the day! or rather the night  
is coming! and judgment  
when we least think of  
forth. He knows, to be

the only way to come at his  
Daniel, when he sees my fi  
hat come in, can give a  
and cry out—"This is a  
saints! the regenerated!  
force of action, though mi  
the incoherence and rib  
ginable, Daniel can laugh  
celian, and grow fat by  
subscription, while the pa  
parish goes to law for hai  
Daniel will tell you—"I  
shepherd, but the sheep w  
which the flock follows."

Another thing very wo  
learned body should omit,  
to read; which is a most n  
of eloquence in one who i  
the star: for there is no r  
be sensible, that the lazy  
inarticulate sound of o  
readers, depreciates the  
form of words that were  
in any nation or languag  
their own wants, or his  
whom we ask relief.

There cannot be a gre  
of the power of action th  
panion Dapper, who is t  
relief to all the lazy pulp  
This smart youth has a ve  
memory, a quick eye, and a  
kerchief. Thus equippe  
his text, shews his book f  
he has no notes in his l  
both palms, and shews all  
too. Thus, with a deci  
young man goes on witho  
and though from the begi  
end of his pretty discours  
used one proper gesture,  
conclusion the churchwar  
gloves from off his hand  
who is this extraordinary j

the force of action is such, that more prevalent, even when inferior, than all the reason and argument in the world without it.' This man concluded his discourse by 'I do not doubt but if our ears would learn to speak, and our eyes to read, within six months we should not have a dissenter a mile off a church in Great Britain.'

IN HIS OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 9.

RECEIVED a letter from a young fellow complains to me that he was bred at school, and is now just out of his studies unfortunately, (for he has no other education suitable to his present state) an uncle has left him one hundred pounds *per annum*. The man is sensible, that he is so that he fears he shall never be as long as he lives; but applies to me, to know what method to help his air, and be a fine man.

He says, that several of those ladies were formerly his customers, visit them on purpose to fall in his way, and he shall be obliged to marry his will; 'For,' says he, 'if any of them should ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. I am,' says he, 'utterly at a loss how to deal with them; for though I was the most agreeable creature in the world when I was a man, and could land a woman of the first quality to her coach as well as a town gentleman-usurer, I am now out of my way, and speechless in their company. They commend my modesty to my face. No one dares to say, I should certainly be the best husband in the world, or of my sober education. Mrs. Bickerstaff, here are my writings read; if you can find any flaw in it, so as it may go to the next who goes to St. James's coffee-house, and White's, and could enjoy it should be extremely well pleased with two thousand pounds to set up a trade, and live in a way I know I shall become, rather than be laugh-tall my life among too good company. If you could send for my cousin and persuade him to take the estate

'on these terms, and let nobody know it, you would extremely oblige me.'

Upon first sight, I thought this a very whimsical proposal; however, upon more mature consideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's prudence and good sense; for there is nothing so unwise as living in a way a man knows he does not become. I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat on this occasion, and he is so well pleased with the man, that he has half a mind to take the estate himself; but upon second thoughts he proposed this expedient: 'I should be very willing,' said he, 'to keep the estate where it is, if we could make the young man any way easy; therefore I humbly propose, he should take to drinking for one half year, and make a flover of him, and from thence begin his education anew: for it is a maxim, that one who is ill-taught is in a worse condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a spruce mercer is farther off the air of a fine gentleman than a downright clown. To make our patient any thing better, we must unmake him what he is.' I indeed proposed to flux him; but Greenhat answered, that if he recovered, he would be as prim and feat as ever he was: therefore he would have it his way, and our friend is to drink until he is caruncled and tun-bellied; after which we will send him down to smoke, and be buried with his ancestors in Derbyshire. I am, indeed, desirous he should have his life in the estate, because he has such a just sense of himself and his abilities, as to know that it is an un happiness to him to be a man of fortune.

This youth seems to understand, that a gentleman's life is that of all others the hardest to pass through with propriety of behaviour; for though he has a support without art or labour, yet his manner of enjoying that circumstance is a thing to be considered; and you see among men, who are honoured with the common appellation of gentlemen, so many contradictions to that character, that it is the utmost ill-fortune to bear it: for which reason I am obliged to change the circumstances of several about this town. Harry Lacker is so very exact in his debts, that I shall give his estate to his younger brother, and make him a dancing-master. Nokes Light-foot is so nimble, and values himself so much

much upon it, that I have thoughts of making him huntsman to a pack of beagles, and give his land to somebody that will stay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all persons who are not of the first quality, or who do not bear some important office that requires so much distinction, to go to Hyde Park with six horses; for I cannot but esteem it the highest insolence. Therefore hereafter no man shall do it merely because he is able, without any other pretension. But, what may serve all purposes quite as well, it shall be allowed all such who think riches the chief distinction, to appear in the Ring with two horses only, and a rent-roll hanging out of each side of their coach. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who designs very soon to publish a sumptuary discourse upon the subject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that subject, and assign the proper duties and qualifications of masters and servants, as well as that of husbands and wives; with a treatise of economy without doors, or the complete art of appearing in the world. This will be very useful to all who are suddenly rich, or are ashamed of being poor.

—*Sunt certa piacula, quæ te  
Ter puri lecto poterunt revocare libelli.*

HOR. EP. I. l. i. VER. 36.

And, like a charm, to th' upright mind and pure,  
If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.

I have notice of a new pack of dogs, of quite another sort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact account of their way of hunting, the following letter giving only a bare notice of them.

SIR,

SEPT. 7.

**T**HERE are another pack of dogs to be disposed of, who kennel about Charing Cross, at the old Fat Dog's at

the corner of Buckingham Court Spring Garden: two of them are be-whelped in Alsatia, now in ruin they, with the rest of the pack, pernicious, as if the old kennel had been broken down. The ancienting this sort of curs by the of Hæredipetes, the most pernicious all biters, for seizing young heirs especially when their estates are whom they reduce by one good such a condition, that they cannot after come to the use of their tongue smelling of a crust. You are fired to dispose of these as soon as can, that the breed may not in and your care in tying them up acknowledged by, Sir, your humble servant,

PHILANTHROPE.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEP.

WE have received letters from Duke of Marlborough's camp, bring us farther particulars of that and glorious victory obtained over enemy on the eleventh instant. The number of the wounded and prisoners is much greater than was related from our first account. It was doubtful until after twelve o'clock; but the enemy made little chance after their first line on the left to give way. An exact narrative of the whole affair is expected next. The French have had two days allowed them to bury their dead, and call their wounded men, upon parole. regiments of Great Britain which were most are ordered into garrison fresh troops commanded to man the field. The States have also ordered troops to march out of the towns, relieve those who lost so many men attacking the second entrenchment. French in the plain between Saumur and Janlart.

Nº LXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1704

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 12.

**N**O man can conceive, until he comes to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world

what great anxiety I have suffered of how little benefit my lucubrations have been to my fellow-subjects. I will go on in their own way in spite of all my labour. I gave Mr. Deane a private reprimand for wearing

and at the same time was as to connive at him for it, because I would give up of them out; but after informed he appeared yet new pair of the same sort. Ier success with Mr. What-to his buttons: Stentor still x and dice rattle as loud as ore I writ against them. lks about at noon-day, and hinks of adding a new lace

However, I must still go these enormities before me us them answer for going on ice.

ce is much larger than at in would imagine, and I part of my jurisdiction, s not only to futurity, but est to things past; and the xerions, who have long ago rts, is as much liable to on, as that of my own con-

put the whole race of man- proper distinctions, accord- nion their cohabitants com- m, I have with very much th of meditation, thought a chamber of Fame; and rtain rules, which are to n admitting members into s society.

number of Fame there are to s, but of different lengths; contain exactly twelve pen- nd, twenty; and the third,

This is reckoned to be ner of those who have any re of Fame. At the first s are to be placed in their lve most famous persons in it with regard to the things us for, but according to their fame, whether in var- leuning. Thus, if a ore famous than a soldier, above him. Neither must e be given to virtue, if the equally famous.

first table is filled, the next st be seated at the secon l, like manner to the number s also in the same order at ich is to hold an hundred. s, no regard is to be had to if Julius Cæsar shall be famous than Romulus and ust have the precedence.

No person who has not been dead an hundred years, must be offered to a place at any of these tables: and because this is altogether a lay-society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of Fame, no persons celebrated in Holy Writ, or any ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side-table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence; such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But because it is apprehended, that there may be great contention about precedence, the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned towards his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired, that no man will offer his favourite Hero, Soldier, or Poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff, at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers Hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which the proposer will compare the several lists, and make another for the public, wherein every name shall be ranked according to the the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the same number of persons of evil Fame.

It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better if the persons of true Fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil Fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables; because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance towards this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for these lists, I am employed in keeping people in a right way, to avoid the contrary

trary to Fame and Applause, to wit, Blame and Disdain. For this end, I work upon that useful project of the penny-post, by the benefit of which it is proposed, that a charitable society be established: from which society there shall go every day circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby they may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of universal good consequences: for it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, must be contented to see the several letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that when they will not take private reprehension, they may be tried further by a public one. I am sorry I am obliged to print the following epistles of that kind to some persons; and the more, because they are of the fair-sex. This went on Friday last to a very fine lady.

MADAM,

I Am highly sensible, that there is nothing of so tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the least stain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. When I have said this, you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear, at every visit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your sex. It is to you an advantage to shew that abundance of fine tresses: but I beseech you to consider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, costs Eleonora great sums of money to her tire-woman for false locks, besides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the secret, that she is grey. I must take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore I must desire you to raise and friz your hair a little, for it is downright insolence to be thus handsome without art; and you will forgive me for entreating you to do now, out of compassion, what you must soon do out of necessity. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient,  
and most humble Servant.

This person dresses just as she does before I writ; as does also the lady whom I addressed the following the same day.

MADAM,

LET me beg of you to take patches at the lower end of your cheek, and I will allow two more to your left-eye, which will contribute more to the symmetry of your face, except you would please to remove the black atoms on your ladyship's and wear one large patch instead of them. If so, you may properly retain the three patches above-mentioned. I am, &c.

This, I thought, had all the end and reason in the world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or ever it is, the lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by this charitable society, as an instruction to their epistles, that they tell people nothing but what is in their power to mend. I shall give another instance of this way of writing: two sisters in St. James's Street are eternally gaping out of their window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in company upon which I writ the following!

DEAR CREATURES,

ON the receipt of this, shut your windows.

But I went by yesterday, and found them still at the window. What a man do in this case, but go and wrap himself up in his own interest with satisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward, and that if no one is the better by his admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those ad-

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SE

LETTERS of the thirteenth inst. from the Duke of Marlborough at Havre, advise, that the necessary dispositions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The Duke of the siege is to be committed to the Prince of Orange, who designed his post accordingly with thirty lieutenants and thirty squadrons on the following. On the seventeenth

tenant-general Cadogan set out for Brussels, to hasten the ammunition and artillery which is to be employed in this enterprise; and the Confederate Army was extended from the Hainne to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of the Confederates in the late battle is not exactly known; but it appears by a list transmitted to the States General, that the number of the killed and wounded in their service amounts to above eight thousand. It is computed, that the English have lost fifteen hundred men, and the rest of the Allies above five thousand, including the wounded. The States General have taken the most speedy and effectual measures for reinforcing their troops; and it is expected, that in eight or ten days the army will be as numerous as before the battle. The affairs in Italy afford us nothing remarkable; only that it is hoped, the difference between the courts of Vienna and Turin will be speedily accommodated. Letters from Poland present us with a near prospect of seeing King Augustus re-established on the throne, all parties being very industrious to reconcile themselves to his interests.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 12.

OF all the pretty arts in which our modern writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners, than the skill of transition from one subject to another. I know not whether I make myself well understood; but it is certain, that the way of stringing a discourse, used in the *Mercury Gallant*, the *Gentleman's Journal*, and other learned writings; not to mention how naturally things present themselves to such as harangue in pulpits, and other occasions which occur to the learned; are methods wor-

thy commendation. I shall attempt this stile myself in few lines. Suppose I were discoursing upon the King of Sweden's passing the Boristhenes. The Boristhenes is a great river, and puts me in mind of the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot think of without reflecting on that unhappy prince who had such fair territories on the banks of it; I mean the Duke of Bavaria, who by our last letters is retired from Mons. Mons is as strong a fortification as any which has no citadel: and places which are not compleatly fortified are, methinks, lessons to princes, that they are not omnipotent, but liable to the strokes of fortune. But as all princes are subject to such calamities, it is the part of men of letters to guard them from the observations of all small writers: for which reason, I shall conclude my present remarks by publishing the following advertisement, to be taken notice of by all who dwell in the suburbs of learning.

Whereas the King of Sweden has been so unfortunate as to receive a wound in his heel; we do hereby prohibit all epigrammatists in either language and both universities, as well as all other poets, of what denomination soever, to make any mention of Achilles having received his death's wound in the same part.

We do likewise forbid all comparisons in coffee-houses between Alexander the Great and the said King of Sweden, and from instituting any parallels between the death of Alexander and Philotas; we being very apprehensive of the reflections that several politicians have ready by them to produce on this occasion; and bring with them as much as in us lies, to free the town from all imper- tinencies of this nature.

Nº LXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 14.

THE progress of our endeavours will of necessity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the chamber of Fame with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to make a noble education in our youth,

as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world, that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see, that some men have raised themselves so highly above their fellow-creatures, that the lives of ordinary men are spent in enquiries

quiries after the particular actions of the most illustrious. True it is, that without this impulse to fame and reputation, our industry would stagnate, and that lively desire of pleasing each other die away. This opinion was so established in the heathen world, that their sense of living appeared insipid, except their being was enlivened with a consciousness that they were esteemed by the rest of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my Table of Twelve, I thought it no ill way, (since I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked simply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue) to ask my sister Jenny's advice; and particularly mentioned to her the name of Aristotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great scholar, and that she had read him at the boarding-school. She certainly means a trifle sold by the hawkers called Aristotle's Problems. But this raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame increased by imposition of others is to be added to his account, or that these excrescences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to pass things under the covert of his name, should be considered in giving him his seat in the chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, so ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already sent me sufficient to fill up my lists for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to send in their accounts of ill defervers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real dislike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice against it, which makes men willing to destroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters among your acquaintance, and those you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I shall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for those of evil fame; for I have some thoughts of clapping up the sharpers there as fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present, I am employed in looking over the several notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all Rugg, *as the cant is*. The whole art of securing a die has lately been sent me, by a person who was of the fraternity, but

is disabled by the loss of a finger which means he cannot practise trick as he used to do. But I am much at a loss how to call some fair-sex, who are accomplices w Knights of Industry; for my moral dogs are easily enough unde but the feminine gender of dogs harsh a sound, that we know n to name it. But I am credibly i ed, that there are female dogs a cious as the males, and make ac to young fellows, without any of sign but coming to a familiar their purses. I have also long persons of condition, who are c of the same regimen with these b and instrumental to their cheat undiscerning men of their own These add their good reputation t on the impostures of others, who names would elie be defence against falling into their hands. for the honour of our nation, the be unmentioned; provided we t more of such practices, and th shall not from henceforward sul society of such, as they know to common enemies of order, dis and virtue. If it appear that on in encouraging them, they proceeded against according to vernal rules of history, where all laid before the world with impar and without respect to persons.

So let the stricken deer go weep

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT

I FIND left here for me the following epistle.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your di about the family of Trubies, in you observe, that there are so fall into laughter out of a certain violence in their temper, and not the ordinary motive, viz. contempt triumph over the imperfections of I have conceived a good idea c knowledge of mankind. And, have a tragi-comic genius, I t favour of you to give us your th of a quite different effect, which caused by other motives than w commonly taken notice of. V would have you treat of, is the shedding tears. I desire you w cuss it a little, with observations

ious occasions which provoke us  
expression of our concern, &c.

Obey this complaisant gentleman,  
no way so short as examining  
ious touches of my own bosom,  
ral occurrences in a long life to  
sing of which I am arrived, after  
y various incidents as any body  
t with. I have often reflected,  
ere is a great similitude in the  
s of the heart in mirth and in sor-  
nd I think the usual occasion of  
er, as well as the former, is  
ing which is sudden and unex-

The mind has not a sufficient  
recollect it's force, and imme-  
gushes into tears before we can  
rselfes by speech or complaint.  
A notorious cause of these drops  
ar eyes, are pity, sorrow, joy,  
conciliation.

fair-sex, who are made of man,  
t of earth, have a more delicate  
ty than we have; and pity is the  
mmon cause of their tears: for  
re inwardly composed of an apti-  
every circumstance of life, and  
ing that befalls any one person  
ave happened to any other of  
race; self-love, and a sense of  
a we ourselves should suffer in  
umstances of any whom we pity,  
use of that compassion. Such  
tion in the breast of a woman,  
ately inclines her to tears; but,  
n, it makes him think how such  
ought to act on that occasion,  
to the dignity of his nature.  
woman is ever moved for those  
he hears lament, and a man for  
hom he observes to suffer in si-

It is a man's own behaviour in  
umstances he is under, which  
s him the esteem of others, and  
ely the affliction itself which de-  
our pity; for we never give a  
at passion which he falls into for  
. He that commends himself  
urchases our applause; nor he  
wails himself, our pity.  
ig through an alley the other day,  
ed a noisy impudent beggar  
ut, that he was wounded in a  
nt-man; that he had lost his  
mbs, and showed a leg clouted  
All that passed by made what  
ey could out of his sight and  
; but a poor fellow at the end  
passage, with a rusty coat, a me-

lancholy air, and soft voice, desired  
them to look upon a man not used to  
beg. The latter received the charity of  
almost every one that went by. The  
strings of the heart, which are to be  
touched to give us compassion, are not  
so played on but by the finest hand.  
We see, in tragical representations, it is  
not the pomp of language, nor the mag-  
nificence of dress, in which the passion  
is wrought, that touches sensible spirits;  
but something of a plain and simple na-  
ture which breaks in upon our souls,  
by that sympathy which is given us for  
our mutual good-will and service.

In the tragedy of Macbeth, where  
Wilks acts the part of a man whose  
family has been murdered in his ab-  
sence, the wildness of his passion,  
which is run over in a torrent of cala-  
mitous circumstances, does but raise  
my spirits, and give the alarm: but  
when he skilfully seems to be out of  
breath, and is brought too low to say  
more, and upon a second reflection cries  
only, wiping his eyes—'What, both  
' children! Both, both my children  
' gone!' there is no resisting a sorrow  
which seems to have cast about for all  
the reasons possible for it's consolation,  
but has no resource. 'There is not  
' one left; but both, both are murder-  
' ed!' Such sudden starts from the  
thread of the discourse, and a plain sen-  
timent expressed in an artless way, are  
the irresistible strokes of eloquence and  
poetry. The same great master, Shake-  
speare, can afford us instances of all the  
places where our souls are accessible;  
and ever commands our tears. But it  
is to be observed, that he draws them  
from some unexpected source, which  
seems not wholly of a piece with the  
discourse. Thus, when Brutus and  
Cassius had a debate in the tragedy of  
Cæsar, and rose to warm language  
against each other, insomuch that it had  
almost come to something that might be  
fatal, until they recollected themselves;  
Brutus does more than make an apology  
for the heat he had been in, by saying—  
' Porcia is dead.' Here Cassius is all  
tenderness, and ready to dissolve, when  
he considers, that the mind of his friend  
had been employed on the greatest af-  
fliction imaginable, when he had been  
adding to it by a debate on trifles;  
which makes him in the anguish of his  
heart cry out—'How escaped I killing  
' when I thus provoked you?' This is



an incident which moves the soul in all it's sentiments; and Cassius's heart was at once touched with all the soft pangs of pity, remorse, and reconciliation. It is said, indeed, by Horace—'If you would have me weep, you must first weep yourself.' This is not literally true; for it would have been as rightly said, if we observe nature, that I shall certainly weep, if you do not: but what is intended by that expression is, that it is not possible to give passion, except you shew that you suffer yourself. Therefore, the true art seems to be, that when you would have the person you represent pitied, you must shew him at once in the highest grief, and struggling to bear it with decency and patience. In this case, we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow the sports of the field, I have more than once rode off at the death of a deer, when I have seen the animal in an affliction which appeared human, without the least noise, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the sorrow I saw him in, when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity, but the mind has recourse to that relief in all occasions which give us much emotion. Thus, to be apt to shed tears is a sign of a great as well as little spirit. I have heard say, the present Pope never passes through the people, who always kneel in crowds, and ask his benediction, but the tears are seen to flow from his eyes. This must proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all these people; and that he is touched with so extensive a benevolence, that it breaks out into a passion of tears. You see friends, who have been long absent, transported in the same manner: a thousand little images crowd upon them at their meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their separation; and in one hurry of thought, they conceive how they should have participated in those occa-

sions; and weep, because their minds are too full to wait the slow expression of words.

*Hic lacrymis vitam damus, et miserisimus ultro.* VIRG. *ÆN.* 2. v. 145.

With tears the wretch confirm'd his tale of woe;

And soft-eyed Pity pleaded for the foe.

R. WYNNE.

There is lately broke loose from the London pack, a very tall dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havock amongst the game. His manner of biting is new; and he is called the Top. He secures one die betwixt his two fingers: the other is fixed, by the help of a famous wax, invented by an apothecary, since a gamester; a little of which he puts upon his forefinger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great sums have been lately won by these ways; but it is hoped, that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day imposed upon.

There is now in the press, and will be suddenly published, a book entitled—'An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy;' wherein will be set forth at large, that all our dissensions are owing to the laziness of persons in the sacred ministry; and that none of the present schisms could have crept into the flock, but by the negligence of the pastors. There is a digression in this treatise, proving, that the pretences made by the priesthood from time to time, that the church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity passionate for that of which they themselves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the Clergy, to the study of eloquence, and practice of piety, as the only method to support the highest of all honours, that of a priest, who lives and acts according to his character.

N<sup>o</sup> LXIX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1709.

QUID OPORTET

NOS FACERE, A VULGO LONGE LATEQUE REMOTOS?

HOR. SAT. 6. L. I. V. 17.

BUT NOW SHALL WE, WHO DIFFER FAR AND WIDE,  
FROM THE MERE VULGAR, THIS GREAT POINT DECIDE? FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 16.

IT is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the Vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a Gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who with in his power is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and chearful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. 'It is not,' says he, 'to be considered among the actors, who is Prince, or who is Beggar; but who acts Prince or Beggar best. The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the out-

ward order or discipline of the world: for if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those about him.'

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indolence, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

Turning my thoughts, as I was taking my pipe this evening, after this manner; it was no small delight to me to receive advice from Felicia, that Eboracensis was appointed a governor of one of their plantations. As I am a great lover of mankind, I took part in the happiness of that people who were to be governed by one of so great humanity, justice, and honour. Eboracensis has read all the schemes which writers have formed of government and order, and been long conversant with men who have the reins in their hands; so that he can very well distinguish between chimerical and practical politics. It is a great blessing, when men have to deal with such different characters in the same species as those of freemen and slaves, that they who command have a just sense of human nature itself, by which they can temper the haughtiness of the master, and

and soften the servitude of the slave. *Ha tibi erunt artes.* This is the notion with which those of the plantation receive Eboracensis: and as I have cast his nativity, I find there will be a record made of this person's administration; and on that part of the shore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument with these words—'Here the people wept, and took leave of Eboracensis, the first governor our mother Felicia sent, who, during his command here, believed himself her subject.'

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 16.

THE following letter wants such sudden dispatch, that all things else must wait for this time.

SEPT. 13, EQUAL DAY AND NIGHT.

SIR,

THERE are two ladies, who, having a good opinion of your taste and judgment, desire you to make use of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two ladies before-mentioned have, a considerable time since, contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries, the men, will allow consistent with the frailty of female nature; and being, from a long acquaintance, convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their separation; and cannot think any so effectual (since it is common for love to destroy friendship) as to give up both their liberties to the same person in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon is neither well-bred nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, and his person never designed to charm women; but having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes; and most men being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one woman occasions; they think him, for these reasons, the most likely person of their acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon all other accounts, he is the last man either of them would chuse, yet for this preferable to all the rest. They desire to know your opinion the next post, resolving to defer further proceeding, until they have re-

ceived it. I am, Sir, your unthought of, humble serv  
BRIDGET EL

This is very extraordinary might be objected by me, w  
thing of a civilian, to the marrying the same man: b  
dies are, I perceive, Free-t  
therefore I shall speak only  
dential part of this design,  
philosopher, without enter  
merit of it in the ecclesiast  
law. These constant frier  
and Orestes, are at a loss  
their friendship from the en  
of love; for which end th  
solved upon a fellow who c  
object of affection or este  
and consequently cannot r  
place each has in her friend  
in all my readings, (and I h  
that the sages of love have  
found the greatest danger  
The ladies, indeed, to avoid  
chuse a sad fellow; but if  
be advised by me, they had  
each her worthless man; o  
that was despicable while h  
ferent to them, will becor  
when he seems to prefer one

I remember, in the Hitt  
Quixote of la Mancha, there  
ble passage which opens to u  
ness of our nature in such  
The Don falls into discou  
gentleman whom he calls  
of the Green Cassock, and  
to his house. When he cor  
runs into discourse and pan  
the economy, the governme  
der of his family, the educ  
children; and, lastly, on t  
wisdom of him who disposes  
that exactness. The gentle  
a soliloquy to himself—'C  
'power of flattery! Thou  
'this is a madman, I cann  
'ing taken with his appla  
ladies will find this much  
the case of their lover; and  
he most likes will certainl  
pleased, she whom he slight  
fended, than she can imagin  
has tried. Now I humbly p  
they both marry coxcombs  
are sure they cannot like, an  
may be pretty secure again  
of affection, which they fea

that means, preserving the temperature under which they now write, enjoy, during life, 'equal day and night.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 16.

THERE is no manner of news; but people now spend their time in coffee-houses in reflections upon the particulars of the late glorious day, and collecting the several parts of the action, as they are produced in letters from private hands, or notices given to us by accounts in public papers. A pleasant gentleman, alluding to the great fences through which we pierced, said this evening—'The French thought themselves on the right side of the hedge, but it proved otherwise.' Mr. Kidney, who has long conversed with, and filled tea for, the most consummate politicians, was pleased to give me an account of this piece of ribaldry; and desired me on that occasion to write a whole paper on the subject of valour, and explain how that quality, which must be possessed by whole armies, is so highly preferable in one man rather than another; and how the same actions are but mere acts of bravery in some, and instances of the most heroic virtue in others. He advised me not to fail, in this discourse, to mention the gallantry of the Prince of Nassau in his last engagement; who, when a battalion made a halt in the face of the enemy, snatched the colours out of the hands of the ensign, and planted them just before the line of the enemy, calling to that battalion to take cue of their colours, if they had no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promise to obey him in this particular, on the first occasion that offers.

Mr. Bickerstaff is now compiling exact accounts of the part of the militia, and the commission-officers under the respective lieutenant-generals of Great Britain;

in the first place, of those of London and Westminster; and in regard that there are no common soldiers, but all house-keepers, or representatives of house-keepers in these bodies, the sums raised by the officers shall be looked into; and their fellow-soldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the subsistence of the troops.

Whereas, not very long since, at a tavern between Fleet Bridge and Charing Cross, some certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform the Bacchanalian exercises of devotion by dancing without cleaths on, after the manner of the *Præ-Adamitæ*; this is to certify those persons, that there is no manner of wit or humour in the said practice; and that the heads of the parish are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they are arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of shame?

Whereas a chapel-clerk was lately taken in a garret on a flock-bed with two of the fair-sex, who are usually employed in sitting cinders: this is to let him know, that if he persists in being a scandal both to laity and clergy, as being as it were both and neither, the names of the nymphs who were with him shall be printed; therefore he is desired, as he renders the reputation of his ladies, to repent.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received information, that an eminent and noble preacher in the chief congregation of Great Britain, for fear of being thought guilty of Presbyterian fervency and extemporary prayer, lately read his, before sermon; but the same advice acknowledging that he made the congregation large amends by the shortness of his discourse, it is thought fit to make no further observation upon it.

N<sup>o</sup> LXX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1739.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES—NOSTRI FARRAGO LIPILLI.

JUV. SAT. I. V. 85.

WHATEVER GOOD IS DONE, WHATEVER ILL—

BY HUMAN KIND, SHALL THIS COLLECTION FILL.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 19.

THE following letter, in prosecution of what I have lately asserted, has urged that matter so much bet-

ter than I had, that I insert it as I received it. These testimonials are customary with us learned men, and sometimes are suspected to be written by the author.

author; but I fear no one will suspect me of this.

212, LONDON, SEPT. 15, 1709.

HAVING read your lucubrations of the tenth instant, I cannot but entirely agree with you in your notion of the scarcity of men who can either read or speak. For my part, I have lived these thirty years in the world, and yet have but observed very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you must understand that I reckon myself. How far eloquence, set off with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, will prevail over the passions, and how cold and unaffecting the best oration in the world would be without them, there are two remarkable instances in the case of Ligarius, and that of Milo. Cæsar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be said; but thinking himself his own matter, resolved not to be biassed by any thing Cicero could say in his behalf: but in this he was mistaken; for when the orator began to speak, the Hero is moved, he is vanquished, and at length the criminal absolved. It must be observed, that this famous orator was less renowned for his courage than his eloquence; for though he came, at another time, prepared to defend Milo, with one of the best orations that antiquity has produced; yet being seized with a sudden fear by seeing some armed men surrounding the Forum, he faltered in his speech, and became unable to exert that irresistible force and beauty of action which would have saved his client, and for want of which he was condemned to banishment. As the success the former of these orations met with, appears chiefly owing to the life and graceful manner with which it was recited, (for some there are who think it may be read without transport) so the latter seems to have failed of success for no other reason, but because the orator was not in a condition to set it off with those ornaments. It must be confessed, that artful sound will with the crowd prevail even more than sense; but those who are masters of both, will ever gain the admiration of all their hearers: and there is, I think, a very natural account to be given of this matter; for the sensation of the head and heart are caused in each of these parts by the outward organs of the eye and ear: that therefore

which is conveyed to the under and passions by only one of these will not affect us so much as that is transmitted through both. I but think your charge is just against a great part of the learned clergy of Britain, who deliver the most ex discourses with such coldness and ference, that it is no great wonder that many of their orations fall asleep. Thus it happens that their orations meet with a quite a fate to that of Demosthenes you mentioned; for as that lost much beauty and force, by being repeated by the magistrates of Rhodes without the winning action of that great orator, the performances of these gentlemen never appear with so little grace, so much disadvantage, as when delivered by themselves from the pulpit. Socrates, being sent for to a patient in this city, and having felt his pulse, quired into the symptoms of his complaint; and finding that it proceeded from great measure from want of sleep, his patient with an air of gravity carried to church to hear a sermon doubting but that it would dispose of the rest he wanted. If some of the Horace gives for the theatre were improperly, applied to our pulpit should not hear a sermon prescribed good opiate.

— *Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipse tibi* —

HOR. ART. POET. V. 21

If you would have me weep, begin thou first

A man must himself express concern and affection in delivering discourse, if he expects his audience should interest themselves in what he proposes. For otherwise, notwithstanding the dignity and importance subject he treats of; notwithstanding the weight and argument of the discourse itself; yet too many will say—

— *Mali se mandata loquutus,  
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo* —

HOR. ART. POET. V. 21

But if, unmov'd, you act not what I'll sleep, or laugh, the lifeless theme

If there be a deficiency in the subject, there will not be a sufficient attention and regard paid to the things

Bickerstaff, you know, that action is cold, so too much

Some, indeed, may think accomplished speakers, for ason than because they can be noisy; for surely Stentor some design in his vociferation, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, consider that as harsh and irregular or harmony; so neither is fashion, oratory: and, therefore humble opinion, a certain first order, whom I allow to be a great man, would do me this off; for I think his could be more persuasive, if his auditory less disturbance. cannot say, that this action wholly improper to a prophane talk, I think, in a religious assembly gives a man too warlike, or theatrical a figure, to be a christian congregation. your humble servant, &c.

learned and ingenious Mr. also pleased to write to me on

a great pleasure, in the Tatler Friday last, the conversation hence: permit me to hint to you the great Roman orator on this subject: *Caput enim oratoris*, (he quotes Menæ Athenian) *ut ipse apud talis qualem ipse optaret vivere vitam dignitate*. Tull. It is the first rule in oratory, must appear such as he would reason to be; and that can be done only by the force of his sense it might be of great service public orators know, that in gravity, or an unbecoming their behaviour out of the take very much from the air eloquence in it. Excuse me of Latin; it is from one reason: I think it will appear a reason to all, and it may have with some—*Qui autem docent faciant, ipsi præceptis suis obtemperant: Quis enim obtemperat præceptores docent non potest*. Those who teach, but agreeably to the instructions others, take away all weight & strain: for who will obey

the precepts they inculcate, if they themselves teach us by their practice to disobey them? I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JONATHAN ROSEHAT.

P. S. You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to speak: a very great defect indeed; and therefore I shall think myself a well-deserver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor at Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new-modelling the organs of voice; which art he has so far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present; who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation: not that he designs to expatiate on this practice; because he cannot, as he says, apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and for the same reason, he will never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes; and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country; being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage, by, Sir, yours, &c.

Another learned gentleman gives me also this encomium.

SIR,

SEPT. 16.

YOU are now got into a useful and noble subject; take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wish every young divine would give yours of Saturday last a serious perusal. And now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some remarks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men

of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you with no more scribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to such great and sublime subjects, and pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewel.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 19.

THIS was left for me here for the use of the company of the house.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

SEPT. 15.

THE account you gave lately of a certain dog-kennel in or near Suffolk Street, was not so punctual as to the list of the dogs, as might have been expected from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff's intelligence; for if you will dispatch Pacolet thither some evening, it is ten to one but he finds, besides those you mentioned,

Towser, a large French mongrel, that was not long ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet, but, when he grapples, bites even to the marrow.

Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a false trip to Tunbridge.

Sly, an old battered fox-hound, that began the game in France.

Lightfoot, a fine-skinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent; but having lost flesh, is gone to Paris for the benefit of the air.

With several others, that in time may be worth notice.

Your Familiar will see also, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and indeed not without very good reason, for they have their share of every thing; nay, not so much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but these carnivorous curs swallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil society, and who furnish part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs, have the skin; and the bones are picked clean by a little French shock that belongs to the family, &c. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant, &c.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampstead with false teeth.

## Nº LXXI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 21.

I Have long been, against my inclination, employed in satire, and that in prosecution of such persons who are below the dignity of the true spirit of it; such who, I fear, are not to be reclaimed by making them only ridiculous. The sharpers shall therefore have a month's time to themselves free from the observation of this paper; but I must not make a truce without letting them know, that at the same time I am preparing for a more vigorous war: for a friend of mine has promised me, he will employ his time in compiling such a tract, before the session of the ensuing parliament, as shall lay gaming home to the bottoms of all who love their country or their families; and he doubts not but it will create an act, that shall make *these rogues* as scandalous as those *mischievous ones* on the high road.

I have received private intimations to take care of my walks, and remember there are such things as stabs and blows; but as there never was any thing in this design which ought to displease a man of honour, or which was not designed to offend the rascals, I shall give myself very little concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly provoked at these lucubrations. But though I utterly despise the pack, I must confess I am at a stand at the receipt of the following letter, which seems to be written by a man of sense and worth, who has mistaken some passage that I am sure was not levelled at him. This gentleman's complaints give me compunction, when I neglect the threats of the rascals. I cannot be in jest with the rogues any longer, since they pretend to threaten. I do not know whether I shall allow them the favour of transportation.

:KERSTAFF,

SEPT. 13.

RVING you are not content with lashing the many vices of without illustrating each with characters, it is thought would more contribute to the immodest design by such, than always regard to truth. In your Tatler's day, I observe you allowing it is so tender as a lady's reputation that a stain once got in their hardly ever to be washed out. I grant, even when you give leave to trifle. If so, what is necessary in handling the reputation of a man whose well-being in perhaps, entirely depends on getting it from any wound, which, if received, too often becomes incurable! Suppose some villain, through personal prejudice, submits materials for this purpose which you publish to the world, and afterwards become fully convinced is imposed on; as by this time he is of a character you have sent to the world; I say, supposing this, I am glad to know, what reparations you think ought to be made to the injured, admitting you stood in the way. It has always been held, that a liberal education is the surest way to a generous mind. The former is conspicuous in all your papers; you are persuaded, though you affect to shew the latter, yet you would permit any measures, even of Christ, with those who should handle the matter in the manner you do others. The foundation of all this is from your having lately glanced at a man, of an unimpeachable character which, were he conscious of it, he would be the first to rid himself of himself; and would be diffident in it to all sorts of men, as in your committing such a stain on his reputation, which person may be convinced of in a manner than you deserve from

an of your capacity, Mr. Bicker should have more noble views, and shew the true spirit of satire; but conclude, lest I grow out of temper and will only beg you, for your reservation, to remember the proverb of the pitcher. I am yours, &c.

A. J.

The proverb of the pitcher I have no regard to; but it would be an insensibility not to be pardoned, if a man could be untouched at so warm an accusation, and that laid with so much seeming temper. All I can say to it is, that if the writer, by the same method whereby he conveyed this letter, should give me an instance wherein I have injured any good man, or pointed at any thing which is not the true object of raillery, I shall acknowledge the offence in as open a manner as the press can do it, and lay down this paper for ever.

There is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; but when men of too modest a sense of themselves will think they are touched, it is impossible to prevent ill consequences from the most innocent and general discourses. This I have known happen in circumstances the most foreign to theirs who have taken offence at them. An advertisement lately published, relating to Omicron, alarmed a gentleman of good sense, integrity, honour, and industry, who is, in every particular, different from the trifling pretenders pointed at in that advertisement. When the modesty of some is as excessive as the vanity of others, what defence is there against misinterpretation? However, giving disturbance, though not intended, to men of virtuous characters, has so sincerely troubled me, that I will break from this satirical vein; and to shew I very little value myself upon it, shall from this month ensuing leave the sharper, the fop, the pedant, the proud man, the insolent; in a word, all the train of knaves and fools, to their own devices, and touch on nothing but panegyric. This way is suitable to the true genius of the Staffs, who are much more inclined to reward than punish. If, therefore, the author of the above-mentioned letter does not command my silence wholly, as he shall if I do not give him satisfaction, I shall for the above-mentioned space turn my thoughts to raising merit from its obscurity, celebrating virtue in its distress, and attacking vice by no other method, but setting innocence in a proper light.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 13.

I FIND here for me the following letter.

C c 2

REQUIR



they are put on in the evening, and  
in to dance, to bring them off of  
legitimately. And then, and finally  
when looking the best of the men  
and women, instead of the church,

his curate reads prayers every

If the weather is fair, his time  
in visiting; if cold or wet, in  
at least at home, though within  
dred yards of the church. These,  
many such irregular practices, I  
for his reclamation: but, two or  
things more before I conclude; to  
that generally when his curate  
ies in the afternoon, he sleeps sit-  
the desk on a hassock. With all  
is so extremely proud, that he  
o but *once* to the sick, except they  
his visit.

as going on in reading my letter,  
I was interrupted by Mr. Green-  
who has been this evening at the  
of Hamlet. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,'  
e, 'had you been to-night at the  
house, you had seen the force of  
on in perfection: your admired  
Bickerstaff behaved himself so well,  
though now about seventy, he  
d youth; and by the prevalent  
er of proper manner, gesture, and  
e, appeared through the whole  
in a young man of great expecta-  
vividly, and enterprize. The

I cannot be more than  
things which I have, to  
that this letter is in my  
many respects.

TO MY HONOURED  
BICKERSTAFF.

DEAR COUSIN, OR

I Am sorry, though I  
find that you have nei-  
dressed in your; that the am-  
still maintains it's un-  
pockets are but few in  
and a beau is still a  
crown of his night-cap  
his shoes. For your con-  
sure you, that you can  
better in this famous fe-  
By them, the manners  
gentlemen are in a fair  
ment, and their very lang-  
ly refined. To them I  
not a servant will sing  
senior fellow make a pu-  
mining bachelor drink  
I believe a gentleman c-  
as soon have the heels c-  
as his stockings. When  
at a coffee-house door:  
those who pass by, to the  
ment of his hopeful and  
longer named a Slice.  
Fire is the word. A

'Dean?' Bambouzzling is exploded; a Shat is a Tatler; and if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal says, he raises a Horse, but he is a Merry Fellow.

I congratulate you, my dear kinsman, upon these conquests; such as Roman emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correspondent Louis le Grand, and his dictating academy.

Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record, as Mr. Dryden has said before me to his kinsman; and while you

enter triumphant into the temple of the Muses, I, as my office requires, will, with my staff on my shoulder, attend and conduct you. I am, dear cousin, your most affectionate kinsman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.

Upon the humble application of certain persons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerstaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no such shall ever be mentioned for the future, except those who have sent menaces, and not submitted to admonition.

## Nº LXXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 23.

I Have taken upon me no very easy task in turning all my thoughts on panegyric, when most of the advices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpose; and I have few notices but such as regard follies and vices. But the properest way for me to treat is, to keep in general upon the passions and affections of men, with as little regard to particulars as the nature of the thing will admit. However, I think there is something so passionate in the circumstances of the lovers mentioned in the following letter, that I am willing to go out of my way to obey what is commanded in it.

SIR,

LONDON, SEPT. 17.

YOUR design of entertaining the town with the characters of the ancient heroes, as persons shall send an account to Mr. Morpheus's, encourages me and others to beg of you, that in the mean time, if it is not contrary to the method you have proposed, you would give us one paper upon the subject of the death of Pætus and his wife, when Nero sent him an order to kill himself: his wife, setting him the example, died with these words—'Pætus, it is not painful.' You must know the story, and your observations upon it will oblige, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

When the worst man that ever lived in the world had the highest station in it, human life was the object of his diversion; and he sent orders frequently, out of mere wantonness, to take

off such and such, without so much as being angry with them. Nay, frequently his tyranny was so humorous, that he put men to death because he could not but approve of them. It came one day to his ear, that a certain married couple, Pætus and Arria, lived in a more happy tranquillity and mutual love than any other persons who were then in being. He listened with great attention to the account of their manner of spending their time together, of the constant pleasure they were to each other in all their words and actions; and found by exact information, that they were so treasonable, as to be much more happy than his Imperial Majesty himself. Upon which he writ Pætus the following billet:

'PÆTUS, you are hereby desired to dispatch yourself. I have heard a very good character of you; and therefore leave it to yourself, whether you will die by dagger, sword, or poison. If you outlive this order above an hour, I have given directions to put you to death by torture.'

'NERO.'

This familiar epistle was delivered to his wife Arria, who opened it.

One must have a soul very well turned for love, pity, and indignation, to comprehend the tumult this unhappy lady was thrown into upon this occasion. The passion of love is no more to be understood by some tempers, than a problem in a science by an ignorant man: but he that knows what affection is, will have, upon considering the condition of Arria, ten thousand thoughts

Bowing







STR., WEDDINGTON, SEPT. 19.

UPON reading that part of the Tatler, Number LXIX. where mention is made of a certain Chapel-Clerk, there arose a dispute, and that produced a wager, whether by the words Chapel-Clerk was meant a clergyman or layman: by a clergyman, I mean one in holy orders. It was not that any body in the company pretended to guess who the person was; but some asserted, that by Mr. Bickerstaff's words must be meant a clergyman only: others said, that those words might have been said of any clerk of a parish; and some of them more properly of a layman. The wager is half a dozen bottles of wine; in which, if you please to determine it, your health, and all the family of the Staffs, shall certainly be drank; and you will singularly oblige another very considerable family; I mean that of your humble servants,

THE TRENCHER-CAPS.

It is very customary with us learned men to find perplexities where no one else can see any. The honest gentlemen who writ me this. are much at a loss to understand what I thought very plain; and, in return, their epistle is so plain, that I cannot understand it. This, perhaps, is at first a little like nonsense; but I desire all persons to examine these writings with an eye to my being far gone in the occult sciences; and remember, that it is the privilege of the learned and the great to be understood when they please: for as a man of much business may be allowed to leave company when he pleases; so one of high learning may be above your capacity when he thinks fit. But without further speeches or fooling, I must inform my friends the Trencher Caps in plain words, that I meant in the place they speak of, a drunken Clerk of a church: and I will return their civility among my relations, and drink their healths as they do ours.

N<sup>O</sup> LXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, SEPT. 26.

I Cannot express the confusion the following letter gave me, which I received by Sir Thomas this morning. There cannot be a greater surprize than to meet with sudden enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly correspondence; which is my case in relation to this epistle: and I have no way to purge myself to the world, but by publishing both it and my answer.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

YOU are a very impudent fellow to put me into the Tatler. Rot you, Sir, I have more wit than you; and rot me, I have more money than most fools I have huddled. All persons of quality admire me; though, rot me, if I value a blue garter any more than I do a blue apron. Every body knows I am brave; therefore have a care how you provoke

MONOCULUS.

your's of to-day had come from you. But when all men are acquainted, that I have had all my intelligence from you relating to your fraternity, let them pronounce who is the more impudent. I confess, I have had a peculiar tenderness for you, by reason of that luxuriant eloquence of which you are master, and have treated you accordingly; for which you have turned your florid violence against your ancient friend and school-fellow. You know in your own conscience, you gave me leave to touch upon your vein of speaking, provided I hid your other talents; in which I believed you sincere, because, like the ancient Sinon, you have before now suffered yourself to be defaced to carry on a plot. Besides, Sir, is 'rot me,' language for a person of your present station! Fy, fy, I am really ashamed for you; and shall no more depend upon your intelligence. Keep your temper, wash your face, and go to-bed.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

DID I not very well know your hand, as well by the spelling as the character, I should not have believed

For aught I know, this fellow may have confused the description of the pack, on purpose to ensnare the game, while I have all along believed he was destroying them as well as myself; but  
because

‘ Fame and martalling your illustrious  
 ‘ rank, it is hoped the living will not be  
 ‘ neglected, nor defended for their just  
 ‘ names; and since you have begun to  
 ‘ publish to the world the great fidelity and  
 ‘ vigilance of the Knights of the Industry,  
 ‘ will be expected you shall proceed to  
 ‘ justice to all the societies of them you  
 ‘ are informed of; especially since their  
 ‘ own great industry covers their actions  
 ‘ much as possible from that public  
 ‘ notice which is their due.

*culam sepultæ distat inertæ  
 lata Virtus.* HOR. ON 9. l. 4. v. 29.  
 Hidden vice, and concealed virtue, are much  
 alike.

Be pleased therefore to let the follow-  
 ing memoirs have a place in their his-  
 tory.

In a certain part of the town, famous  
 for the freshest oysters and the plainest  
 English, there is a house, or rather a  
 college, sacred to hospitality, and the  
 industrious arts. At the entrance is  
 troglyphically drawn a cavalier con-  
 quering with a monster, with jaws ex-  
 tended, just ready to devour him.

Hitherto the brethren of the Industry  
 sort; but to avoid ostentation, they  
 wear no habits of distinction, and per-  
 form their exercises with as little noise  
 and shew as possible. Here are no under-  
 valuers; but each is master of his art

‘ Sir, as I take you  
 ‘ ingenuous and plain  
 ‘ speak, by the way to  
 ‘ would be to say, I am  
 ‘ Sir, I am a Bank. P  
 ‘ our emolument for  
 ‘ for men are not born  
 ‘ Therefore, if you w  
 ‘ my house, we will t  
 ‘ and you shall have l  
 ‘ There is Ace and C  
 ‘ business to a hair.  
 ‘ perhaps, he is your  
 ‘ it, and it is for that  
 ‘ prevent his falling in  
 ‘ We’ll carve him like a dif  
 ‘ Not hew him like a carea

‘ In short, there ar  
 ‘ knowledge a hundre  
 ‘ for him. Now if w  
 ‘ to ourselves, we shal  
 ‘ those radicals that do  
 ‘ Nay, you need not fe  
 ‘ is for your own adva  
 ‘ Partridge has cast me  
 ‘ I find by certain desti  
 ‘ be felled.’

The gentleman, to v  
 proposal was made, ma  
 but said he would consid  
 mediately took coach  
 young baronet, and to  
 had passed, together w  
 to satisfy a man’s curios

he soon quitted that, and resolved at last to tell Bickerstaff of them, and get them enrolled in the order of the Industry; with this caution to all young landed Knights and Esquires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they would consider it as calling them down to a sentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the sound of these words — 'his oaks must be felled.' I am, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

WILL. TRUSTY.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 26.

IT is wonderful to consider what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived at. Do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no enormity to pass, without I have an understanding with the offenders by way of hush-money; and yet the candidates at Queen-Hithe send coals to all the town but me. All the public papers have had this advertisement:

LONDON, SEPT. 22, 1709.

TO THE ELECTORS OF AN ALDERMAN FOR THE WARD OF QUEEN-HITHE.

**WHEREAS** an evil and pernicious custom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen for this city, by treating at taverns and ale-houses, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes: which practice appearing to Sir Arthur de Bradly to be of dangerous consequence to the freedom of elections, he hath avoided the excess thereof. Nevertheless, to make an acknowledgment to this ward for their intended favour, he hath deposited in the hands of Mr. —, one of the present common-council, four hundred and fifty pounds, to be disposed of as follows, provided the said Sir Arthur de Bradly be the alderman; viz.

All such that shall poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly, shall have one chaldron of good coals gratis.

And half a chaldron to every one that shall not poll against him.

And the remainder to be laid out in a clock, dial, or otherwise, as the common-councilmen of the said ward shall think fit.

And if any person shall refuse to take the said coals to himself, he may assign the same to any poor electors in the ward.

**I** Do acknowledge to have received the said four hundred and fifty pounds for the purposes above-mentioned, for which I have given a receipt.

Witness, J—s H—t, J—N M—Y.  
J—Y G—H,  
E—D D—s.

N.B. Whereas several persons have already engaged to poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat; it is hereby farther declared, that every such person as doth poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, and doth also poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly, shall each of them receive a chaldron of coals gratis, on the proviso above-mentioned.

This is certainly the most plain dealing that ever was used, except that the just quantity which an elector may drink without excess, and the difference between an acknowledgment and a bribe, wants explanation. Another difficulty with me is, how a man who is bargained with for a chaldron of coals for his vote, shall be said to have that chaldron gratis? If my kinsman Greenhat had given me the least intimation of his design, I should have prevented his publishing nonsense; nor should any knight in England have put my relation at the bottom of the leaf as a postscript, when after all it appears Greenhat has been the more popular man. There is here such open contradiction, and clumsy art to palliate the matter, and prove to the people that the freedom of election is safer when laid out in coals than strong drink, that I can turn this only to a religious use, and admire the dispensation of things; for if these fellows were as wise as they are rich, where would be our liberty? This reminds me of a memorable speech made to a city almost in the same latitude with Westminster: 'When I think of your wisdom, I admire your wealth; when I think of your wealth, I admire your wisdom.'



much sincerity, & am willing to let them contrive an interview by my means.

819,

I Earnestly entreat you to publish the inclosed; for I have no other way to come at her, or return to myself.

A. L.

P. S. MR. BICKERSTAFF,

You cannot imagine how handsome she is: the superscription of my letter will make her recollect the man that gazed at her. Pray put it in.

I can assure the young lady, the gentleman is in the true trammels of love: how else would he make his superscription so very much longer than his billet? He subscribes—

‘ To the younger of the two ladies in mourning, (who sat in the hindmost seat of the middle box at Mr. Winstanley’s Water-works on Tuesday was fortnight, and had with them a brother, or some acquaintance that was as careless of that pretty creature as a brother; which seeming brother ushered them to their coach) with great respect. Present,’

MADAM,

I Have a very good estate. and wish

has such weight in ways have respect for and desire the continent not conscious that faults a man may not

MR. BICKERSTAFF

WHEN I read yesterday, I was surly of the thirteenth in never intended myself trouble of this kind sufficiently pointed out injured, and that by convinced that silence answer: but finding such as naturally call this way of doing it place, return you the compliment made me of and worth. I do always endeavour to of the latter, though to the former. But nearer, I observe you der a very severe re laying down the ‘T’ can give you an in have injured any good at any thing which is jest of raillery.

I must confess, in the making a man good would shame the sea

enough to punish you in the manner you prescribe; but I am not so great an enemy to the town or my own pleasures, as to wish it; nor that you would lay aside ~~liking~~ the reigning vices, so long as you keep to the true spirit of satire, without descending to rake into characters below it's dignity; for as you well observe, there is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that ~~may~~ prejudice their honour or fortune; and indeed, where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deserves little pity, yet the reporter may deserve less: and here I am naturally led to that celebrated author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, who hath set this matter in a true light in his treatise of the government of the tongue; where, speaking of uncharitable truths, he says, a discovery of this kind serves not to reclaim, but enrage the offender, and precipitate him into farther degrees of ill. Modesty and fear of shame is one of those natural restraints, which the wisdom of Heaven has put upon mankind; and he that once stumbles, may yet by a check of that bridle recover again; but when by a public detection he is fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to discard all caution, and to think he owes himself the utmost pleasures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances farther, and sets up for a reversed sort of fame, by being eminently wicked; and he who before was but a clandestine disciple, becomes a doctor of impiety, &c. This sort of reasoning, Sir, most certainly induced our wise legislators very lately to repeal that law which put the stamp of infamy in the face of felons; therefore you had better give an act of oblivion to your delinquents, at least for transportation, than continue to mark them in so notorious a manner. I cannot but applaud your designed attempt of raising merit from obscurity, celebrating virtue in distress, and attacking vice in another method, by setting innocence in a proper light. Your pursuing these noble themes will make a greater advance to the reformation you seem to aim at, than the method you have hitherto taken, by putting mankind beyond the power of retrieving themselves, or indeed to think it possible. But if, after all your endeavours in this new way, there should then remain any hardened impenitents, you must even

give them up to the rigour of the law, as delinquents not within the benefit of their clergy. Pardon me, good Mr. Bickerstaff, for the tediousness of this epistle, and believe it is not from any self-conviction I have taken up so much of your time, or my own; but supposing you mean all your lucubrations should tend to the good of mankind, I may the easier hope your pardon; being, Sir, yours, &c.

## GERCIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, SEPT. 29.

THIS evening I thought fit to notify to the Literati of this house, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday the fifteenth of October next ensuing, I design to fix my first table of Fame; and desire that such as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve most famous men that have ever appeared in the world, would send in their lists, or name any one man for that table, assigning also his place at it before that time, upon pain of having such his man of fame postponed, or placed too high for ever. I shall not, upon any application whatever, alter the place which upon that day I shall give to any of these worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon second hand, I expect each subscriber should underwrite his reason for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the last consequence; for we are about settling the greatest point that ever has been debated in any age; and I shall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes, consider, that he is now going to give away that for which the soldier gave up his rest, his pleasure, and his life; the scholar resigned his whole series of thought, his midnight repose, and his morning slumbers. In a word, he is, as I may say, to be judge of that after life, which noble spirits prefer to their very real beings. I hope I shall be forgiven, therefore, if I make some objections against their jury, as they shall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried, are to be scholars. I am persuaded also, that Aristotle will be put up by all of that class of men. However, in behalf of others, such as wear the livery of Aristotle, the two famous universities are called upon on this occasion; but I expect

to the new money, any poor rascals  
coals and candles for their votes in be-  
half of such worthies, as they pretend  
to esteem. All news-writers are also  
excluded, because they consider fame  
as it is a report which gives foundation  
to the filling up their rhapsodies, and  
not as it is the emanation or consequence  
of good and evil actions. These are  
excepted against as justly as butchers in  
case of life and death: their familiarity  
with the greatest names takes off the  
delicacy of their regard, as dealing in  
blood makes the Lanius less tender of  
spilling it.

circumstances of the  
the army of his Ca  
vanced as far as Fra  
retired to Suragessa.  
that the Duke of Ar  
gement; but letters  
say, that prince was c  
the camp when he re  
the defeat of his tro  
ourselves great conse  
an advantage obtain  
plished a general as  
among the men of tl  
esteemed the third  
reputation.

## Nº LXXV. SATURDAY, OCTOBE

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 30.

I Am called off from public disserta-  
tions by a domestic affair of great  
importance, which is no less than the  
disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The  
girl is a girl of great merit, and pleas-  
ing conversation; but I being born of  
my father's first wife, and she of his  
third, she converses with me rather like  
a daughter than a sister. I have, in-  
deed, told her, that if she kept her ho-  
nour, and behaved herself in such a  
manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I  
would not but be an agreeable man for her

*negligenda: debet*  
*puellarum quasi pr.*  
*Acilianus* (for th  
man's name) is a m  
vigour and industry.  
the greatest modesty  
of the gentleman, v  
and flush of health  
whole person is f  
speaks him a man  
are qualifications th  
by no means to be  
should be bestowed  
the reward of her c

Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name, a knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph (for that was his name) was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure until the fourth generation from that marriage: from which time, until the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework and fine skins. In the male line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard the Third; the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with an hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders, and a Roman nose: what made the nose the less excusable was, the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the eyes were opened in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and half: but the greatest difficulty was, how to reduce the nose; which I do not find was accomplished until about the middle of Henry the Seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of Henry the Eighth.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstuffs fell down insensibly into chin; which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features, until it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred

years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindle shanks, and cramps in our bones; insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs until Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milk-maid; of whom the then Garter King at Arms, a facetious person, said pleasantly enough, that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts it's beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the cholerick; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pike-staff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lours, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen with an eye to her being a wit, and provided, that the bridegroom be a man of sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotions, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's night-cap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction; therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often, with my spectacles on, lacing her stays; for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

contention for the superiority of standing, and brought forth excellent, or pretty good poets. As I expect an offspring fit for the nation of the city, town, or country; men that are docile and tractable in ever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of this method, let any one, even of the skill of an astrologer, behold a turn of faces he meets as soon as he

Cheapside Conduit, and you see a certain attention and a certain unthinkingness in every countenance. They are attentive, but their thoughts are set on mean purposes. To me it is apparent, when I see a citizen pass whether his head is upon woollen, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now a race of thought appears or lies hid for two or three generations. Now at this time a person of a vast fortune, who is the immediate descendant of a gentleman, but the great grand-son of a broker, in whom his ancestor is

family, able to it's ancient face, air, countenance, and shape, without discovering of ten nations in one hour. Greenhat says, he never of company in England, but distinguishes the different nation we are composed: there is no living creature as a true Briton down indeed all friends, and neighbours; but after you see a Dane start up an kingdom is his own. A Dane up the whole quart, and so dispute that with him. A Dane and a Welshman cries, the foreigners and intruders of you beats them out of the room. Accidents happen frequently at hours children and cousins, which reason, I say, study the soil of your family will cite or etquires, or run up madmen.

## Nº LXXVI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4,

IN MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 3.

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man must use a certain

sion upon the offending side. In my observations upon the occasion is to say, I must whip my going into bad company, or

him, is done rather by his sufferance than approbation. It is generally laziness of disposition, which chuses rather to let things pass the worst way, than to go through the pain of examination. It must be confessed, such a one has so great a benevolence in him, that he bears a thousand uneasinesses, rather than he will incommode others; nay, often, when he has just reason to be offended, chuses rather to sit down with a small injury, than bring it into reprehension, out of pure compassion to the offender. Such a person has it usually said of him, he is no man's enemy but his own; which in effect saying, he is a friend to every man but himself and his friends: for by a natural consequence of his neglecting himself, he either incapacitates himself to be another's friend, or makes others cease to be his. If I take no care of my own affairs, no man that is my friend can take it ill if I am negligent also of his. This soft disposition, if it continues uncorrected, throws men into a sea of difficulties.

There is Euphrosius, with all the good qualities in the world, deserves well of nobody: that universal good-will, which is so strong in him, exposes him to the assault of every invader upon his time, his conversation, and his property. His diet is butchers meat, his wenches are in plain pinnners and Norwich crapes, his dress like other people, his income great; and yet has he seldom a guinea at command. From these easy gentlemen, are collected estates by servants or gamesters; which latter fraternity are excusable, when we think of this clan, who seem born to be their prey. All therefore of the family of Aetæon are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the Industry, with this reserve only, that they are to be marked as stricken deer, not for their own sakes, but to preserve the herd from following them, and coming within the scent.

I am obliged to leave this important subject, without telling whose quarters are severed, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the sides, of the last flag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their escape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had, in mine and the town's opinion, too great a plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other matters of moment,

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCT. 3.

THE lady has answered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was published on Thursday last, but in such a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for she has plainly told him, that love is her design, but marriage her aversion. Bless me! what is this age come to, that people can think to make a pimp of an astronomer.

I shall not promote such designs, but shall leave her to find out her admirer, while I speak to another case sent to me by a letter of September the thirtieth, subscribed, Lovewell Barebones, where the author desires me to suspend my care of the dead, until I have done something for the dying. His case is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinswoman, one of those gay cunning women, who prevent all the love which is not addressed to themselves. This creature takes upon her in his mistress's preference to ask him, Whether Mrs. Florimel, that is the cruel one's name, is not very handsome? Upon which he looks silly, then they both laugh out, and she will tell him, that Mrs. Florimel had an equal passion for him, but desired him not to expect the first time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her friend, to speak his mind, and that his mistress expected it. Upon which Florimel acts a virgin confusion, and with some disorder waits his speech. Here ever follows a deep silence; after which a loud laugh. Mr. Barebones applies himself to me on this occasion. All the advice I can give him is to find a lover for the confident, for there is no other bribe will prevail; and I see by her carriage, that it is no hard matter, for she is too gay to have a particular passion, or to want a general one.

Some days ago the town had a full charge laid against my Essays, and printed at large. I altered not one word of what he of the contrary opinion said, but have blotted out some warm things said for me; therefore please to hear the council for the defendant, though I shall be so no otherwise than to take a middle way, and, if possible, keep commendations from being insipid to men's taste, or railery pernicious to their characters.

The little success that is to be expected by these methods from a hardened offender, is too evident to insist on; yet it is true, there is a great deal of charity in this sort of reasoning, whilst the effects of these crimes extend not beyond themselves. But what relation has his to your proceedings? It is not a circumstantial guessing will serve the turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your characters; but there must at least be something that must amount to a nominal description, before even common sense can separate me from the rest of mankind to dart at. A general representation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make those which we find too much similitude in be character with themselves to plead not guilty; but none but a witness to the crime can charge them with the guilt, whilst the indictment is general, and the offender has the asylum of the whole world to protect him. Here can then be no injustice, where no one is injured; for it is themselves must appropriate the sables, before scandal can ride them.

Your method then, in my opinion, is

and one without the o-  
bels. As for the act  
of an only infant, and  
is a father's duty, and  
duty of public good, the  
duty, which is virtue ne-  
cessary for her laurel. But  
a nation by opposites, I ap-  
pardon, if I think the  
fort of reasonings, by t-  
verts, are too great a  
of their imbecility and  
to believe it will be ar-  
pending of time, by  
thod that will turn n-  
and which has no oth-  
g oind, but by disce-  
as I am certain, of v-  
that your lucubration  
the public benefit; so  
not give them so gre-  
by laying aside the on-  
render you beneficial  
among others, agree-

**Your hun**

**ST. JAMES'S COFFEE**

LETTERS from the  
the seventh instant,  
the trenches were op  
on the twenty-sevent  
and the approaches v  
two attacks with gre

burg was encamped near Charleroy with a body of ten thousand men. Advices from Catalonia by the way of Genoa import, that Count Staremberg having passed the Segra, advanced towards Balaguier, which place he took after a few hours resistance, and made the garrison, consisting of three Spanish battalions, prisoners of war. Letters from Bern say, that the army under the command of Count Thaur had begun to repass the

mountains, and would shortly evacuate Savoy.

Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has received intelligence, that a young gentleman, who has taken my discourses upon John Partridge and others in too literal a sense, and is suing an elder brother to an ejectment; the aforesaid young gentleman is hereby advised to drop his action, no man being esteemed dead in law, who eats and drinks, and receives his rents.

## N<sup>o</sup> LXXVII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 5.

AS bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a coffee-house I stood by a young heir, with a fresh, sanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps and his diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as sound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that subject; and I observed the fantastical humour to be so general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or less tainted with it. The first of this order of men are the Valetudinarians, who are never in health; but complain of want of stomach or rest every day until noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady Dainty is convinced, that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and to preserve that character, she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the play-house, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the blind seem to be suc-

ceeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple. I have considered, but could never find out the bottom of his vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the Limpers came in, I remember a race of Lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to particular letters in our language: some never uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an aversion to S. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over complaisantly, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the court upright.

L c

This



are ready pawns for their young, or other that makes their hearts by her refusal. I have yet to see such a pretence of honour, however, both now in the world, nor was it the same time, go to their houses, and shall see them step as if they feared a noise, and are as fond as an infant. I do not know but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, when we sat in to drink, would oblige us to take his sword from him as he grew fuddled, for it was his fortune to be quarrellsome.

There are many, many of these evils, which demand my observation; but because I have of late been thought somewhat too satirical, I shall give them a name, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true, but false hypotheses; and make it out, that they are false in men in their hearts. The motive of his morose affectation in the re-mentioned, and the like particular, I take to proceed from that noble affect of fame and reputation which is seated in the hearts of all men. As it produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it brings forth spurious productions

in my mind, who entered my chamber this morning in a very graceful manner, and I was so much delighted; for that the had placed of my window, by the floor, threw with halberds not yet a full light into it, but am apt to think that a piece of wit that some of the rarities make use of, to bribe and leave money to pay for

#### ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE

I HAVE no manner of doubt, that the whole town of London, except that I have the honour of the Marshal Boufflers, King, after the late battle of Blenheim, which I translate for the English reader.

SIRE,

THIS is to let your Majesty stand, that to your immortal honour and the destruction of the enemy, your troops have lost at the battle of Artagnan did wonders, performed miracles, Guiche and Gattion performed miracles, your army distinguished themselves, and your body did wonders. And the wonders of the day, I commend to your Majesty, that though you

of practice; and the stage-coaches are required to take them in before other passengers, until there shall be a certifi-

cate signed by the mayor or Mr. Powel, that there are but two doctors to one patient left in town.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 7.

**A**S your painters, who deal in history-pieces, often entertain themselves upon broken sketches, and smaller flourishes of the pencil; so I find some relief in striking out miscellaneous hints, and sudden starts of fancy, without any order or connection, after having spent myself on more regular and elaborate dissertations. I am at present in this easy state of mind sat down to my scrutoir; where, for the better disposition of my correspondence, I have writ upon every drawer the proper title of it's contents; as Hypocrisy, Dice, Patches, Politics, Love, Duels, and so forth. My various advices are ranged under such several heads, saving only that I have a particular box for Pacolet, and another for Monoculus. I cannot but observe, that my duel-box, which is filled by the lettered men of honour, is so very ill spelt, that it is hard to decypher their writings. My love-box, though on a quite contrary subject, filled with the works of the fairest hands in Great Britain, is almost as unintelligible. The private drawer, which is sacred to politics, has in it some of the most refined panegyrics and satires that any age has produced.

I have now before me several recommendations for places at my Table of Fame: three of them are of an extraordinary nature, in which I find I am misundestood, and shall therefore beg leave to produce them. They are from a Quaker, a Courtier, and a Citizen.

ISAAC,

**T**HY Lucubrations, as thou lovest to call them, have been perused by several of our friends, who have taken offence: forasmuch as thou excludest out of the brotherhood all persons who are praise-worthy for religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy table with none but heathens, and cannot hope to spy a brother there; for there are none of us who can be placed among murdering heroes, or ungodly wits; since we do

not assail our enemies with the arm of flesh, nor our gainfayers with the vanity of human wisdom. If therefore thou wilt demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment, according to the gifts that are in thee, we desire thou wilt place James Naylor at the upper end of thy table.

EZEKIEL STIFFRUMP.

In answer to my good friend Ezekiel, I must stand to it, that I cannot break my rule for the sake of James Naylor; not knowing whether Alexander the Great, who is a choleric hero, would not resent his sitting at the upper end of the table with his hat on.

But to my Courtier.

SIR,

**I** Am surprized that you lose your time in complimenting the dead, when you may make your court to the living. Let me only tell you in the ear, Alexander and Cæsar, as generous as they were formerly, have now not a groat to dispose of. Fill your table with good company: I know a person of quality that shall give you one hundred pounds for a place at it. Be secret, and be rich. Your's. You know my hand.

This gentleman seems to have the true spirit, without the formality, of an under-courtier; therefore I shall be plain with him, and let him leave the name of his courtier and one hundred pounds in Morpheus's hands: if I can take it, I will.

My Citizen writes the following:

MR. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF,

SIR,

**Y**OUR Tatler, the thirteenth of September, I am now reading; and in your list of famous men, desire you not to forget Alderman Whittington, who began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, which he left to an only daughter three years after his mayoralty.

discharge a man from the guilt of words or promises. But I am to idly, that a citizen's reputation is to be not fear; and am to leave these subjects for a matter of private concern in the next letter before me.

R,  
I am just recovered out of a languishing sickness by the care of Hippocrates, who visited me throughout my illness; and was so far from taking fee, that he enquired into my circumstances, and would have relieved me that way, but I did not want it. I have no method of thanking him, but recommending it to you to celebrate his humanity in the manner you think good and to do it with the spirit and sentiments of a man just relieved from grief, misery, and pain, to joy, satisfaction, and ease: in which you will represent the grateful sense of your obedient servant,

T. B.

I think the writer of this letter has the matter in as good a dress as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my assistance to what this distressed man has. There is not a more useful man in the commonwealth than a good physician; and by consequence no worthier a man than he that uses his skill with wisdom, even to the relief of condition

frustrated gratis, with date of word of mouth on the above-mentioned article. I am to prepare their lecture of dishes of bodies, and put with two pinches of mass. student gives indication of listening attentively, or of a recent question, one of the distinguished him, by taking his box in the presence of audience.

N.B. The seat of learning moved from the corner of the left-hand towards the round table in the floor over against the fire much lamented by the poor men, who were much eclipsed of glass that remain the last summer.

I cannot forbear addressing respondents, that I think by some of them after a manner, and in phrases that come them to give, nor shall therefore desire for it if any one returns me a letter, he will not tell me the favour of my letter; not think fit to say he has honour of it, that he tells English. he has written





These may appear niceties to vulgar minds, but they are such as men of honour and distinction must have regard to. And I very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed on one side, and three of the other, occasioned by a gentleman's subscribing himself a most affectionate friend.

ONE IN THE MORNING OF  
THE EIGHTH OF OCTOBER, 1709.

I was this night looking on the moon, and find by certain signs in that luminary, that a certain person under her

dominion, who has been for many years distemper'd, will within a few hours publish a pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my *Lucubrations* to a wrong person; and I require all sober disposed persons to avoid meeting the said lunatic, or giving him any credence any farther than pity demands; and to lock up the said person wherever they find him, keeping him from pen, ink, and paper. And I hereby prohibit any person to take upon him my writings, on pain of being sent by me into *Lethe* with the said lunatic and all his works.

## N° LXXIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1709.

FELICES TER, ET AMPLIUS,  
QUOS IRRUPTA TENET COPULA; NEC MALIS  
DIVULSUS QUERIMONIIS  
SUPREMA CITIUS SOLVET AMOR DIE.

HOR. OD. 13. L. 1. VER. 17.

THRICE HAPPY THEY, IN PURE DELIGHTS,  
WHOM LOVE IN MUTUAL BONDS UNITES,  
UNBROKEN BY COMPLAINTS OR STRIFE,  
EVEN TO THE LATEST HOURS OF LIFE.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 10.

MY sister Jenny's lover, the honest *Tranquillus*, for that shall be his name, has been impatient with me to dispatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire, and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth instant. On the seventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: 'Sister, said I, you are now going from me; and be contented that you leave the company of a talkative old man for that of a sober young one: but take this along with

'you, that there is no mean in the state  
'you are entering into, but you are to  
'be exquisitely happy or miserable; and  
'your fortune in this way of life will  
'be wholly of your own making. In  
'all the marriages I have ever seen, most  
'of which have been unhappy ones,  
'the great cause of evil has proceeded  
'from slight occasions; and I take it to  
'be the first maxim in a married condition, that you are to be above trifles.  
'When two persons have so good an  
'opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in  
'matters of importance, because they  
'think of each other with respect, in  
'regard to all things of consideration  
'that may affect them, and are prepared for mutual assistance and relief  
'in such occurrences; but for less occasions, they have formed no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared.

'This, dear Jenny, is the reason  
'that the quarrel between Sir Harry  
'Willit and his lady, which began  
'about her squirrel, is irreconcilable.  
'Sir Harry was reading a grave author;  
'she runs into his study, and in a playing humour, claps the squirrel upon  
'the folio: he threw the animal in a  
'rage



Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
Whose bed is undefil'd, and chaste pronounc'd,  
Present or past, as saints or patriarchs us'd.  
Here Love his golden shafts employs; here  
lights

His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:  
Reigns here, and revels not in the bought smile  
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight  
ball,

Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

In these verses, all the images that  
can come into a young woman's head  
on such an occasion are rais'd; but that  
in so chaste and elegant a manner, that  
the bride thanked him for his agreeable  
talk, and we sat down to dinner.

Among the rest of the company, there  
was got in a fellow you call a Wag.  
This ingenious person is the usual life  
of all feasts and merriments, by speak-  
ing absurdities, and putting every body  
of breeding and modesty out of counte-  
nance. As soon as we sat down, he  
drank to the bride's diversion that night;  
and then made twenty double meanings

on the word Thing. We are the best  
bred family, for one so numerous, in  
this kingdom; and indeed we should all  
of us have been as much out of coun-  
tenance as the bride, but that we were  
relieved by an honest rough relation of  
ours at the lower end of the table, who  
is a lieutenant of marines. The soldier  
and sailor had good plain sense, and saw  
what was wrong as well as another; he  
had a way of looking at his plate, and  
speaking aloud in an inward manner; and  
whenever the wag mentioned the word  
Thing, or the words, 'that same,' the  
lieutenant in that voice cried—'Knock  
'him down.' The merry man, won-  
dering, angry, and looking round, was  
the diversion of the table. When he of-  
fered to recover, and say—'To the  
'bride's best thoughts;'—'Knock him  
'down,' says the lieutenant, and so on.  
This silly humour diverted, and saved  
us from the fulsome entertainment of  
an ill-bred coxcomb; and the bride  
drank the lieutenant's health. We re-  
turned to my lodging; and Tranquillus  
led his wife to her apartment, without  
the ceremony of throwing the stocking,  
which generally costs two or three maid-  
enheads, without any ceremony at all.

## Nº LXXX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1709.

### GREEKIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 12.

**T**HIS learned board has complain-  
ed to me of the exorbitant price of  
late years put upon books, and conse-  
quently on learning, which has rais'd  
the reward demanded by learned men  
for their advice and labour. In order  
to regulate and fix a standard in these  
matters, divines, physicians, and law-  
yers, have sent in large proposals, which  
are of great light and instruction. From  
the perusal of these memorials, I am  
come to this immediate resolution, until  
I have leisure to treat the matter at  
large, viz. in divinity, fathers shall be  
valued according to their antiquity;  
schoolmen by the pound weight; and  
sermons by their goodness. In my own  
profession, which is mostly physic, au-  
thors shall be rated according to their  
language. The Greek is so rarely un-  
derstood, and the English so well, I  
judge them of no value; so that only  
Latin shall bear a price, and that too

according to it's purity, and as it serves  
best for prescription. In law, the value  
must be set according to the intricacy  
and obscurity of the author, and black-  
ness of the letter; provided always, that  
the binding be of calves-skin. This  
method I shall settle also with relation to  
all other writings; inasmuch that even  
these our lucubrations, though hereafter  
printed by Aldus, Elzevir, or Stepha-  
nus, shall not advance above one single  
penny.

### WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCT. 12.

IT will be allowed me, that I have  
all along shew'd great respect in matters  
which concern the fair-sex; but the in-  
humanity with which the author of the  
following letter has been used, is not to  
be suffered.

SIR,

OCT. 9.

**Y**ESTERDAY I had the misfor-  
tune to drop in at my Lady Haugh-  
ty's, upon her visiting-day. When I  
entered



my legs or arms, nor how to  
my countenance; the eyes of the  
crouching and stood up at me in a  
countenance. My countenance was  
it so great, that without speaking,  
being spoken to, I fled for it, and  
he assembly to treat me at their dis-  
honour. A lecture from you upon these  
man distinctions in a free nation,  
I doubt not, prevent the like evils  
in the future, and make it, as we say,  
neap sitting as standing. I am,  
the greatest respect, Sir, your most  
obedient, and most obedient servant,

J. R.

S. I had almost forgot to inform  
that a fair young lady sat in an  
easy chair upon my right-hand, with  
a fast discontent in her looks.

On after the receipt of this epistle,  
I had a very gentle knock at my door:  
I said went down, and brought up  
that a tall, lean, black man,  
dressed, who said he had not the  
honour to be acquainted with me, de-  
sired to be admitted. I bid her shew  
up, met him at my chamber-door,  
then fell back a few paces. He  
saluted me with great respect, and  
when with a low voice, he was the  
man that had been seated upon the  
throne. I have already recollected

This I ordered him to re-  
solutely by, and on the re-  
pair at the wanted hour.  
He then, and to acqui-  
esce with what he then  
there; and particularly to  
that he shall think they sta-  
so much as the time before.  
The man smiled; and by his  
ing to me, shewed himself  
excellent sense in all partic-  
ular when a cane-chair, a ro-  
tund stool, were spoken of. He  
heard to me at the same time  
several other grievances; I  
overlooked in public aff-  
airs his bows unanswered, being  
at table, and placed at the  
a couch; with many other  
which have withered his  
and worn him to a skeleton.  
him a man of reason, I en-  
bottom of his distemper.  
I, 'there are more of you  
'in this island of Great  
'in any other part of the  
'beg the favour of you to  
'that you do not observe,  
'with most affronts in re-  
sponded candidly, that  
observed, that people were  
sunshine than in cloudy we-  
which I told him plainly,  
was the obscene and that the

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 12.

THE author of the following letter behaves himself so ingenuously, that I cannot defer answering him any longer.

HONOURED SIR,

OCT. 6.

I Have lately contracted a very honest and undissembled clauidication in my left-foot, which will be a double affliction to me, if, according to your Tatler of this day, it must pass upon the world for a piece of singularity and affectation. I must therefore humbly beg leave to limp along the streets after my own way, or I shall be inevitably ruined in coach-hire. As soon as I am tolerably recovered, I promise to walk as upright as a ghost in a tragedy, being not of a stature to spare an inch of height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your lucubrations; and am, with the most profound submission, honoured Sir, your most dutiful, and most obedient servant, &c.

Not doubting but the case is as the gentleman represents, I do hereby order

Mr. Morphew to deliver him out a licence, upon paying his fees, which shall impower him to wear a cane until the thirteenth of March next; five months being the most I can allow for a sprain.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 12.

WE received this morning a mail from Holland, which brings advice that the siege of Mons is carried on with so great vigour and bravery, that we hope very suddenly to be masters of the place. All things necessary being prepared for making the assault on the horn-work and ravelin of the attack of Bertamont, the charge began with the fire of bombs and grenadoes, which was so hot, that the enemy quitted their post, and we lodged ourselves on those works without opposition. During this storm, one of our bombs fell into a magazine of the enemy, and blew it up. There are advices which say, the court of France had made new offers of peace to the Confederates; but this intelligence wants confirmation.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1709.

HEC MANUS OB PATRIAM PUGNANDO VULNERA PASSI,  
QUIQUE FII VATES, ET PROPEO DIGNA LOCUTI;  
INVENTAS AUT QUI VITAM EXCOLUERE PER ARTES,  
QUIQUE SUI MEMORES ALIOS FECERE MERENDO

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 660.

HERE PATRIOTS LIVE, WHO FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S GOOD,  
IN FIGHTING FIELDS WERE PRODIGAL OF BLOOD;  
HERE POETS, WORTHY THEIR INSPIRING GOD,  
AND OF UNBLEMISH'D LIFE, MAKE THEIR ABODE:  
AND SEARCHING WITS, OF MORE MECHANIC PARTS,  
WHO GRAC'D THEIR AGE WITH NEW-INVENTED ARTS;  
THOSE WHO TO WORTH THEIR BOUNTY DID EXTEND;  
AND THOSE WHO KNEW THAT BOUNTY TO COMMEND.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly propesed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great founders and vota-

ries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinary anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since Fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons, which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in compar-

F f ing

as were extremely fit, and of such particular fluency, that no creature was not made in an human shape and posture, a beautiful. On a field there was heard from the top of a loud note that of a trumpet; but so exceedingly sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear and relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Sirens clothed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these seductive deities; those of a more erect and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

By ten o'clock several gentlemen and gentlemen had gathered together, and were not ready for up the hill, but most of the multitude had considerably diminished into these paths.

We left another company of adventurers behind us, they had discovered by which proved to very perplexed, that after leaving them a little, they were the several turns and though they were as their motions, they made great in the ascent. They informed me, were men and puzzled politics, with the place of real wisdom and artifice. Among them advanced in their way, that by one false step fell into more ground in an had gained for many had ever able to recover. They advanced very high, and the different paths, which sides of the mountain, two great roads; which divided the whole multitude into two great bodies. Distance from the entrance there, Road on the left

were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: but on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had Thought and Contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure: it had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: the whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius.

But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good dæmon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left-arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right-hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the Goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right-hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had enquired at the door for one Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names

except my own countrymen, that was willing to contribute hither.

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey seated with him, as he sat in his own person, and placed the rest of the historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself; and was heard to say, that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly: upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that shewed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedence, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit; to which he added, that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at

Cato's discourse, and was loudly winking to Cæsar. As he came into the room, he threw up the skirt of a golden tunic. Seeing that, declared himself in friendship with any who were good and blood; and then, turning to the Laertian to the apartment allotted for the great and worthies of dubious going out, he told did not know whom he was now Pythagoras philosophers; and that he had been a very brave man at Troy. 'That may Socrates;' but you feel likewise been a very 'your time.' This for Archimedes, with a scheme of machines in his hand; among a cone and cylinder.

Seeing this table guide, for variety, to the bulbous apartment, it was painted with Gods and Centaurs, with emblematical figures, with time and skill to the table was almost full of fat Hercules, leaning on his club; on his right-

with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but

thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

## Nº LXXXII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1709.

VERI IDEM ET MAXIMUS ET HONESTISSIMUS AMOR EST, ALIQUANDO PRÆSTAT MORTE JUNGI, QUAM VITA DISTRAHI. VAL. MAX.

WHERE THERE IS THE GREATEST AND MOST HONOURABLE LOVE, IT IS SOMETIMES BETTER TO BE JOINED IN DEATH, THAN SEPARATED IN LIFE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 17.

**A**FTER the mind has been employed on contemplations suitable to it's greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden mirth or levity; but we must let the soul subside, as it rose, by proper degrees. My late considerations of the ancient Heroes impressed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratifications received from flirts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch so sensibly as those which befall persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct: but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better; it extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and heats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reason, the wise Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greatest afflictions which could befall human life, and insensibly polished their tempers by such representations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has arose a chimerical method of disposing the fortune of

the persons represented, according to what they call poetical justice; and letting none be unhappy but those who deserve it. In such cases, an intelligent spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a tenderness, but that he is a weak creature, whose passions cannot follow the dictates of his understanding. It is very natural, when one is got into such a way of thinking, to recollect those examples of sorrow which have made the strongest impression upon our imaginations. An instance or two of such you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady, of ancient and honourable houses in Cornwall, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth—'You see how faithful love is rewarded.'

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return with the next ship, he lamented in his letters, that business would detain him some time longer from home; because he would give

of the day, the calm breeze that  
 and the first saving of the waves,  
 eyes open, and turned to her, and  
 said, 'I never when at a distance  
 between a five-toned ship and a  
 mers, which she fancied was a  
 and with a smile told her, she saw  
 it, and if it came ashore full of  
 s, she had a right to it. They both  
 their eyes upon it, and entertained  
 selves with the subject of the wreck,  
 cousin still asserting her right; but  
 ifing, if it was a prize, to give her  
 rich coral for the child of which  
 as then big, provided she might be  
 other. Their mirth soon abated,  
 they observed, upon the nearer ap-  
 h, that it was a human body. The  
 lady, who had a heart naturally  
 with pity and compassion, made  
 melancholy reflections on the oc-  
 currence. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but  
 a man may be the only hope and  
 of a wealthy house; the darling  
 indulgent parents, who are now in  
 pertinent mirth, and pleasing them-  
 selves with the thoughts of offering  
 a bride they have got ready for  
 it; or may he not be the matter of  
 a family that wholly depended upon  
 his life? There may, for aught we  
 know, be half a dozen fatherless chil-  
 dren, and a tender wife, now exposed  
 to poverty by his death. What plea-

could any question, but to  
 fore them told the story.

Incidents of this sort are  
 nearly what the world  
 is concerned in to see, and  
 withstanding they are of  
 beyond the power of givi-  
 distinct light, except we  
 sorrow from their irability.

I have two original I  
 both on the same day, and  
 exquisite in their different  
 occasion was this: a gentle  
 courted a most agreeable y  
 and won her heart, obta-  
 consent of her father, to be  
 an only child. The old man  
 that they should be married  
 church where he himself was  
 sage in Westmorland, and  
 set out while he was laid  
 gout at London. The bride  
 only his man, and the bride  
 they had the most agreeable  
 ginable to the place of mar-  
 whence the bridegroom was  
 ing letter to his wife's father.

SIR,

MAI

AFTER a very pleas-  
 ant, we are preparing  
 py hour in which I am to  
 I assure you the bride can  
 eye of the vicar who married







The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room: and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery—'Now, Madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your caisement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair—' Give fire, said she, laughing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The

poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. 'Will,' said he, 'did you charge these pistols?' He answered—'Yes.' Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

SIR,

I Who two hours ago told you truly, I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day!—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave; but before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor good old man!—Remember, he that killed your daughter, died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.

## Nº LXXXIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1709.

SENILIS STULTITIA, QUÆ DELIRATIO APPELLARI SOLET, SENUM LEVIUM EST, NON OMNIUM.

M. T. C.

THAT WHICH IS USUALLY CALLED DOTAGE IS NOT THE PORTION OF ALL OLD MEN, BUT ONLY OF SUCH AS ARE REMARKABLE FOR THEIR LEVITY AND INCONSTANCY.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 19.

IT is my frequent practice to visit places of resort in this town where I am least known, to observe what reception my works meet with in the world, and what good effects I may promise myself from my labours: and it being a privilege asserted by Monsieur Montaigne, and others, of vain-glorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves; I take the liberty to give an account of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations.

I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the Exchange, where two persons were reading my account of the Table of Fame. The one of these was commenting as he read, and ex-

plaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over-against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the Table—'No, no,' said he, 'he is in the right of it, he has money enough to be welcome wherever he comes;' and then whispered, he means a certain colonel of the train-bands. Upon reading, that Aristotle made his claim with some rudeness, but great strength of reason—'Who can that be, so rough and so reasonable? It must be some Whig, I warrant you. There is nothing but party in these public papers.' Where Pythagoras is said to have a golden thigh, 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'he has money enough in his breeches; that



smile sat on her lips, which prefaced her expressions before she uttered them, and her aspect prevented her speech. All she could say, though she had an infinite deal of wit, was but a repetition of what was expressed by her form; her form which struck her beholders with ideas more moving and forcible than ever were inspired by music, painting, or eloquence. At this rate I panted in those days; but, ah! sixty-three! I am very sorry I can only return the agreeable Maria a passion expressed rather from the head than the heart.

DEAR MADAM,

**Y**OU have already seen the best of me; and I so passionately love you, that I desire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find that you join the man with the philosopher: and if you have that kind opinion of my sense as you pretend, I question not, but you add to it complexion, air, and shape: but, dear Molly, a man in his grand climacteric is of no sex. Be a good girl; and conduct yourself with honour and virtue, when you love one younger than myself. I am, with the greatest tenderness, your innocent lover,  
I. B.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 19.

THERE is nothing more common than the weaknesses mentioned in the following epistle; and I believe there is hardly a man living who has not been more or less injured by it.

SIR,

LAND'S-END, OCT. 12.

**I** Have left the town some time; and much the sooner, for not having had the advantage, when I lived there, of so good a pilot as you are to this present age. Your cautions to the young men against the vices of the town are very well: but there is one not less needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from the Rough Diamond, (a gentle-

man so called from an honest blunt wit he had) not long since dead, this observation, that a young man must be at least three or four years in London before he dares say, No.

You will easily see the truth and force of this observation; for I believe more people are drawn away against their inclinations, than with them. A young man is afraid to deny any body going to a tavern to dinner; or, after being gorged there, to repeat the same with another company at supper; or to drink excessively, if desired, or go to any other place, or commit any other extravagancy proposed. The fear of being thought covetous, to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinder him from the free exercise of his understanding, and affirming boldly the true reason, which is, his real dislike of what is desired. If you could cure this slavish facility, it would save abundance at their first entrance into the world. I am,  
Sir, Yours,

SOLOMON AFTERWIT.

This epistle has given an occasion to a treatise on this subject, wherein I shall lay down rules when a young brisling is to say, No; and a young virgin, Yes.

N. B. For the publication of this discourse, I wait only for subscriptions from the under-graduates of each university, and the young ladies in the boarding-schools of Hackney and Chelsea.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 19.

**LETTERS** from the Hague of the twenty-fifth of October, N. S. advise, that the garrison of Mons marched out on the twenty third instant, and a garrison of the Allies marched into the town. All the forces in the field, both of the enemy and the confederates, are preparing to withdraw into winter-quarters.

Nº LXXXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 21.

**I** Have received a letter subscribed A. B. wherein it has been represented to me as an enormity, that there

are more than ordinary crowds of women at the Old Bailey when a rape is to be tried: but by Mr. A. B's favour, I cannot tell who are so much concerned in that part of the law as the sex he men-

G g tions,

at the present time, and I am convinced that the same will be the case in the future. I humbly therefore propose, that a future trial of this sort, half of the jury may be women; and those such whose faces are well known to have taken notes, or may be supposed to remember what happened in former trials in the same place. There is the learned Advocate, that would make a good forewoman of the panel, who, by long attendance, understands as much law and anatomy as is necessary in this case. Until this is taken care of, I am humbly of opinion, it would be much more expedient that the fair were wholly absent; for to what end can it be, that they should be present at such examinations, when they can only be perplexed with a sorrow-feeling for the injured, without any power to avenge their wrongs? It is an unnecessary pain which the fair takes, give themselves on these occasions. I have known a young woman shrink out of some parts of the evidence; and have frequently observed, that when the proof grew particular and strong, there has been such an universal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor indeed can I do, I am sure the ladies will

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1101-1105.

I like your letter, and was surprised to your own sex, as ours worthy to sit at your side, you cannot but be as famous as any you know, who first parted with her, afterwards with her fame.

Mrs. Biddy Twigg letter to the same purport to both my pretty & kindwomen, I must though I know Lu made a very graceful end of the table, I d per to place her there she would not care for any of so many meiband. At the same time Tarquin himself was and admirer of Lucian in an honest way. Jenny was in her fight the whole story & tell it me in the delectable lady flounders up glory of her own sex

complain of, do further promise them, that if they can furnish me with instances to fill it, there shall be a small tea-table set apart in my palace of fame for the reception of all of her character.

## GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 21.

I WAS this evening communicating my design of producing obscure merit into public view; and proposed to the learned, that they would please to assist me in the work. For the same end I publish my intention to the world, that all men of liberal thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing justice to such worthy persons as have come within their respective observation, and who by misfortune, modesty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have escaped the notice of the rest of mankind. If therefore any one can bring any tale or tidings of illustrious persons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is desired to send an account thereof to me at J. Morpheus's, and they shall have justice done them. At the same time that I have this concern for men and things that deserve reputation and have it not, I am resolved to examine into the claims of such ancients and moderns as are in possession of it, with a design to displace them, in case I find their titles defective. The first whose merits I shall enquire into, are some merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous histories of their exploits in war, love, and politics, under the title of Memoirs. I am afraid I shall find several of these gentlemen tardy, because I hear of them in no writings but their own. To read the narrative of one of these authors, you would fancy that there was not an action in a whole campaign which he did not contrive or execute; yet if you consult history, or gazettes of those times, you do not find him so much as at the head of a party from one end of the summer to the other. But it is the way of these great men, when they lie behind their lines, and are in a time of inaction, as they call it, to pass away their time in writing their exploits. By this means several who are either unknown or despised in the present age, will be famous in the next, unless a sudden stop be put to such pernicious practices. There are others of

that gay people, who, as I am informed, will live half a year together in a garret, and write an history of their intrigues in the court of France. As for politicians, they do not abound with that species of men so much as we; but as ours are not so famous for writing, as for extemporary dissertations in coffee-houses, they are more annoyed with memoirs of this nature also than we are. The most immediate remedy that I can apply to prevent this growing evil, is, That I do hereby give notice to all booksellers and translators whatsoever, that the word Memoir is French for a novel; and to require of them, that they sell and translate it accordingly.

## WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCT. 21.

COMING into this place to-night, I met an old friend of mine, who a little after the Restoration writ an epigram with some applause, which he has lived upon ever since; and by virtue of it, has been a constant frequenter of this coffee-house for forty years. He took me aside, and with a great deal of friendship told me, he was glad to see me alive; 'For,' says he, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, I am sorry to find you have raised many enemies by your lucubrations. There are indeed some,' says he, 'whose enmity is the greatest honour they can shew a man; but have you lived to these years, and do not know, that the ready way to disoblige, is to give advice? You may endeavour to guard your children, as you call them; but—' He was going on; but I found the disagreeableness of giving advice without being asked, by my own impatience of what he was about to say: in a word, I begged him to give me the hearing of a short fable.

'A gentleman,' says I, 'who was one day slumbering in an arbour, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle biting of a lizard, a little animal remarkable for it's love to mankind. He threw it from his hand with some indignation, and was rising to kill it, when he saw an huge venomous serpent sliding towards him on the other side, which he soon destroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that saved him, and with anger against himself, that had shewn so little sense of a good office.'



'clination to excel in kindness and good offices. Therefore, dear Jenny, remember me, and avoid Snap-Dragon.'

'I thank you, brother,' said she: 'but you do not know how he loves me; I find I can do any thing with him.'— 'If you can so, why should you desire to do any thing but please him? But I have a word or two more before you go out of the room; for I see you do not like the subject I am upon: let nothing provoke you to fall upon an imperfection he cannot help; for if he has a resenting spirit, he will think your aversion as immovable as the imperfection with which you upbraid him. But above all, dear Jenny, be careful of one thing, and you will be something more than woman; that is, a levity you are almost all guilty of, which is, to take a pleasure in your power to give pain. It is even in a mistress an argument of meanness of spirit, but in a wife it is injustice and ingratitude. When a sensible man once observes this in a woman, he must have a very great or very little spirit, to overlook it. A woman ought therefore to consider very often, how few men there are who will regard a meditated offence as a weakness of temper.'

I was going on in my confabulation, when Tranquillus entered. She cast all her eyes upon him with much shame and confusion, mixed with great complacency and love, and went up to him. He took her in his arms, and looked so many soft things at one glance, that I could see he was glad I had been talking to her, sorry she had been troubled, and angry at himself that he could not disguise the concern he was in an hour before. After which he says to me, with an air awkward enough, but methought not unbecoming—'I have altered my mind, brother; we will live upon you a day or two longer.' I replied—'That is what I have been persuading Jenny to ask of you; but she is resolved never to contradict your inclination, and refused me.'

We were going on in that way which one hardly knows how to express; as when two people mean the same thing in a nice case, but come at it by talking as distantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honest inconsiderable fellow, Tim Dap-

per, a gentleman well known to us both.

Tim is one of those who are very necessary, by being very inconsiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My sister took this occasion to make off; and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was and who was not at home where he visited. This Tim is the head of a species: he is a little out of his element in this town; but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the title place of residence for this species. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broad-cloth, with calamanco or red waistcoat and breeches; and it is remarkable, that their wigs seldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar spring in their arms, a wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait: all which motions they express at once in their drinking, bowing, or saluting ladies; for a distant imitation of a forward fop, and a resolution to overtop him in his way, are the distinguishing marks of a Dapper. These under-characters of men are parts of the sociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building; they make no figure in it, but hold the structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the pillars and columns. I am sure we found it so this morning; for Tranquillus and I should perhaps have looked cold at each other the whole day, but Dapper fell in with his brisk way, shook us both by the hand, rallied the bride, mistook the acceptance he met with amongst us for extraordinary perfection in himself, and heartily pleased, and was pleased, all the while he stayed. His company left us all in good-humour, and we were not such fools as to let it sink, before we confirmed it by great cheerfulness and openness in our carriage the whole evening.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCT. 24.

I HAVE been this evening to visit a lady who is a relation of the enamoured Cynthia, and there heard the melancholy news of his death. I was in hopes that fox-hunting and October would have recovered him from his unhappy passion. He went into the country with a design to leave behind him all thoughts of Clau-

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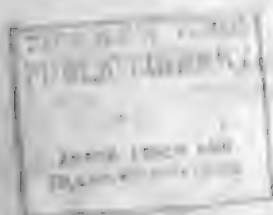






*J. B. Goussier del.*

*W. H. Smith sculp.*



and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right-hand he had sat at every quarter-sessions these thirty years, unless he was sick. The steward in the rear whispered the Templar—'That is true to my knowledge.' I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jole, to desire the Esquire to sit down before the Justice of the Quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter: but I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. 'Well,' said I, 'gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea.' They answered one and all, that they never drank tea in a morning. 'Not in a morning!' said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence; when the steward in his boots and whip propoised, that we should adjourn to some public-house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left, very discreetly, counter-marching behind the chairs towards the door: after him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple Esquire made a sudden start to follow; but the Justice of the Quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid, going up with coals, made us halt, and put us into such confusion that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, until Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, until we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking

what it was, I, to make them move, said, it was fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, until we got into the street; where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer Lane; the impertinent Templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justice and the Esquire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the steward, that he thought it hard that a common conjuror should take place of him, though an elder Esquire. In this order we marched down Sheer Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street: however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Took's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From whence we proceeded again, until we came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the letter. 'No!' says Sir Harry, 'then take back your mug; we are like, indeed, to have good liquor at this house.' Here the Templar tipped me a second wink; and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business until after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third: after which, Sir Harry reached over to me, and



mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as shew capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though incumbered with all it's rubbish. This reflection rose in me from a letter which my servant dropped as he was dressing me, and which he told me was communicated to him, as he is an acquaintance of some of the persons mentioned in it. The epistle is from one Serjeant Hall, of the foot-guards. It is directed—  
 ' To Serjeant Cabe, in the Coldstream  
 ' regiment of foot-guards, at the Red  
 ' Lettice in the Butcher Row, near  
 ' Temple Bar.'

I was so pleased with several touches in it, that I could not forbear shewing it to a cluster of critics, who instead of considering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epistolary writing: for as these gentlemen are seldom men of any great genius, they work altogether by mechanical rules, and are able to discover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin. The letter is as follows:

FROM THE CAMP BEFORE MONS, SEPT. 26.

COMRADE,

I Received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our battalion suffered more than I could wish in the action. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his fate with a great many more: he was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalion killed and wounded; we lost ten serjeants, six are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but am in hopes, and, please God, I shall recover. I continue in the field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account

of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray give my service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogston, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and three-pence, which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery, and both of you all happiness, rest your assured friend, and comrade,

JOHN HALL.

We had but an indifferent breakfast; but the Mounseers never had such a dinner in their lives.

My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I sent two shillings, and Stevenson sixpence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to enquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Pegg; and when you write, to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be an hindrance to the siege; but I am in hopes we shall be masters of the town in a little time; and then I believe we shall go to garrison.

I saw the critics prepared to nibble at my letter; therefore examined it myself, partly in their way, and partly my own.

' This is,' said I, ' truly a letter, and an honest representation of that cheerful heart which accompanies the poor soldier in his warfare. Is not there in this all the topic of submitting to our destiny as well discussed, as if a greater man had been placed, like Brutus, in his tent at midnight, reflecting on all the occurrences of past life, and saying fine things on being itself? What Serjeant Hall knows of the matter is, that he wishes there had not been so many killed; and he had himself a very bad shot in his head, and should recover if it pleased God. But be that as it will, he takes care, like a man of honour, as he certainly

H h

could you critics would have lost  
ide of the parts which I doubt not  
it you have much to say upon, whe-  
er the familiar way is well hit in  
is stile or not? As for myself, I  
ke a very particular satisfaction in  
eing any letter that is fit only for  
ose to read who are concerned in it,  
ut especially on such a subject.

If we consider the heap of an army,  
tterly out of all prospect of rising and  
eserment, as they certainly are, and  
ich great things executed by them,  
is hard to account for the motive of  
eir gallantry. But to me, who was  
cadet at the battle of Coldstream in  
cotland, when Monk charged at the  
ead of the regiment, now called Cold-  
ream from the victory of that day;  
remember it as well as if it were  
esterday; I stood on the left of old  
Veit, who I believe is now at Chel-  
sa; I say, to me, who know very  
vell this part of mankind, I take the  
allantry of private soldiers to proceed  
rom the same, if not from a nobler,  
mpulse than that of gentlemen and  
fficers. They have the same taste of  
eing acceptable to their friends, and  
to through the difficulties of that  
rofession by the same irresistible charm  
of fellowship, and the communication  
of joys and sorrows, which quickens  
he relish of pleasure, and abates the

#### FROM MY OWN APARTM

WHEN I came home  
found, after many atten-  
thoughts, that my heart  
the subject of the dissent  
Will's. I fell, therefo  
musement of proportioni  
a battle among the whole  
viding it into shares, ac-  
method of the million lo  
bank of fame, by an ex-  
and the rules of political  
have allotted ten hun-  
shares; five hundred tho-  
is the due of the genera-  
thousand I assign to the  
and two hundred thous-  
the commissioned officers  
to ensigns; the remaining  
fund must be distributed  
commissioned officers, ac-  
according to which com-  
Serjeant Hall is to have  
fraction of two fifths.  
boy at Oxford, there v  
antiquities near the thea-  
on which were engraver  
all who fell in the battl  
The generous and knov  
Athens understood the fe  
of glory, and would not  
soldier perish in oblivio

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXVIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1709.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, OCT. 31.

I Have lately received a letter from a friend in the country, wherein he acquaints me, that two or three men of the town are got among them, and have brought down particular words and phrases, which were never before in those parts. He mentions in particular the words Gunner and Gunster, which my correspondent observes they make use of when any thing has been related that is strange and surprizing; and therefore desires I would explain those terms, as I have many others, for the information of such as live at a distance from this town and court, which he calls the great mints of language. His letter is dated from York; and, if he tells me truth, a word in it's ordinary circulation does not reach that city within the space of five years after it is first stamped. I cannot say how long these words have been current in town, but I shall now take care to send them down by the next post.

I must in the first place observe, that the words Gunner and Gunster are not to be used promiscuously; for a Gunner, properly speaking, is not a Gunster: nor is a Gunster, *vice versa*, a Gunner. They both, indeed, are derived from the word Gun, and so far they agree: but as the gun is remarkable for it's destroying at a distance, or for the report it makes, which is apt to startle all it's hearers, those who recount strange accidents and circumstances, which have no manner of foundation in truth, when they design to do mischief, are comprehended under the appellation of Gunners; but when they endeavour only to surprize and entertain, they are distinguished by the name of Gunsters. Gunners, therefore, are the pest of society, but the Gunsters often the diversion. The Gunner is destructive, and hated; the Gunster innocent, and laughed at. The first is prejudicial to others, the other only to himself.

This being premised, I must in the next place sub-divide the Gunner into several branches; all, or the chief of which are, I think, as follows:

First, the Bombardier.  
Secondly, the Miner.  
Thirdly, the Squib.  
Fourthly, the Serpent.

And first, Of the first. The Bombardier tosses his balls sometimes into the midst of a city, with a design to fill all around him with terror and combustion. He has been sometimes known to drop a bomb in a senate-house, and to scatter a panic over a nation. But his chief aim is at several eminent stations, which he looks upon as the fairest marks, and uses all his skill to do execution upon those who possess them. Every man so situated, let his merit be never so great, is sure to undergo a bombardment. It is further observed, that the only way to be out of danger from the bursting of a bomb, is to lie prostrate on the ground; a posture too abject for generous spirits.

Secondly, the Miner.

As the bombardier levels his mischief at nations and cities, the Miner busies himself in ruining and overturning private houses and particular persons. He often acts as a spy, in discovering the secret avenues and unguarded accesses of families, where, after he has made his proper discoveries and dispositions, he sets sudden fire to his train, that blows up families, scatters friends, separates lovers, disperses kindred, and shakes a whole neighbourhood.

It is to be noted, that several females are great proficient in this way of engineering. The marks by which they are to be known are a wonderful solicitude for the reputation of their friends, and a more than ordinary concern for the good of their neighbours. There is also in them something so very like religion, as may deceive the vulgar; but if you look upon it more nearly, you see on it such a cast of censoriousness, as discovers it to be nothing but hypocrisy. Cleomilla is a great instance of a female Miner: but as my design is to expose only the incorrigible, let her be silent for the future, and I shall be so too.

H h a

Thirdly,



### Fourthly, Serpents.

The Serpents are a pretty kind of animal; more particular in their conduct. They make use of a sort of nite powder, that goes off without any splintercrack, but gives a gentle rattle, such like that of a whisper; and is more instructive in all parts of life than any of the materials made use of by any of the fraternity.

### Come we now to the Gunsters.

This race of engineers deals altogether with wind-guns, which, by recoiling, often knock down those who discharge them, without hurting any body else; and according to the various compressions of the air, make such strange squeaks, acks, pops, and bounces, as it is impossible to hear without laughing. It is observable, however, that there is a diffidence in a Gunster to become a Gunster; and though their proper instruments are only loaden with wind, they let out of w-ntonnefs fire a bomb, blowing a mine, out of their natural inclination to engineering; by which means they do mischief when they do not design it, and have their bones broken when they do not deserve it.

This sort of engineers are the most accountable race of men in the world:

### FRANCIS'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

I AM now to tell you of a little accident that happened to me, which I shall relate as it really happened, without any addition or subtraction, by two or three report convulsions. I got up a girt on my riper, and hat, when my landlady and told me, that the next house begged for that a lodger she had run mad; and the desire indeed every body in does upon important cannot, like some artists, be beneficial, but only. Our neighbour told day before last her son very goodly young man, her he kept extraordinary and was generally at home the morning and evening that this morning he together made this exchange which we then heard. With my hand upon the pier, and approached the door. I looked in at the there I saw a well-made great attention on a sudden jump into the

self with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, until he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my women asked what I thought: I whispered, that I thought this learned person an Enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers, who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprized to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mien, that he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, that I hoped

he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself, for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes, and a clean pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France. He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by a letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

## Nº LXXXIX. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1709.

BURA MIHI PLACEANT, RIGUIQUE IN VALLIBUS AMNES,  
FLUMINA AMEM SYLVASQUE INGLOBIUS—

VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 485.

MY NEXT DESIRE IS, VOID OF CARE AND STRIFE,  
TO LEAD A SOFT, SECURE, INGLOBIUS LIFE:  
A COUNTRY COTTAGE NEAR A CRYSTAL FLOOD,  
A WINDING VALLEY, AND A LOFTY WOOD.

DRYDEN.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 2.

I Have received this short epistle from an unknown hand.

I Have no more to trouble you with, than to desire you would in your next help me to some answer to the enclosed concerning yourself. In the mean time I congratulate you upon the increase of your fame, which you see has extended itself beyond the bills of mortality.

SIR,

THAT the country is barren of news, has been the excuse, time out of mind, for dropping a correspondence with our friends in London; as if it were impossible out of a coffee-house to write an agreeable letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering of my neg-

ligence with so common an excuse. Doubtless, amongst friends bred, as we have been, to the knowledge of books as well as men, a letter dated from a garden, a grotto, a fountain, a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, may be more entertaining than one from Tom's, Will's, White's, or St. James's. I promise therefore to be frequent for the future in my rural dates to you: but for fear you should, from what I have said, be induced to believe I shun the commerce of men, I must inform you, that there is a fresh topic of discourse lately arisen amongst the ingenious in our part of the world, and is become the more fashionable for the ladies giving into it. This we owe to Sir Isaac Bickerstaff, who is very much censured by some, and as much justified by others. Some criticise his style, his humour, and his

manner,

and I own it a very solid happiness, that when my Luccubrations are approved by persons of sense a task as the author of this letter, who is capable of enjoying the world in the simplicity of its natural beauties. This pastoral letter, if may so call it, must be written by a man who carries his entertainment wherever he goes, and is undoubtedly one of those happy men who appear far otherwise to the vulgar. I dare say, he is not envied by the vicious, the vain, the frolic, and the loud; but is continually blessed with that strong and serious delight, which flows from a well-ought and liberal mind. With great respect to country sports, I may say, this gentleman could pass his time agreeably, if there were not a hare or a fox in a county. That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call Melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, which is a kind of forgetting ourselves, is but a mean way of entertainment, in comparison of that which is considering, knowing, and enjoying ourselves. The pleasures of ordinary people are in their passions; but the seat of this delight is in the reason and understanding. Such a frame of mind raises that sweet enthusiasm which arms the imagination at the sight of our works of nature, and turns all

time, to the eighth year was observed to delight potatoes; and indeed I have for that sort of I do not remember that myself in any thing at my great skill at taw, so barbarously used, since given me an aver In my twelfth year, much for two or three At fifteen I was sent to and staid there for some drum passing by, being sic, I enlisted myself so years came on, I became things, and grew dissatisfied. This made me and take to the studies, in which I picked up, that Oliver Cromwell died, and taken up again before I heard he was dead me first the reputation which has been of great me ever since, and kept public employments. of my later years has been between Dick's Coffee-house in Sher Lane, and the

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

OCT. 29.

I Am very much afflicted with the gravel, which makes me sick and peevish. I desire to know of you, if it be reasonable that any of my acquaintance should take advantage over me at this time, and afflict me with long visits, because they are idle, and I am confined. Pray, Sir, reform the town in this matter. Men never consider whether the sick person be disposed for company, but make their visits to humour themselves. You may talk upon this topic, so as to oblige all persons afflicted with chronical distempers, among which I reckon visits. Do not think me a sour man, for I love conversation and my friends; but I think one's most intimate friend may be too familiar, and that there are such things as unseasonable wit, and painful mirth.

It is with some so hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a great good fortune when they have a friend indisposed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that state which cannot be called sickness or health; when he is too well to deny company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon case, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapse.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 2.

I WAS very well pleased this evening to hear a gentleman express a very

becoming indignation against a practice, which I myself have been very much offended at. 'There is nothing,' said he, 'more ridiculous, than for an actor to insert words of his own in the part he is to act, so that it is impossible to see the poet for the player: you will have Penkethman and Bullock helping out Beaumont and Fletcher. It puts me in mind,' continued he, 'of a collection of antique statues which I once saw in a gentleman's possession, who employed a neighbouring stone-cutter to add noses, ears, arms, or legs, to the maimed works of Phidias or Praxiteles. You may be sure this addition disfigured the statues much more than time had. I remember Venus, that, by the nose he had given her, looked like mother Shipton; and a Mercury, with a pair of legs that seemed very much swelled with the dropsy.'

I thought the gentleman's observations very proper; and he told me I had improved his thought, in mentioning on this occasion those wise commentators who had filled up the hemistichs of Virgil; particularly that notable poet, who, to make the *Aeneid* more perfect, carried on the story to Lavinia's wedding. If the proper officer will not condescend to take notice of these absurdities, I shall myself, as a censor of the people, animadvert upon such proceedings.

## Nº XC. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1709.

—————A MOTO QUÆRAMUS SERIA LUDO.

HOR. SAT. I. L. I. VER. 27.

—————LET US NOW

WITH GRAVER AIR OUR SERIOUS THEME PURSUE,  
AND YET PRESERVE OUR MORAL FULL IN VIEW.

FRANCIS.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 4.

THE passion of Love happened to be the subject of discourse between two or three of us at the table of the Poets this evening; and among other observations, it was remarked, that the same sentiment on this passion had run through all languages and nations. Menenius, who has a very good taste, fell into a little sort of dissertation on this

occasion. 'It is,' said he, 'remarkable, that no passion has been treated, by all who have touched upon it, with the same bent of design, but this. The poets, the moralists, the painters, in all their descriptions, allegories, and pictures, have represented it as a soft torment, a bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable distress; and have only expressed the same thought in a different manner.'

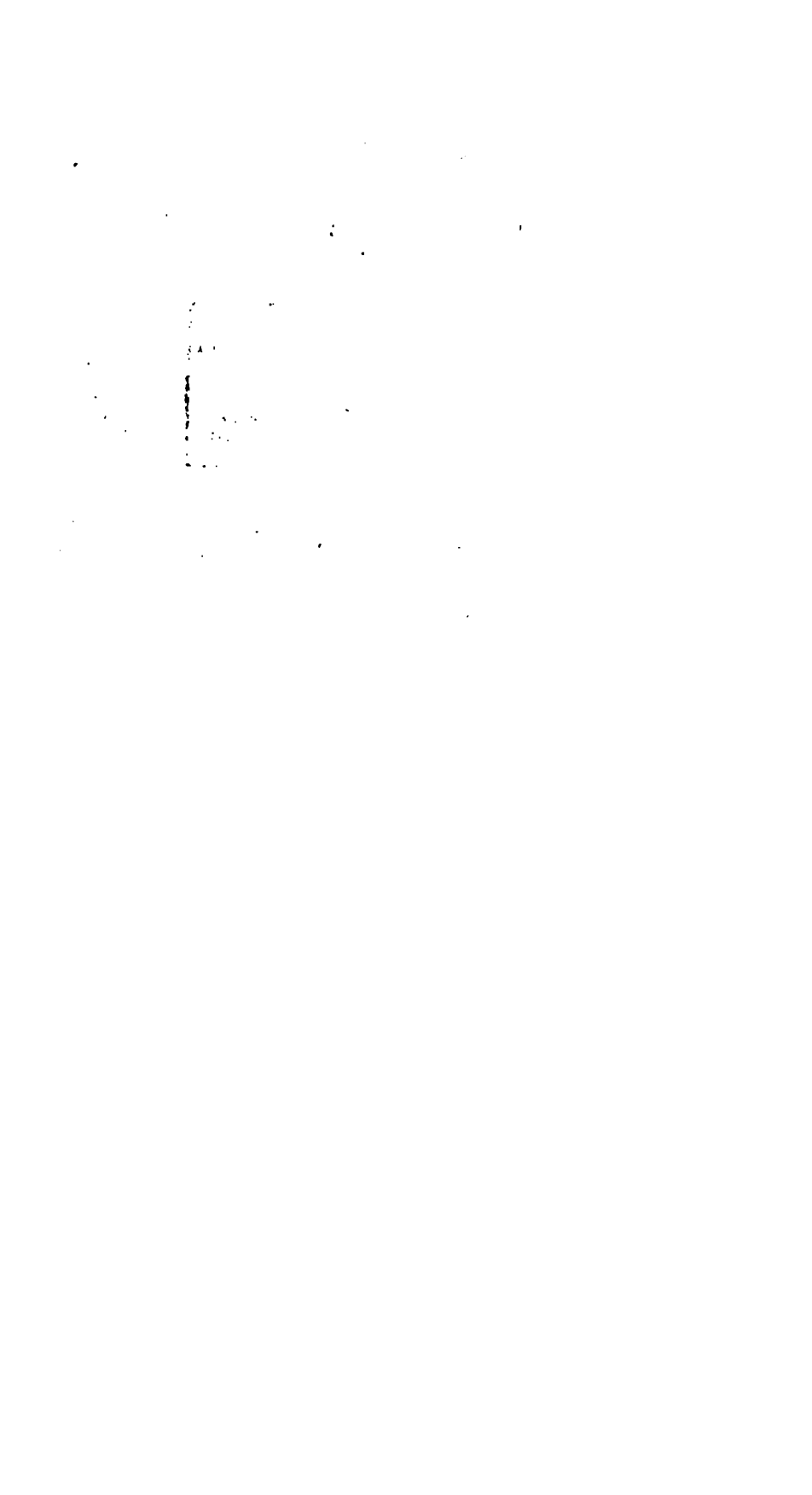
The

is in form, that is, that this may  
 be the only one of its kind, and  
 that it is the only one of its kind,  
 and that it is the only one of its kind.  
 If you  
 suppose that it is the only one of its kind,  
 large, it not quenched with flame  
 tive principle; and as for all others,  
 whether ambition, envy, or avarice,  
 which are apt to pass the mind in the  
 defence of this passion, it must be al-  
 lowed that they have greater pains, with-  
 out the compensation of such exquisite  
 pleasures as those we find in love. The  
 great skill is to heighten the satisfactions,  
 and deepen the sorrows of it; which has  
 been the end of many of my labours,  
 and shall continue to be so for the ser-  
 vice of the world in general, and in par-  
 ticular of the fair-sex, who are always  
 the best or the worst part of it. It is  
 pity that a passion, which has in it a ca-  
 pacity of making life happy, should not  
 be cultivated to the utmost advantage.  
 Reason, prudence, and good-nature,  
 rightly applied, can thoroughly accom-  
 plish this great end, provided they have  
 always a real and constant love to work  
 upon. But this subject I shall treat  
 more at large in the history of my mar-  
 ried sister; and in the mean time shall  
 conclude my reflection on the pains and  
 pleasures which attend this passion, with  
 one of the finest allegories which I think  
 I have ever read. It is invented by the

' And he, who own'd  
 ' me, and the few  
 ' love, and the few  
 ' was a very much  
 ' of his, and the  
 ' themselves what we  
 ' of an infant that w  
 ' girded from two me  
 ' last, the child appea  
 ' it be but Love. 'Tl  
 ' and proved, in all h  
 ' he really was, a co  
 ' fire, kings. As  
 ' Plenty, who was th  
 ' dence, he is subtle,  
 ' sting me, and de  
 ' Poverty, he is tawn  
 ' nating, delighting  
 ' or bene than winde  
 ' he is conscious, fi  
 ' ficient of merit, a  
 ' of resentment: by  
 ' doubtful, timorou  
 ' fearful of offending  
 ' millions. In the t  
 ' see him transport  
 ' talking of immorta  
 ' peering satisfied as  
 ' dately after, as t  
 ' prevails in his cor  
 ' he'd him pining, la  
 ' ing, dying.'

I have been alwa  
 liehted with fables.





FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 4.

I CAME home this evening in a very pensive mood; and to divert me, took up a volume of Shakespeare, where I chanced to cast my eye upon a part in the tragedy of Richard the Third, which filled my mind with a very agreeable horror. It was the scene in which that bold, but wicked prince, is represented as sleeping in his tent, the night before the battle in which he fell. The poet takes that occasion to set before him, in a vision, a terrible assembly of apparitions, the ghosts of all those innocent persons whom he is said to have murdered. Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth, the Duke of Clarence, Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan; Lord Hastings, the two young princes, sons to Edward the Fourth, his own wife, and the Duke of Buckingham, rise up in their blood before him, beginning their speeches with that dreadful salutation, 'Let me sit heavy on thy 'soul to-morrow;' and concluding with that dismal sentence, 'Despair and die.' This inspires the tyrant with a dream of his past guilt, and of the approaching vengeance. He anticipates the fatal day of Bosworth, fancies himself dismounted, weltering in his own blood; and in the agonies of despair, before he is thoroughly awake, starts up with the following speech—

Give me another horse—B'nd up my wounds!  
Have mercy, Jesu—Soft, I did but dream.  
Oh, coward conscience! how dost thou afflict  
me?

The lights burn blue! Is it not dead midnight?

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh;  
What do I fear? myself! &c.

A scene, written with so great strength of imagination, indisposed me from further reading, and threw me into a deep contemplation. I began to reflect upon the different ends of good and bad kings; and as this was the birth-day of our late renowned monarch, I could not forbear thinking on the departure of that excellent prince, whose life was crowned with glory, and his death with peace. I let my mind go so far into this thought, as to imagine to myself, what might have been the vision of his departing slumbers. He might have seen confederate kings applauding him in different languages; slaves that had been bound in fetters, lifting up their hands and blessing him; and the persecuted in their several forms of worship imploring comfort on his last moments. The reflection upon this excellent prince's mortality had been a very melancholy entertainment to me, had I not been relieved by the consideration of the glorious reign which succeeds it.

We now see as great a virtue as ever was on the British throne, surrounded with all the beauty of success. Our nation may not only boast of a long series of great, regular, and well laid designs, but also of triumphs and victories; while we have the happiness to see our sovereign exercise that true policy which tends to make a kingdom great and happy, and at the same time enjoy the good and glorious effect of it.

N<sup>o</sup> XCI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 7.

I WAS very much surprized this evening with a visit from one of the top toasts of the town, who came privately in a chair, and bolted into my room, while I was reading a chapter of Agrippa upon the Occult Sciences; but as she entered with all the air and bloom that nature ever bestowed on woman, I threw down the conjurer, and met the charmer. I had no sooner placed her at my right-hand by the fire, but she opened to me the reason of her visit: 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said the fine creature, 'I have been your correspondent some time, though I never saw you before;

'I have writ by the name of Maria.  
'You have told me, you were too far  
'gone in life to think of love: therefore  
'I am answered as to the passion I spoke  
'of; and,' continued she, smiling, 'I  
'will not stay until you grow young  
'again, as you men never fail to do in  
'your dotage; but am come to consult  
'you about disposing of myself to another.  
'My person you see; my fortune is very considerable; but I am  
'at present under much perplexity how  
'to act in a great conjuncture. I have  
'two lovers, Crassus and Lorio: Crassus is prodigiously rich, but has no  
'one distinguishing quality; though at  
'the same time he is not remarkable on  
the



when I cast my eyes upon Lorio, I  
thought and despised him, because I had  
heard of Crassus; I thought I was a poor thing  
myself, as I could not compare my  
limited experience in all the pleasures of  
life, except love.' She paused here.

'Madam,' said I, 'I am confident  
you have not stated your case with sin-  
cerity, and that there is some secret  
pang which you have concealed from  
me: for I see, by your aspect, the ge-  
nerosity of your mind; and that open  
ingenious air lets me know that you  
have too great a sense of the generous  
passion of love, to prefer the ostenta-  
tion of life in the arms of Crassus, to  
the entertainments and conveniencies  
of it in the company of your beloved  
Lorio; for so he is indeed, Madam;  
you speak his name with a different  
accent from the rest of your discourse:  
the idea his image raises in you gives  
new life to your features, and new  
grace to your speech. Nay, blush  
not, Madam, there is no dishonour  
in loving a man of merit; I assure you,  
I am grieved at this dallying with  
yourself, when you put another in  
competition with him, for no other  
reason but superior wealth.'—'To tell  
you then,' said she, 'the bottom of  
my heart, there is Clotilda lies by, and  
plants herself in the way of Crassus,

in a kind, leaving it  
at once related to her  
of happiness within  
society, and not one  
portion with others.

'But indeed, Madam  
that beauteous form  
consider the general  
to their disposal of th  
riage, or their pare  
them without their c  
I cannot but look upo  
as the most impud  
Do but observe, wh  
play, the familiar  
laughing among the  
pear detestable to yo  
each of them would  
son for a guinea; a  
would take the worl  
twenty thousand. I  
differ but in price? .  
stance of marriage,  
hardly an alteration  
wedlock is but a n  
stitution, where the  
of minds. You won  
it, but there have I  
upon me.

'A neighbour in th  
knows I have, by le  
life, laid up a little n  
mind to marry me t  
was frequently invi

' in earnest; but one day, having an occasion to ride to Islington, as two or three people were lifting me upon my pad, I spied her at a convenient distance laughing at her lover, with a parcel of romps of her acquaintance: one of them, who I suppose had the same design upon me, told me she said—"Do you see how briskly my old gentleman mounts?" This made me cut off my amour, and to reflect with myself, that no married life could be so unhappy as where the wife proposes no other advantage from her husband than that of making herself fine, and keeping her out of the dirt.'

My fair client burst out a laughing at the account I gave her of my escape, and went away seemingly convinced of the reasonableness of my discourse to her.

As soon as she was gone, my maid brought up the following epistle, which, by the style, and the description she gave of the person, I suppose was left by Nick Doubt. 'Hark you,' said he, 'girl, tell old Basket-hilt I would have him answer it by the first opportunity.' What he says is this:

ISAAC,

YOU seem a very honest fellow, therefore pray tell me, did not you write that letter in praise of the Esquire and his Lucubrations yourself, &c.

The greatest plague of coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent piece of good sense, as this jackanapes has hit me in a right place enough. I must confess, I am as likely to play such a trick as another; but that letter he speaks of was really genuine. When I first set up, I thought it fair enough to let myself know from all parts, that my works were wonderfully enquired for, and were become the diversion, as well as instruction, of all the Choice Spirits in every county of Great Britain. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my readers found it before this jackanapes (I can call him no better) took upon him to observe upon my style and my basket-hilt. A very pleasant gentleman of my acquaintance told me one day a story of this kind of falsehood and vanity in an author.

Mævius shewed him a paper of verses, which he said he had received that morning by the penny-post from an unknown hand. My friend admired them ex-

tremely. 'Sir,' said he, 'this must come from a man that is eminent: you see fire, life, and spirit, run through the whole, and at the same time a correctness, which shews he is used to writing: pray, Sir, read them over again.' He begins again, title and all—'To Mævius, on his incomparable poems.' The second reading was performed with much more vehemence and action than the former; after which my friend fell into downright raptures: 'Why they are truly sublime! There is energy in this line! description in that! Why it is the thing itself! this is perfect picture!' Mævius could bear no more; 'But, faith,' says he, 'Ned, to tell you the plain truth, I writ them myself.'

There goes just such another story of the same paternal tenderness in Bavius, an ingenious contemporary of mine, who had writ several comedies, which were rejected by the players. This my friend Bavius took for envy, and therefore prevailed upon a gentleman to go with him to the playhouse, and gave him a new play of his, desiring he would personate the author, and read it, to baffle the spite of the actors. The friend consented, and to reading they went. They had not gone over three similies, before Roscius the player made the acting author stop, and desired to know what he meant by such a rapture; and how it came to pass, that in this condition of the lover, instead of acting according to his present circumstances, he spent his time in considering what his present state was like? 'That is very true,' says the mock author, 'I believe we had as good strike these lines out.'—'By your leave,' says Bavius, 'you shall not spoil your play, you are too modest; those very lines, for aught I know, are as good as any in your play, and they shall stand.' Well, they go on, and the particle *and* stood unfortunately at the end of a verse, and was made to rhyme to the word *stand*. This Roscius excepted against. The new poet gave up that too, and said he would not dispute for a monosyllable. 'For a monosyllable!' says the real author, 'I can assure you, a monosyllable may be of as great force as a word of ten syllables. I tell you, Sir, *and* is the connection of the matter in that place; without that word, you may put all that follows into any other play as well as this. Besides, if you leave it

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, NOV. 9.

Know no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and tinging it with an exception; which proceeds (where men do not do it to introduce malice, and make calumny more actual) from the common error of considering man as a perfect creature. If we rightly examine things, we find that there is a sort of economy Providence, that one shall excel where other is defective, in order to make a more useful to each other, and mix in society. This man having this art, and that man another, is as necessary in conversation, as one profiting in trade, and another another, is necessary in commerce. The happy accident does not produce all things; and was so ordered, that one part of the world should want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general dependence and good understanding, is therefore want of good sense as well as good nature, to say Simplicius a better judgment, but not so much

wife heathens were given any one serviceable gift all imperfections in the world; but with us it is false we reject many eminent are accompanied with weaknets. The reflected manner made me account delight men take in re and scandal, with which it and of which I receive pains. Upon nature find it is principally for the want of mankind, to receive so much encumbrance world. The low race of men find pleasure in finding character levelled to the a report of it's excellency; fly in comparison, and excel in a thousand believe they have in a great person any one of better traits in which the gratifies this but not of is naturally an enemy to merit. It is from this

wife, the vicious are kept in credit, by placing men of merit in the same accusation. But all the Pasquils, Lam-poons, and Libels, we meet with now-a-days, are a sort of playing with the four and twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without sense, truth, or wit. In this case, I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and should be in distress for those they abuse, if I did not see their judgment and ingenuity in those they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men consider that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyric given them, none can think themselves lessened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel, is but a scavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthiest creature in the street. Dedications and panegyrics are frequently ridiculous, let them be addressed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is saying to the persons applauded—'My lord, or Sir, I have pulled down all men that the rest of the world think great and honourable, and here is a clear stage; you may as you please be valiant or wise; you may chuse to be on the military or civil list; for there is no one brave who commands, or just who has power: you may rule the world now it is empty, which exploded you when it was full. I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind thought good for any thing; and I doubt not but you will reward that invention, which found out the only expedient to make your lordship, or your worship, of any consideration.'

Had I the honour to be in a libel, and had escaped the approbation of the author, I should look upon it exactly in this manner. But though it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debased in such performances, yet it is not so with relation to the authors of them; therefore I shall, for the good of my country, hereafter take upon me to punish these wretches. What is really past may die away according to it's nature, and continue in it's present oblivion; but for the future, I shall take notice of such enemies to honour and virtue, and preserve them to immortal infamy; their names shall give fresh

offence many ages hence, and be detested a thousand years after the commission of their crime. It shall not avail, that these children of infamy publish their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am so perfectly well acquainted with the styles of all my contemporaries, that I shall not fail of doing them justice, with their proper names, and at their full length. Let these miscreants, therefore, enjoy their present act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

But to avert our eyes from such objects, it is, methinks, but requisite, to settle our opinion in the case of praise and blame: and, I believe, the only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach, which is a common weakness with the most virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For if I am pleased with commendation which I do not deserve, I shall from the same temper be concerned at scandal I do not deserve. But he that can think of false applause with as much contempt as false detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occasions. Undesired praise can please only those who want merit, and undesired reproach frighten only those who want sincerity. I have thought of this with so much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing satisfaction no where but in a just sense of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not such a foundation as this, there is no help against scandal, but being in obscurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it, have generally the most exquisite relish of it. Methinks I see the renowned Alexander, after a painful and laborious march, amidst the heats of a parched soil and a burning climate, sitting over the head of a fountain, and, after a draught of water, pronounce that memorable saying—'Oh, Athenians! how much do I suffer, that you may speak well of me!' The Athenians were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels

against

should be used like incendiaries. It is the common cause of our country to support the reputation of those who preserve it against invaders; and every man is attacked in the person of that neighbour who deserves well of him.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 9.

THE chat I had to-day at White's about fame and scandal, put me in mind of a person who has often writ to me unregarded, and has a very moderate ambition in this particular. His name, it seems, is Charles Lillie, and he recommends himself to my observation, as one that sold snuff next door to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, and was burnt out when he began to have a reputation in his way.

—  
—  
This same Charles Lillie, at I will of it, has pleaded with the Pope of his articles. They have declined against the Pope allow taxes raised by the laity, to repair the lottery, indulge all yotom who buy of C something to particular the man, that I shall me, and, I believe, a genius for haubler aught I know, at his cales to those who a tubes to those wh short-sighted; and I vend the fame.

## Nº XCIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 11.

THE French humour of writing Epistles, and publishing their fulsome compliments to each other, is a thing I frequently complain of in this place. It is, methinks, from the prevalence of this silly custom, that there

goes on with his co how the wine tastes; thread-bare subjects which our absent given us without gr them. A friend of travel, used me for gave me a prospect account of the peop

ing it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of snow-prospects that you can imagine; and have several pits of it before me, that are very near as old as the mountain itself, for, in this country, it is as lasting as marble. I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain, or King Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself; they generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musket-proof until about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an eye only, told me by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the stile of this letter a little extraordinary: but the Remarkable will tell you, that people in clouds must not be confined to speak sense; and I hope we that are above them may claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be, Sir, your most obedient, most humble servant.

I think they ought, in those parts where the materials are so easy to work, and at the same time so durable, when any one of their heroes comes home from the wars, to erect his statue in snow upon the mountains, there to remain from generation to generation.

A gentleman, who is apt to expatiate upon any hint, took this occasion to deliver his opinion upon our ordinary method of sending young gentlemen to travel for their education. 'It is certain,' said he, 'if gentlemen travel at an age proper for them, during the course of their voyages their accounts to their friends, and after their return their discourses and conversations, will have in them something above what we can meet with from those who have not had those advantages. At the same time it is to be observed, that every temper and genius is not qualified for this way of improvement. Men may

change their climate; but they cannot their nature. A man that goes out a fool, cannot ride or sail himself into common-sense. Therefore, let me but walk over London Bridge with a young man, and I will tell you infallibly whether going over the Rialto at Venice will make him wise.

'It is not to be imagined how many I have saved in my time from banishment, by letting their parents know they were good for nothing. But this is to be done with much tenderness. There is my cousin Harry has a son, who is the dullest mortal that was ever born into our house; he had got his trunk and his books all packed up to be transported into foreign parts, for no reason but because the boy never talked; and his father said, he wanted to know the world. I could not say to a fond parent that the boy was dull; but looked grave, and told him, the youth was very thoughtful, and I feared he might have some doubts about religion, with which it was not proper to go into Roman Catholic countries. He is accordingly kept here until he declares himself upon some points, which I am sure he will never think of. By this means I have prevented the dishonour of having a fool of our house laughed at in all parts of Europe. He is now with his father upon his own estate, and he has sent to me to get him a wife, which I shall do with all convenient speed; but it shall be such a one, whose good-nature shall hide his faults, and good sense supply them. The truth of it is, that race is of the true British kind: they are of our country only; it hurts them to transplant them, and they are destroyed if you pretend to improve them. Men of this solid make are not to be hurried up and down the world; for, if I may so speak, they are naturally at their wit's end; and it is an impertinent part to disturb their repose, that they may give you only an history of their bodily occurrences, which is all they are capable of observing. Harry had an elder brother who tried in this way; I remember all he could talk of at his return was, that he had like to have been drowned at such a place; he fell out of a chaise at another; he had a better stomach when he moved northward than when he turned his course to the parts in



N<sup>o</sup> XCIV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1709.

SI NUN ERRASSET, PECERAT ILLE MINUS.

MART.

HAD HE NOT ERR'D, HIS GLORY HAD BEEN LESS.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 14.

THAT which we call gallantry to women, seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very great effect even upon the most slow and common men; so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence: it gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments; and he who of himself has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in him before: and all who are without any one of these qualities, are to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place with an old acquaintance, who, taking me by the hand, said—'Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed to tell you ever since I read that article, wherein you desire your friends to give you accounts of obscure merit.' The story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be so in the country wherein the circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones; there being a respect due to their families that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and if I can remember all the passages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person, and charming conversation, be-

ing a friend of old Romeo's, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there, as well as in most countries of Europe, both for men and women to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night, in the year 1679, when the playhouse by some unhappy accident was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was; burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms; and with unspeakable resolution and good fortune carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd, but he set her down; and grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover—'How happy am I,' says he, 'in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of shewing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it.'—'My dear, dear Philander,' says the lady, pulling off her mask, 'this is not a time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved; and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it.' Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda! After a short pause—'Madam,' says he, with the looks of a dead man, 'we are both mistaken;' and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out—'Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me

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scene of terror and distraction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed; and amidst a thousand sighs and sighs, told her his love, and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames, and the whole house full of smoke; the entrance was quite barred up, with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out: swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides; and in short, no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire surrounds them, while—I cannot go on—

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me, that there must be an hereafter; for who can believe, that so much virtue could meet with so great distress without a following reward! As for my part, I am so old-fashioned, as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous enterprizes, are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away

is the best Barcelona orange-flower water, to have in it the right and I am informed, according to the manner College. I recommend kerchiefs of all young or supplies all pauses speech, and creates the spirit. When it is it gives volubility to never fails of that necessary others, making with himself. I have him, that he shall not any of his commodities other occult qualities to sell them at the same give at the common Lillie has brought but he will not sell the botanists to lovers; nor those proper for lover lation. At this time, the best Orangerie for Musty for politicians

My Almanack is the twenty second; instant all Lovers, in are to forbear the mistresses eyes to star of that simile in my

N<sup>o</sup> XCV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1709.INTEREA DULCES PENDENT CIRCUM OSCULA NATI,  
CASTA PUDICITIAM SERVAT DOMUS—

VIRG. GEORG. 2. VER. 523.

HIS CARES ARE EAS'D WITH INTERVALS OF BLISS;  
HIS LITTLE CHILDREN CLIMBING FOR A KISS,  
WELCOME THEIR FATHER'S LATE RETURN AT NIGHT;  
HIS FAITHFUL BED IS CROWN'D WITH CHASTE DELIGHT.

DAYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 16.

**T**HERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind of good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it, in the opinion of others, a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from it's inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am as it were at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither: the boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me, runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters: upon which the gentleman, my friend, said—Nay, if Mr. Bicker-

‘companions, I hope mine shall have the preference. There is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them; but I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress, when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.’ With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed out time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand—‘Well, my good friend,’ says he, ‘I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was for me?’ I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse, said I—‘She is not, indeed, quite that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman’s friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot ex-

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pet

had like to have come to bed last  
winter. I tell you that, and I have  
former obligations to her, that I can-  
not wear any sort of petticoat, or think  
of her present state of health. But as  
to what you say of fifteen, she gives  
me every day pleasures beyond what I  
ever knew in the possession of her beau-  
ty, when I was in the vigour of youth.  
Every moment of her life brings me  
fresh instances of her complacency to  
my inclinations, and her prudence in  
regard to my fortune. Her face is to  
me much more beautiful than when  
I first saw it; there is no decay in any  
feature, which I cannot trace from the  
very instant it was occasioned by some  
anxious concern for my welfare and  
interests. Thus at the same time, me-  
thinks, the love I conceived towards  
her, for what she was, is heightened  
by my gratitude for what she is. The  
love of a wife is as much above the idle  
passion commonly called by that name,  
as the loud laughter of buffoons is in-  
ferior to the elegant mirth of gen-  
tlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable  
jewel. In her examination of her  
household affairs, she shews a certain  
carefulness to find a fault, which makes  
her servants obey her like children;  
and the meanest we have has an inge-  
nuous shame for an offence, not al-  
ways to be seen in children in other

men. Now I tell you that  
I am a little bit of a  
country squire, and I have  
never been so fully satisfied to  
have my wife and myself  
thus, with a thank—' Mr.  
' not believe a word  
' you, I shall still live  
' my second, as I have  
' you; unless he take  
' himself than he has  
' coming to town. 'Y  
' he tells me, that he  
' a much more health  
' country; for he see  
' old acquaintance an  
' are here young fellows  
' bottomed periwigs. I  
' him this morning fre  
' breathe.' My friend  
extremely delighted with  
humour, made her fit to  
did it with that easiness  
liar to women of sense  
the good humour she  
with her, turned her to  
' Mr. Bickerstaff, ye  
' followed me one nig  
' home; suppose you  
' thicker to-morrow n  
' into the front-box.'  
a long field of discou-  
ties, who were mother  
and thinned in the ho



THE NEW YORK  
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
AND  
SOLICITORS IN CHIEF

him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great matter of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in *Æsop's Fables*: but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of *Don Belianis of Greece*, *Guy of Warwick*, the *Seven Champions*, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of *John Hickathrift*, find fault with the passionate temper in *Bevis of Southampton*, and loved *Saint George* for being the champion of Eng-

land; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, that the little girl who led me in this morning, was in her way a better scholar than he: 'Betty,' says she, 'deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

## Nº XCVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1709.

IS MINIMUM VIVERE ET FRUI ANIMA VIDETUR, QUI ALIQUO NEGOTIO INTENTUS, PRÆCLARI FACINORIS AUT ARTIS BONÆ FAMAM QUÆRIT.

SAL. BEL. CAT.

IN MY OPINION, HE ONLY MAY BE TRULY SAID TO LIVE, AND ENJOY HIS BEING, WHO IS ENGAGED IN SOME LAUDABLE PURSUIT, AND ACQUIRES A NAME BY SOME ILLUSTRIOUS ACTION, OR USEFUL ART.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 17.

IT has cost me very much care and thought to marshal and fix the people under their proper denominations, and to range them according to their respective characters. These my endeavours have been received with unexpected success in one kind, but neglected in another: for though I have many readers, I have but few converts. This must certainly proceed from a false opinion, that what I write is designed rather to amuse and entertain, than convince and instruct. I entered upon my essays with a declaration, that I should consider mankind in quite another manner than they had hitherto been represented to the ordinary world; and asserted, that none but an *useful life should be with me any*

life at all. But lest this doctrine should have made this small progress towards the conviction of mankind, because it may appear to the unlearned light and whimsical, I must take leave to unfold the wisdom and antiquity of my first proposition in these my Essays, to wit, 'That every worthless man is a dead man.' This notion is as old as *Pythagoras*, in whose school it was a point of discipline, that if among the *ἀνέγκτοι*, or Probationers, there were any who grew weary of studying to be useful, and returned to an idle life, the rest were to regard them as dead; and, upon their departing, to perform their obsequies, and raise them tombs, with inscriptions to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to resolutions of refining their souls above that wretched state. It

own reflection; who will easily recollect from place to place, when I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible manner of expression in the words, Dead and Living, to men as they are, good or bad.

I have therefore composed the following scheme of existence for the benefit both of the living and the dead; though chiefly for the latter, whom I must desire to read it with all possible attention. In the number of the dead I comprehend all persons, of what title or dignity soever, who bestow most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs which they call life; or in dressing and adorning those shadows and apparitions, which are looked upon by the vulgar as real men and women. In short, whoever resides in the world without having any business in it, and passes away an age without ever thinking on the errand for which he was sent hither, is to me a dead man to all intents and purposes; and I desire that he may be so reputed. The living are only those that are some way or other laudably employed in the improvement of their own minds, or for the advantage of others; and even amongst these, I shall only reckon into their lives that part of their time which has been spent in the manner above-mentioned. By these means, I am afraid, we shall find the longest lives not to consist of many months. and the

do by no means become given; it is my deputed friend, who concludes of the next year's Almanack the following note.

Whereas it has been given out by Isaac B. and others, to prevent year's Almanack, that is dead; this may inform countrymen, that he is healthy, and they are killed it otherwise.

#### FROM MY OWN APARTMENT

WHEN an engine has not had their changes his batteries present to take this measure of continuing to write larity some are guilty and behaviour, I shall fire them to persevere in so, but shall take it as the coxcombs in the set marks upon themselves particular in their dr class they belong. I obliging in all such things in themselves that the understanding, to give

particular in their dress, gait, or behaviour. For, as we old men delight in proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this occasion, 'That good wine needs no bush.' I must not leave this subject without reflecting on several persons I have lately met with, who at a distance seem very terrible; but upon a stricter enquiry into their looks and features, appear as meek and harmless as any of my own neighbours. These are country gentlemen, who of late years have taken up an humour of coming to town in red coats, whom an arch wag of my acquaintance used to describe very well, by calling them sheep in wolves' clothing. I have often wondered, that honest gentlemen, who are good neighbours, and live quietly in their own possessions, should take it in their heads to frighten the town after this unreasonable manner. I shall think myself obliged, if they persist in so unnatural a dress, notwithstanding any posts they may have in the militia, to give away their red coats to any of the soldiery who shall think fit to strip them, provided the said soldiers can make it appear, that they belong to a regiment where there is a deficiency in the cloathing.

About two days ago I was walking in the Park, and accidentally met a rural Esquire, clothed in all the types above-mentioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk and stature larger than ordinary, had a red coat, flung open to shew a gay calamanco waistcoat: his

periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder; his arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides; which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to walk within several yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole Mall, his spectators moving on each side of it, whilst he cocked up his hat, and marched directly for Westminster. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but for my comfort, may say with the Lover in Terence, who lost sight of a fine young lad: — 'Wherever thou art, thou canst not be long concealed.'

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 18.

By letters from Paris, of the sixteenth, we are informed that the French King, the princes of the blood, and the Elector of Bavaria, had lately killed fifty-five pheasants.

Whereas several have industriously spread abroad, that I am in partnership with Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beauford Buildings; I must say with my friend Partridge, that they are knaves who reported it. However, since the said Charles has promised that all his customers shall be mine, I must desire all mine to be his; and dare answer for him, that if you ask in my name for Snuff, Hungary or Orange water, you shall have the best the town affords, at the cheapest rate.

## Nº XCVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1709.

ILLUD MAXIME RARUM GENUS EST EORUM, QUI AUT EXCELLENTE INGENIO MAGNITUDE, AUT PRÆCLARA ERUDITIONE ATQUE DOCTRINA, AUT UTRAQUE RE ORNATI, SPATIUM DELIBERANDI HABUERUNT, QUEM POTISSIMUM VITÆ CURSUM SEQUI VELLENT.

TULL. OFFIC.

THERE ARE VERY FEW PERSONS OF EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS, OR EMINENT FOR LEARNING AND OTHER NOBLE ENDOWMENTS, WHO HAVE HAD SUFFICIENT TIME TO CONSIDER WHAT PARTICULAR COURSE OF LIFE THEY OUGHT TO PURSUE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in my last paper, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when

he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive an hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of it's inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought

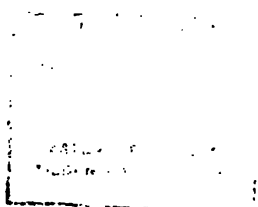
that



are said. For which reason, I must here  
fit down that noble allegory which was  
written by an old author called Prodic-  
us, but recommended and only polished  
by Socrates. It is the description of  
Virtue and Pleasure, making their court  
to Hercules under the appearance of two  
beautiful women.

“When Hercules,” says the divine  
moralist, “was in that part of his youth  
in which it was natural for him to  
consider what course of life he ought  
to pursue, he one day retired into a  
desert, where the silence and solitude  
of the place very much favoured his  
meditations. As he was musing on  
his present condition, and very much  
perplexed in himself on the state of life  
he should chuse, he saw two women  
of a larger stature than ordinary ap-  
proaching towards him. One of them  
had a very noble air, and graceful  
deportment; her beauty was natural  
and easy, her person clean and un-  
spotted, her eyes cast towards the  
ground with an agreeable reserve, her  
motion and behaviour full of modesty,  
and her raiment as white as snow.  
The other had a great deal of health  
and floridness in her countenance,  
which she had helped with an artifi-  
cial white and red; and endeavoured  
to appear more graceful than ordinary  
in her mien, by a mixture of affecta-

“power to ensure  
“employment shall  
“life easy, and to e  
“with it's proper  
“tuous tables, had  
“performers, conce  
“of beauties, are a  
“receive you. Co  
“into this region  
“world of pleasure  
“ever to care, to p  
“Hercules hearin  
“this manner, desir  
“to which she answe  
“and those who  
“with me, call me  
“enemies, and tho  
“my reputation,  
“name of Pleasure  
“By this time  
“come up, who ad  
“young hero in a v  
“Hercules,” sa  
“self to you, beca  
“descended from  
“proofs of that d  
“to virtue, and a  
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“ciety and friend  
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“down this as :





"So. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness." The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse—"You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy."—"Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, an household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed

by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters: here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they were all false and borrowed; and by that means composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embryos shew the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but, as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

## N<sup>o</sup> XCVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 23.

I Read the following letter, which was left for me this evening, with very much concern for the lady's condition who sent it, who expresses the state of her mind with great frankness, as all people ought who talk to their physicians.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

THOUGH you are stricken in years, and have had great experience in the world, I believe you will say there are not frequently such difficult occasions to act in with decency as those wherein I am entangled. I am a woman in love; and that you will allow to be the most unhappy of all circumstances in human

L 1

lib:

and am always entertained with his passion, or her triumph. Cleora is one of these ladies who think they are virtuous, if they are not guilty; and without any delicacy of choice, resolves to take the best offer which shall be made to her. With this prospect she puts off declaring herself in favour of Fabio, until she sees what lovers will fall into her snares, which she lays in all public places with all the art of gesture and glances. This resolution she has herself told me: though I love him better than life, I would not gain him by betraying Cleora; or committing such a trespass against modesty as letting him know myself that I love him. You are an astrologer, what shall I do?

#### DIANA DOUBTFUL.

This lady has said very justly, that the condition of a woman in love is of all others the most miserable. Poor Diana! how must she be racked with jealousy, when Fabio talks of Cleora? how with indignation, when Cleora makes a property of Fabio? A female lover is in the condition of a ghost, that wanders about its beloved treasure, without power to speak until it is spoken to. I desire Diana to continue in this circumstance; for I see an eye of comfort in her case, and will take all proper measures to cure it.

meet in town and ly shew their fire. every motion and our bowing and c his first appearan for that piece of go to natural Britons shewed every one l a man as he. But this fierceness, he tend the discourse and look at the cha his eyes and moul this posture when, last December, he from a side-box. he softened into his dogs and horses, : speaks with civility

Wat. Wildom, elder brother, can when he had procee in his studies to b and at the years v him possession of h own constitution is management of it. to fence and dance, for his mistress; an fine horses, and a enchant her. All will appear at the will begin the wild. doubt. Fabio will

his sense of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he desired me to communicate to the youth of Great Britain in my Essays; which I chuse to do in his own words.

'I have always been of opinion,' says he, 'that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next; and our reason surrenders itself with pleasure in the end. Thus the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things, that in the books of the philosophers appear austere, and have at the best but a kind of forbidden aspect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them; and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making a progress in the severest duties of life.

'All men agree, that licentious poems do, of all writings, soonest corrupt the heart: and why should we not be as universally persuaded that the grave and serious performances of such as write in the most engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulse, must be the most effectual persuasives to goodness? If therefore I were blessed with a son, in order to the forming of his manners, which is making him truly my son, I should be continually putting into his hand some fine poet. The graceful sentences, and the manly sentiments, so frequently to be met with in every great and sublime writer, are, in my judgment, the most ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks they shew like so much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderness, without which there can be no true greatness in the mind, are inspired by the muses in such pathetic language, that all we find in prose-authors towards the raising and improving of these passions, is, in comparison, but

'gold, or lukewarm at the best. There is besides a certain elevation of soul, a sedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that distinguishes the hero from the plain, honest man, to which verse can only raise us. The bold metaphors, and sounding numbers, peculiar to the Poets, rouse up all our sleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the soul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by Virgil—

*Quo non præstantior alter  
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantus*  
VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 165.

None so renown'd  
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms.  
DRYDEN.

'I fell into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a passage in a mask writ by Milton, where two brothers are introduced seeking after their sister, whom they had lost in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehensive lest the wandering virgin should be over-powered with fears, through the darkness and loneliness of the time and place. This gives the other occasion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm desires after virtues, so natural to uncorrupted youth.

I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self  
Of seeks to sweet retired solitude:  
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd:  
He that has light within his own clear breast,  
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

N<sup>o</sup> XCIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1709.

—SPIRAT TRAGICUM SATIS ET FELICITER AUDET.

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. V. 166.

HE, FORTUNATELY BOLD, BREATHES TRUE SUBLIME.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NOV. 21.

I Have been this evening recollecting what passages, since I could first think, have left the strongest impressions upon my mind; and after strict enquiry, I am convinced that the impulses I have received from theatrical representations, have had a greater effect than otherwise would have been wrought in me by the little occurrences of my private life. My old friends Hart and Mohun, the one by his natural and proper force, the other by his great skill and art, never failed to send me home full of such ideas as affected my behaviour, and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintance. It is not the business of a good play to make every man an hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier sense of virtue and merit than he had when he entered the theatre.

This rational pleasure, as I always call it, has for many years been very little tasted: but I am glad to find that the true spirit of it is reviving again amongst us, by a due regard to what is presented, and by supporting only one playhouse. It has been within the observation of the youngest amongst us, that while there were two houses, they did not outvie each other by such representations as tended to the instruction and ornament of life, but by introducing mimical dances, and fulsome buffooneries. For when an excellent tragedy was to be acted in one house, the ladder-dancer carried the whole town to the other: and indeed such an evil as this must be the natural consequence of two theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can see than can think. Every one is sensible of the danger of the fellow on the ladder, and can see his activity in coming down safe; but very few are judges of the distress of an hero in a play, or of his manner of behaviour in those circumstances. Thus, to please the people, two houses must entertain them with what they can under-

stand, and not with things which are designed to improve their understanding: and the readiest way to gain good audiences must be to offer such things as are most relished by the crowd; that is to say, immodest action, empty show, or impertinent activity. In short, two houses cannot hope to subsist, but by means which are contradictory to the very institution of a theatre in a well-governed kingdom.

I have ever had this sense of the thing, and for that reason have rejoiced that my ancient coeval friend of Drury Lane, though he had sold off most of his movables, still kept possession of his palace; and trembled for him, when he had lately like to have been taken by a stratagem. There have, for many ages, been a certain learned sort of unlearned men in this nation called Attornies, who have taken upon them to solve all difficulties by increasing them, and are called upon to the assistance of all who are lazy, or weak of understanding. The insolence of a ruler of this palace made him resign the possession of it to the management of my above-mentioned friend Divito. Divito was too modest to know when to resign it, until he had the opinion and sentence of the law for his removal. Both these in length of time were obtained against him; but as the great Archimedes defended Syracuse with so powerful engines, that if he threw a rope or piece of wood over the wall, the enemy fled; so Divito had wounded all adversaries with so much skill, that men feared even to be in the right against him. For this reason, the lawful ruler sets up an attorney to expel an attorney, and chose a name dreadful to the stage, who only seemed able to beat Divito out of his entrenchments.

On the twenty-second instant, a night of public rejoicing, the enemies of Divito made a largess to the people of faggots, tubs, and other combustible matter, which was erected into a bonfire before the palace. Plentiful cans were at the same time distributed among the dependancies

dependencies of that principality, and the artful rival of Divito, observing them prepared for enterprize, presented the lawful owner of the neighbouring edifice, and shewed his deputation under him. War immediately ensued upon the peaceful empire of Wit and the Muses; the Goths and Vandals sacking Rome did not threaten a more barbarous devastation of arts and sciences. But when they had forced their entrance, the experienced Divito had detached all his subjects, and evacuated all his stores. The neighbouring inhabitants report, that the refuse of Divito's followers marched off the night before disguised in magnificence; door-keepers came out clad like cardinals, and scene-drawers like heathen gods. Divito himself was wrapped up in one of his black clouds, and left to the enemy nothing but an empty stage, full of trap-doors, known only to himself and his adherents.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 25.

I HAVE already taken great pains to inspire notions of honour and virtue into the people of this kingdom, and used all gentle methods imaginable to bring those who are dead in idleness, folly, and pleasure, into life, by applying themselves to learning, wisdom, and industry. But since fair means are ineffectual, I must proceed to extremities, and shall give my good friends, the company of upholders, full power to bury all such dead as they meet with, who are within my former descriptions of deceased persons. In the mean time, the following remonstrance of that corporation I take to be very just:

FROM OUR OFFICE NEAR THE HAY-MARKET, NOV. 23.

WORTHY SIR,

UPON reading your Tatler on Saturday last, by which we received the agreeable news of so many deaths, we immediately ordered in a considerable quantity of blacks; and our servants have wrought night and day ever since, to furnish out the necessaries for these deceased. But so it is, Sir, that of this vast number of dead bodies, that go putrifying up and down the streets, not one of them has come to us to be buried. Though we should be loth to be any hindrance to our good friends the physicians, yet we cannot but take notice

what infection her Majesty's subjects are liable to from the horrible stench of so many corpses. Sir, we will not detain you; our case in short is this: here we are embarked in this undertaking for the public good; now, if people should be suffered to go on unburied at this rate, there is an end of the usefulest manufactures and handicrafts of the kingdom: for where will be your sextons, coffin-makers, and plumbers? What will become of your embalmers, epitaph-mongers, and chief mourners? We are loth to drive this matter any further, though we tremble at the consequences of it: for if it shall be left to every dead man's discretion not to be buried until he sees his time, no man can say where that will end; but thus much we will take upon us to affirm, that such a toleration will be intolerable.

What would make us easy in this matter is no more, but that your worship would be pleased to issue out your orders to *ditto* Deid to repair forthwith to our office, in order to their interment; where constant attendance shall be given to treat with all persons according to their quality, and the poor to be buried for nothing: and for the convenience of such persons as are willing enough to be dead, but that they are afraid their friends and relations should know it, we have a back-door into Warwick Street, from whence they may be interred with all secrecy imaginable, and without loss of time, or hindrance of business. But in case of obstinacy, for we would gladly make a thorough ridance, we desire a further power from your worship, to take up such deceased as shall not have complied with your first orders, wherever we meet them; and if after that there shall be complaints of any persons so offending, let them lie at our doors. We are, your worship's until death,

THE MASTER AND COMPANY  
OF UPHOLDERS.

P. S. We are ready to give in our printed proposals at large; and if your worship approves of our undertaking, we desire the following advertisement may be inserted in your next paper.

Whereas a commission of interment has been awarded against Doctor John Partridge, Philomath, professor of physics and astrology; and whereas the said Partridge



Partridge hath not surrendered himself, nor shewn cause to the contrary; these are to certify, that the Company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainers Hall, on Tuesday the twenty-ninth instant, where any six of

his surviving friends, who still him to be alive, are desired to compare to hold up the pall.

Note; we shall light away at the evening, there being to be a

N<sup>o</sup> C. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1709.

JAM REDIT ET VIRGO, REDDUNT SATURNIA REGNA.

VIRG. ECL. 4. VER. 6

RETURNING JUSTICE BRINGS A GOLDEN AGE.

R. W.

SHEER-LANE, NOV. 28.

I Was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's Inn, (a favour that is indulged me by several of the benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such an hemisphere of stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent æther, as made every constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, if I may be allowed that expression, without suitable meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects: for on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasures to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings, with the satisfaction of

having passed away a few hours proper employments of a reasonable creature; and promising myself that slumbers would be sweet, I no fell into them, but I dreamed a or saw a vision, for I know not to call it, that seemed to rise out evening-meditation, and had son in it so solemn and serious, that not forbear communicating it; I must confess the wildness of it, which in a dream is always and irregular, discovers itself to in several parts of it.

Methought I saw the same as diversified with the same glories as before I fell asleep. I was looking attentively on that sign in the which is called by the name of "Lance", when on a sudden there ed in it an extraordinary light, a sun should rise at midnight. increasing in breadth and lustre, found that it approached towards earth; and at length could discern thing like a shadow hovering mid of a great glory, which in time after I distinctly perceived to figure of a woman. I fancied it might have been the angel, of ligence that guarded the const from which it descended; but nearer view, I saw about her all-blems with which the goddess of is usually described. Her count was unspeakably awful and n but exquisitely beautiful to those eyes were strong enough to bel her smiles transported with rapt frowns terrified to despair. She

\* *Libra*, or the Balance, is next to the sign *Virgo*, into which *Astræa*, the goddess of Justice, was translated, when she could no longer stay on earth.

her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendours that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day-light. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories. In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that it seemed to have the whole species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly, after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced; that all titles and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner. Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of Truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined their several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils, the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among

the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called, 'The Mount of Restitution;' to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change cloaths with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe from one end to the other become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done, but an edict was issued out, requiring all children to repair to their true and natural fathers. This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive heir of a great estate ask a blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many, under vows of celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed; that all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection. The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendor of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: but as the goddess tried the

multitude

a regiment that were exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first were those of waiting on the road, intended for marching; and in the third, the musketeers. It was impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable air, which are those that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last, without the positive command of the goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest genius and strongest sense were placed at the head of the column: behind these, were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes; but I must confess I was —

N<sup>o</sup> CI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1709.

—POSTQUAM FREGIT SUBSELLIA VERSU,  
RESURIT INTACTAM PARIDI NISI VENDIT AGAVEN.

JUV. SAT. 7. v. 87.

BUT WHILE THE COMMON SUFFRAGE CROWN'D HIS CAUSE,  
AND BROKE THE BENCHES WITH THEIR LOUD APPLAUSE;  
HIS MUSE HAD STARV'D, HAD NOT A PIECE UNREAD,  
AND BY A PLAYER BOUGHT, SUPPLY'D HER BREAD.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 30.

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when Justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the subject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are rogues within the law; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being punished for it. These miscreants are a set of wretches we authors call Pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume; and sell it, as all other thieves do stolen goods, at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them rascals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen. But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing, therefore, we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my stock of learning was worth a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy, or so wise, as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-

faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious droll, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his amusements as well comical as serious. The merry rogue said, when we wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of table talk, and his bookfeller upon sight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year, in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November, until the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament, or friends in the country. But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon 'strange and lamentable accidents.' A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monster, well writ, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for 'his great and bloody news' from Flinders in June and July. Poor Tom! he is gone—But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest, careless fellow, lived until now, famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for palinistry and astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my papers; so

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the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world; and has an ambition to communicate the effect of his life spent in such noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, that he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it. According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to letters. A learned education, passing through great schools and universities, is very expensive; and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchase of an handsome commission or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive voyage which is undertaken in the search of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable merchandize, how lets frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit; how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with

cut them off take from the world from that part, I have things in four I esteem more the products of one who does men.

The zeal of me thus far, to much concern reader. If must never expect edition of a

We have already Sir William T same character History of Tom of our greatest books and garla I expect to see on browner paper sent; and, if the be forced to rear of living, and pipes a-day.

Mr. Charles corner of Beauf formed me, that of my customers upon my recom given me fresh

wishes, as if he had been wrapped in his mother's smock. Wash-balls perfumed, camphired, and plain, shall restore complexions to that degree, that a country fox-hunter, who uses them, shall, in a week's time, look with a courtly and affable paleness, without using the bagnio or cupping.

N. B. Mr. Lillie has snuffs, Barcelona, Sevil, Musty, Plain, and Spanish, which may be taken by a young beginner without danger of sneezing.

SHEER-LANE, NOV. 30.

WHEREAS several walking dead persons arrived within the bills of mortality, before and since the fifteenth instant, having been informed of my warrant given to the company of Upholders, and being terrified thereat, it not having been advertised that privilege or protection would be allowed, have resolved forthwith to retire to their several and respec-

tive abodes in the country, hoping thereby to elude any commission of interment that may issue out against them; and being informed of such their fallacious designs, I do hereby give notice, as well for the good of the public, as for the great veneration I have for the before-mentioned useful society, that a process is gone out against them; and that, in case of contempt, they may be found or heard of at most coffee-houses in and about Westminster.

I must desire my readers to help me out from time to time in the correction of these my Essays; for as a shaking hand does not always write legibly, the press sometimes prints one word for another; and when my paper is to be revised, I am perhaps so busy in observing the spots of the moon, that I have not time to find out the errata that are crept into my Lucubrations.

## Nº CII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1709.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 2.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

THE male world were dismissed by the goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial light of the mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the goddess, than such who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confusion of voices, in this new assembly, were so very great, that the goddess was forced to command silence several times, and with some severity, before she could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all sensible, that the most important affair among woman-kind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raised innumerable disputes among them, and put the whole sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretensions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boasted of the merit of their husbands;

others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted virginity; others their numerous issue. Some valued themselves as they were the mothers; and others as they were the daughters, of considerable persons. There was not a single accomplishment unmentioned, or unpractised. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The goddess, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, that every one should take place according as she was more or less beautiful. This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all it's beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion, found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might shew their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories

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that surrounded the goddess, but in reality to shew fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleased, when they heard, that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking-glass.

The goddess then let down the mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and shew people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished, taking in the whole circle of female perfections, were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The goddess so varied the motion of the glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the mirror; multitudes stared at their own form, and would have broke the glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frightened at her own image, and fancied she saw a fury in the glass. The interested mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest masterpiece of Nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprized at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a Vestal, shined forth in, all the graces and attractions of a Siren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed

to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there where the whole fair-sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my right-hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure: her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture, as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream, but I cannot forbear relating it, I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discouraging her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images, should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and widows on the left, though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those who liked their real selves, not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably as it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts, which are slipped out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence therefore the goddess pronounced, was, that all females addicted to censoriousness and detraction, should lose the use of speech; a punishment which would be the most grievous

grievous to the offender, and, what should be the end of all punishments, effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of this assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of — I found by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters, but by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by shewing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, that all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed to many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance; though at the same time, as afflictions seldom come single, many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of fair-ones, either dumb or big-

bellied: but I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, that a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last until fourteen months after his decease.

This vision lasted until my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprize, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expressed in his *Paradise Lost*, where Adam, speaking of Eve, after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in creation and internal faculties, breaks out in the following rapture:

— Yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews.  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally: and, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

### Nº CIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1709.

— HE NUGÆ SERIA DUCENT  
IN MALA, DERISUM SEMEL, EXCEPTUMQUE SINISTRE.

HOR. *ARS POET.* VER. 452.

THESE TOYS WILL ONCE TO SERIOUS MISCHIEFS FALL,  
WHEN HE IS LAUGHT AT, WHEN HE IS JEER'D BY ALL.

CRÆCH.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 5.

**T**HERE is nothing gives a man a greater satisfaction, than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at pre-

sent, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me, for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower-waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had



I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beauford Buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

**Y**OU are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper-end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool, with a writing-desk before him. John Morphew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know, that there were a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.  
CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF SIMON  
TRIPPIT,

SHewETH,

**T**HAT your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

That a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him.

Your petitioner, therefore, hopes, that, the premises tenderly considered, your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

And your petitioner shall ever, &c.

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion; and the more so, when upon observing him nearer, I found he was a Prig. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribband to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and to abate proportionably until he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of Doctor Thomas Smith in King Street, my own corn-cutter, who attended in an outward room, and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice,  
I heard

I heard a noise in my outward room; and enquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing-by my door. They immediately brought in a lively, fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination I found him to be an Oxford scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man, to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. 'It is well known,' says he, 'we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life.' Upon which I asked him, whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it. And further said, that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for discouraging a young man who, I saw, would come to good; and because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and therefore gave them their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having dispatched this set of my petitioners, there came in a well-dressed man, with a glass tube in one hand, and

his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right side of his wig, put forward his right-leg, and advancing the glass to his right-eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our glasses, I desired him to read his petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within a very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, that he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a glass. In answer to this I told him, he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. 'As you are now,' said I, 'you are out of the reach of beauty; the shafts of the finest eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you cannot distinguish a toast from an orange-wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others—' My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously—'Mr. Bickerstaff, you quite mistake your man; it is the joy, the pleasure, the employment of my life, to frequent public assemblies, and gaze upon the fair.' In a word, I found his use of a glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his vanity; and was not so much designed to make him see; as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a licence for a perspective, but allowed him a pair of spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men, that I have reason to hope this sort of cheats are almost at an end.

The orange-flower-men appeared next with petitions, perfumed so strongly with musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake was obliged forthwith to licence their handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. John Morpheus, whom I have made the general of my dead men, acquainted me, that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates

certificates to prove it, if I required it. I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the aforesaid Morpheus to give it in orders to his whole army, that every one who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The hearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as to discredit his vir-

tues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. I sides, the giving into uncommon hal of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind, and, what is worst of all, the certain indication of some secret flaw in mind of the person that commits the. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity a worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger instead of a fashionable sword, though in other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six and thirty years; when at last to the surprise of every body but myself who had long expected to see the fool break out, he married his own cook-maid.

## Nº CIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1709.

GARRIT ANILES  
EX RE FANELLAS

HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. 2. VER.

HE TELLS AN OLD WIFE'S TALE VERY PERTINENTLY.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 21.

MY brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord: 'My husband,' said she, 'gives his humble service to you;' to which I only answered, 'I hope he is well;' and without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all pa-

tience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty of spirit than I had ever observed before—'I did not think, brother, I had been so ill-natured. You have seen, ever since I came in, that I have a mind to talk of my husband; you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion.'—'I did not know, brother, but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take to so old-fashioned a fellow as to talk of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. Nothing is more acceptable to me than to speak of one who is to be so well served; or to speak of one who is so! indeed I am a better bred man than you think me.' She shewed a little at my raillery; and by her behaviour I perceived she expected to hereafter not as Jenny Distaff Tranquillus. I was very well with this change in her humour upon talking with her on other subjects, I could not but fancy a great deal of her husband's manner in her remarks, &c.

tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband, from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion; but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of his. 'I have every thing,' says she, 'in Tranquillus, that I can wish for; and enjoy in him, what indeed you have often told me were to be met with in a good husband, the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend.' It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. 'And is there not, dear sister,' said I, 'more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinencies of bulls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me much pains to make you content?' She answered, smiling—'Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eye that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer; and if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shewn me in a fairy night.'—'Jenny,' said I, 'without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour to please, and you must please; be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you may take my word you will never want it. An inviolable fidelity, good-humour, and complacency of temper,

outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.'

We discoursed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for I must confess, as I tenderly love her, I take as much pleasure in giving her instructions for her welfare, as she herself does in receiving them. I proceeded therefore to inculcate these sentiments, by relating a very particular passage that happened within my own knowledge.

There were several of us making merry at a friend's house in a country village, when the sexton of the parish-church entered the room in a sort of surprize, and told us, that as he was digging a grave in the chancel, a little blow of his pick-axe opened a decayed coffin, in which there were several written papers. Our curiosity was immediately raised, so that we went to the place where the sexton had been at work, and found a great concourse of people about the grave. Among the rest there was an old woman, who told us, the person buried there was a lady whose name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the story but what tends very much to her honour. This lady lived several years an exemplary pattern of conjugal love, and dying soon after her husband, who every way answered her character in virtue and affection, made it her death-bed request, that all the letters which she had received from him, both before and after her marriage, should be buried in the coffin with her. This I found upon examination were the papers before us. Several of them had suffered so much by time, that I could only pick out a few words; as 'My Soul! Lilies! Rest! Dearest Angel!' and the like. One of them, which was legible throughout, ran thus:

MADAM,

IF you would know the greatness of my love, consider that of your own beauty. That blooming countenance, that snowy bosom, that graceful person, return every moment to my imagination: the brightness of your eyes hath hindered me from closing mine since I last saw you. You may still add to your beauties by a smile. A frown will make me the most wretched of men, as I am the most passionate of lovers.

N n

12

It filled the whole company with a deep melancholy to compare the description of the letter with the person that occasioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling bones and a little mouldering heap of earth. With much ado I decyphered another letter, which began with, 'My dear, dear wife!' This gave me a curiosity to see how the style of one written in marriage differed from one written in courtship. To my surprise, I found the fondness rather augmented than lessened, though the panegyric turned upon a different accomplishment. The words were as follow:

**B**EFORE this short absence from you, I did not know that I loved you so much as I really do; though at the same time, I thought I loved you as much as possible. I am under great apprehension lest you should have any uneasiness whilst I am defrauded of my share in it, and cannot think of tasting any pleasures that you do not partake with me. Pray, my dear, be careful of your health, if for no other reason but because you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in absence to make professions of an inviolable constancy; but towards so much merit it is scarce a virtue, especially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have given

me such continued proofs ever since our first acquaintance. I am, &c.

It happened that the daughter of these two excellent persons was by when I was reading this letter. At the sight of the coffin, in which was the body of her mother, near that of her father, she melted into a flood of tears. As I had heard a great character of her virtue, and observed in her this instance of filial piety, I could not resist my natural inclination of giving advice to young people, and therefore addressed myself to her: 'Young lady,' said I, 'you see how short is the possession of that beauty, in which Nature has been so liberal to you. You find the melancholy sight before you is a contradiction to the first letter that you heard on that subject; whereas you may observe, the second letter, which celebrates your mother's constancy, is itself, being found in this place, an argument of it. But, Madam, I ought to caution you not to think the bodies that lie before you your father and your mother. Know their constancy is rewarded by a nobler union than by this mingling of their ashes, in a state where there is no danger or possibility of a second separation.'

## Nº CV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1709.

SHEER-LANE, DEC. 9.

**A**S soon as my midnight studies are finished, I take but a very short repose, and am again up at an exercise of another kind; that is to say, my fencing. Thus my life passes away in a reckless pursuit of fame, and a preparation to defend myself against such as attack it. This anxiety in the point of reputation is the peculiar distress of fine spirits, and makes them liable to a thousand inquietudes, from which men of grosser understandings are exempt; so that nothing is more common than to see one part of mankind live at perfect ease under such circumstances as would make another part of them entirely miserable.

This may serve for a preface to the history of poor Will Robin, the fiddler of Wapping, who is a man as much made

for happiness and a quiet life, as any one breathing; but has been lately entangled in so many intricate and unreasonable distresses, as would have made him, had he been a man of too nice honour, the most wretched of all mortals. I came to the knowledge of his affairs by mere accident. Several of the narrow end of our lane having made an appointment to visit some friends beyond St. Katherine's, where there was to be a merry meeting, they would needs take with them the old gentleman, as they are pleased to call me. I, who value my company by their good-will, which naturally has the same effect as good-breeding, was not too stately, or too wise, to accept of the invitation. Our design was to be spectators of a sea-battle, to which I readily consented, provided I might be incognito, being naturally pleased with the survey of human life in all

all it's degrees and circumstances. In order to this merriment, Will Rosin, who is the Corelli of the Wapping side, as Tom Scrape is the Bononcini of Redriffe, was immediately sent for; but, to our utter disappointment, poor Will was under an arrest, and desired the assistance of all his kind masters and mistresses, or he must go to gaol. The whole company received his message with great humanity, and very generously threw in their halfpence a piece in a great dish, which purchased his redemption out of the hands of the bailiffs. During the negotiation for his enlargement, I had an opportunity of acquainting myself with his history.

Mr. William Rosin, of the parish of St. Katherine, is somewhat stricken in years, and married to a young widow, who has very much the ascendant over him; this degenerate age being so perverted in all things, that even in the state of matrimony, the young pretend to govern their elders. The musician is extremely fond of her; but is often obliged to lay by his fiddle to hear louder notes of her's, when she is pleased to be angry with him: for you are to know, Will is not of consequence enough to enjoy her conversation but when she chides him, or makes use of him to carry on her amours. For she is a woman of stratagem; and even in that part of the world, where one would expect but very little gallantry, by the force of natural genius, she can be sullen, sick, out of humour, splenetic, want new cloaths, and more money, as well as if she had been bred in Cheapside or Cornhill. She was lately under a secret discontent upon account of a lover she was like to lose by his marriage; for her gallant, Mr. Ezekiel Boniface, had been twice asked in the church, in order to be joined in matrimony with Mrs. Winifred Dimple, spinster, of the same parish. Hereupon Mrs. Rosin was far gone in that distemper which well-governed husbands know by the description of—'I am I know not how; and Will soon understood that it was his part to enquire into the occasion of her melancholy, or suffer as the cause of it himself. After much importunity, all he could get out of her was, that she was the most unhappy and the most wicked of all women, and had no friend in the world to tell her grief to. Upon this Will doubled his importunities; but she said that

she should break her poor heart, if he did not take a solemn oath upon a book, that he would not be angry; and that he would expose the person who had wronged her to all the world, for the ease of her mind, which was no way else to be quieted. The fiddler was so melted, that he immediately kissed her, and afterwards the book. When his oath was taken, she begun to lament herself, and revealed to him, that, miserable woman as she was, she had been false to his bed. Will was glad to hear it was no worse; but before he could reply—'Nay,' said she, 'I will make you all the atonement I can, and take shame upon me by proclaiming it to all the world, which is the only thing that can remove my present terrors of mind.' This was indeed too true; for her design was to prevent Mr. Boniface's marriage, which was all she apprehended. Will was thoroughly angry, and begun to curse and swear, the ordinary expressions of passion in persons of his condition. Upon which his wife—'Ah, William! how well you mind the oath you have taken, and the distresses of your poor wife, who can keep nothing from you; I hope you will not be such a perjured wretch as to forswear yourself.' The fiddler answered, that his oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was past; 'But I find you intend to make me laughed at all over Wapping.'—'No, no,' replied Mrs. Rosin, 'I see well enough what you would be at, you poor-spirited cuckold. You are afraid to expose Boniface, who has abused your poor wife, and would fain persuade me still to suffer the stings of conscience; but I assure you, sirrah, I will not go to the devil for you.' Poor Will was not made for contention; and, beseeching her to be pacified, desired she would consult the good of her soul her own way, for he would not say her Nay in any thing.

Mrs. Rosin was so very loud and public in her invectives against Boniface, that the parents of his mistress forbade the banns, and his match was prevented; which was the whole design of this deep stratagem. The father of Boniface brought his action of defamation, arrested the fiddler, and recovered damages. This was the distress from which he was relieved by the company; and the good husband's air, history, and

jollity, upon his enlargement, gave occasion to very much mirth; especially when Will, finding he had friends to stand by him, proclaimed himself a cuckold, by way of insult over the family of the Bonifaces. Here is a man of tranquillity without reading Seneca! What work had such an incident made among persons of distinction! The brothers and kindred of each side must have been drawn out, and hereditary hatred entailed on the families as long as their very names remained in the world? Who would believe that Herod, Othello, and Will Rosin, were of the same species?

There are quite different sentiments which reign in the parlour and the kitchen; and it is by the point of honour, when justly regulated, and invariably observed, that some men are superior to others, as much as mankind in general are to brutes. This puts me in mind of a passage in the admirable poem called the Dispensary, where the nature of true honour is artfully described in an ironical dispraise of it.

But ere we once engage in honour's cause,  
First know what honour is, and whence it was.  
Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,  
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.  
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air;  
And both exists by hope, and by despair.

Angry whene'er a moment's ease  
And reconcil'd at our returns  
It lives, when in death's arms it  
But when his safety he consults  
Bigotted to this idol, we disclaim  
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing

A very odd fellow visits at my lodgings, and desires my recommendation and recommendation of a new invention of knocks which he told me he had professed to teach rustic serfs of them. I desired him to experiment of this invention he fixed one of his knocker on his door. He then gave me a set of knocks, from the scold the dun and beggar, to the of the saucy footman of several flourishes and rattle yet performed. He likewise some private notes, distinct familiar friend or relation modish visitor; and directs reserve candles are to be has several other curiosities He waits only to receive a notice of the main design. ready to practise to such as themselves to him; but I his public licence until next N.B. He teaches under

## Nº CVI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13,

INVENIES DISSECTI MEMBRA POETÆ.

HOR. LIB. I. S.

YOU WILL FIND THE LIMBS OF A DISMEMBER'D POET.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, DEC. 12.

I Was this evening sitting at the side-table, and reading one of my own papers with great satisfaction, not knowing that I was observed by any in the room. I had not long enjoyed this secret pleasure of an author, when a gentleman, some of whose works I have been highly entertained with, accosted me after the following manner. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you know I have for some years devoted myself wholly to the muses; and perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you I am resolved to take up and apply myself to business. I shall therefore beg you will stand my friend, and recommend a customer to me for several goods that

' I have now upon my hands  
fired him to let me have  
and I would do my utmost  
' I have first of all,' says  
' greifs of an amour dige  
' nets, beginning with a  
' unknown fair, and end  
' epithalamium. I have  
' it her cruelty, her pity,  
' shape, her wit, her good  
' dancing, her singing—  
' not forbear interrupting  
' is a most accomplished  
I; ' but has she really,  
' perfections, a fine voice  
says he, ' you do not be  
' such a person in nature  
' only my employment in  
' summer, when I had no

or books to divert me.'—'I was going,' said I, 'to ask her name, but I find it is only an imaginary mistress.'—'That's true,' replied my friend; 'but her name is Flavia. I have,' continued he, 'in the second place, a collection of lampoons, calculated either for the Bath, Tunbridge, or any place where they drink waters, with blank spaces for the names of such person or persons as may be inserted in them on occasion. Thus much I have told only of what I have by me, proceeding from love and malice. I have also at this time the sketch of an heroic poem upon the next peace: several indeed of the verses are either too long or too short, it being a rough draught of my thoughts upon that subject.' I thereupon told him, that as it was, it might probably pass for a very good pindaric, and I believed I knew one who would be willing to deal with him for it upon that foot. 'I must tell you also,' said he, 'I have made a dedication to it, which is about four sides close written, that may serve any one that is tall, and understands Latin. I have further, about fifty similes, that were never yet applied, besides three and twenty descriptions of the sun rising, that might be of great use to an epic poet. These are my more bulky commodities: besides which, I have several small wares that I would, part with at easy rates; as, observations upon life, and moral sentences, reduced into several couplets, very proper to close up acts of plays, and may be easily introduced by two or three lines of prose, either in tragedy or comedy. If I could find a purchaser curious in Latin poetry, I could accommodate him with two dozen of epigrams, which, by reason of a few false quantities, should come for little or nothing.'

I heard the gentleman with much attention, and asked him, whether he would break bulk, and sell his goods by retail, or designed they should all go in a lump? He told me, that he should be very loth to part them, unless it was to oblige a man of quality, or any person for whom I had a particular friendship. 'My reason for asking,' said I, 'is, only because I know a young gentleman who intends to appear next spring in a new jingling chariot, with the figures of the Nine

Muses on each side of it; and, I believe, would be glad to come into the world in verse.' We could not go on in our treaty by reason of two or three critics that joined us. They had been talking, it seems, of the two letters which were found in the coffin, and mentioned in one of my late Lucubrations; and came with a request to me, that I would communicate any others of them that were legible. One of the gentlemen was pleased to say, that it was a very proper instance of a widow's constancy; and said, he wished I had subjoined, as a foil to it, the following passage in Hamlet. The young prince was not yet acquainted with all the guilt of his mother, but turns his thoughts on her sudden forgetfulness of his father, and the indecency of her hasty marriage.

—That it should come to this!

But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two!

So excellent a king! that was, to this, Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother, That he permitted not the winds of heav'n To visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!

Must I remember? Why she would hang on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on: and yet, within a month! Let me not think on't—Frailty thy name is Woman!

A little month! ere those that were old, Withwhith followed my poor father's body, Like Niobe, all tears. why she, even she, Oh heav'n! a brute, that wants discourse of reason,

Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle!

My father's brother! but no more like my father,

Than I to Hercules. Within a month!

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,

She married—O most wicked speed, to post With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!

It is not, nor it can't come to good,

But break my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

The several emotions of mind, and breaks of passion, in this speech, are admirable. He has touched every circumstance that aggravated the fact, and seemed capable of hurrying the thoughts of a son into distraction. His father's tenderness for his mother, expressed in so delicate a particular; his mother's fondness for his father no less exquisitely described; the great and amiable figure



of his dead parent drawn by a true filial piety; his disdain of so unworthy a successor to his bed: but, above all, the shortness of the time between his father's death and his mother's second marriage, brought together with so much disorder, make up as noble a part as any in that celebrated tragedy. The circumstance of time I never could enough admire. The widowhood had lasted two months. This is his first reflection: but as his indignation rises, he sinks to scarce two months; afterwards into a month; and at last into a little month: but all this so naturally, that the reader accompanies him in the violence of his passion, and finds the time lessen insensibly, according to the different workings of his disdain. I have not mentioned the incest of her marriage, which is so obvious a provocation; but cannot forbear taking notice, that when his fury is at it's height, he cries—'Frailty, thy name is Woman!' as railing at the sex in general, rather than giving himself leave to think his mother worse than others, —*Desiderantur nulla.*

Whereas Mr. Jeffery Groggram has surrendered himself by his letter, bearing date December 7, and has sent an

acknowledgment that he is dead, praying an order to the company of Upholders for interment at such a reasonable rate as may not impoverish his heirs: The said Groggram having been dead ever since he was born, and added nothing to his small patrimony, Mr. Bickerstaff has taken the premises into consideration; and being sensible of the ingenuous and singular behaviour of this petitioner, pronounces the said Jeffery Groggram a live man, and will not suffer that he should bury himself out of modesty; but requires him to remain among the living, as an example to those obstinate dead men, who will neither labour for life, nor go to their grave.

N. B. Mr. Groggram is the first person that has come in upon Mr. Bickerstaff's dead warrant.

Florinda demands by her letter of this day to be allowed to pass for a living woman, having danced the Derbyshire Hornpipe in the presence of several friends on Saturday last.

Granted; provided she can bring proof, that she can make a pudding on the twenty-fourth instant.

## Nº CVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1709.

—AN MISER!

QUANTA LABORAS IN CHARYBDI,  
DIGNÉ PUER MELIORE FLAMMA?

HOR. OD. 27. VER. 209.

UNHAPPY YOUTH! DOTH SHE SURPRISE?

AND HAVE HER FLAMES POSSESS'D

THY BURNING BREAST?

THOU DIDST DESERVE A DART FROM KINDER EYES.

CRÆCH.

SHEER-LANE, DEC. 14.

**A**BOUT four this afternoon, which is the hour I usually put myself in a readiness to receive company, there entered a gentleman who I believed at first came upon some ordinary question; but as he approached nearer to me, I saw in his countenance a deep sorrow, mixed with a certain ingenuous complacency that gave me sudden good-will towards him. He stared and betrayed an absence of thought as he was going to communicate his business to me. But at last, recovering himself, he said with an air of great respect—'Sir, it would

'be an injury to your knowledge in the occult sciences, to tell you what is my distress; I dare say, you read it in my countenance: I therefore beg your advice to the most unhappy of all men.' Much experience has made me particularly sagacious in the discovery of distempers, and I soon saw that his was love. I then turned to my commonplace-book, and found his case under the word Coquette; and reading over the catalogue which I have collected out of this great city of all under that character, I saw at the name of Cynthia his fit came upon him. I repeated the name thrice after a musing manner, and immediately

mediately perceived his pulse quicken two thirds; when his eyes, instead of the wildness with which they appeared at his entrance, looked with all the gentleness imaginable upon me, not without tears.

'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'you know not the unworthy usage I have met with from the woman my soul doats on. I could gaze at her to the end of my being; yet when I have done so, for some time past, I have found her eyes fixed on another. She is now two-and-twenty, in the full tyranny of her charms, which she once acknowledged the rejoiced in, only as they made her choice of me, out of a crowd of admirers, the more obliging. But in the midst of this happiness, so it is Mr. Bickerstaff, that young Quicksett, who is just come to town, without any other recommendation than that of being tolerably handsome, and excessively rich, has won her heart in so shameless a manner, that she dies for him. In a word, I would consult you, how to cure myself of this passion for an ungrateful woman, who triumphs in her falsehood, and can make no man happy, because her own satisfaction consists chiefly in being capable of giving distress. I know Quicksett is at present considerable with her, for no other reason but that he can be without her, and feel no pain in the loss. Let me therefore desire you, Sir, to fortify my reason against the levity of an inconstant, who ought only to be treated with neglect.'

All this time I was looking over my receipts, and asked him, if he had any good winter boots—'Boots, Sir,' said my patient—I went on—'You may easily reach Harwich in a day, so as to be there when the packet goes off.'—'Sir,' said the lover, 'I find you design me for travelling; but, alas! I have no language, it will be the same thing to me as solitude, to be in a strange country. I have,' continued he, sighing, 'been many years in love with this creature, and have almost lost even my English, at least to speak such as any body else does. I asked a tenant of ours, who came up to town the other day with rent, whether the flowery mead near my father's house in the country, had any shepherd in it? I have called a cave a grotto these three years, and must keep ordinary company, and frequent busy people for some time, be-

fore I can recover my common words.' I smiled at his raillery upon himself, though I well saw it came from a heavy heart. 'You are,' said I, 'acquainted to be sure with some of the general officers: suppose you made a campaign?'—'If I did,' said he, 'I should venture more than any man there, for I should be in danger of starving; my father is such an untoward old gentleman, that he would tell me he found it hard enough to pay his taxes towards the war without making it more expensive by an allowance to me. With all this, he is as fond as he is rugged; and I am his only son.'

I looked upon the young gentleman with much tenderness, and not like a physician, but a friend; for I talked to him so largely, that if I had parcelled my discourse into distinct prescriptions, I am confident I gave him two hundred pounds worth of advice. He heard me with great attention, bowing, smiling, and shewing all other instances of that natural good-breeding which ingenuous tempers pay to those who are elder and wiser than themselves. I entertained him to the following purpose. 'I am sorry, Sir, that your passion is of so long a date, for evils are much more curable in their beginnings; but at the same time must allow, that you are not to be blamed, since your youth and merit have been abused by one of the most charming, but the most unworthy sort of women, the Coquettes. A Coquette is a chaste jilt, and differs only from a common one, as a soldier, who is perfect in exercise, does from one that is actually in service. This grief, like all others, is to be cured only by time; and although you are convinced this moment, as much as you will be ten years hence, that she ought to be scorned and neglected, you see you must not expect your remedy from the force of reason. The cure then is only in time, and the hastening of the cure only in the manner of employing that time. You have answered me as to travel and a campaign, so that we have only Great Britain to avoid her in. Be then yourself, and listen to the following rules, which only can be of use to you in this unaccountable distemper, wherein the patient is often averse even to his recovery. It has been of benefit to some to apply themselves to business,

'business, but as that may not lie in your way, go down to your estate, mind your fox-hounds, and venture the life you are weary of, over every hedge and ditch in the country. There are wholesome remedies; but if you can have resolution enough, rather stay in town, and recover yourself even in the town where she inhabits. Take particular care to avoid all places where you may possibly meet her, and shun the sight of every thing which may bring her to your remembrance; there is an infection in all that relates to her: you will find, her house, her chariot, her domestics, and her very lap-dog, are so many instruments of torment. Tell me seriously, do you think you could bear the sight of her face?' He shook his head at the question, and said—'Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff, you must have been a patient, or you could not have been so good a physician.'—'To tell you truly,' said I, 'about the thirtieth year of my age, I received a wound that has still left a scar in my mind, never to be quite worn out by time or philosophy.'

'The means which I found the most effectual for my cure, were reflections upon the ill-usage I had received from the woman I loved, and the pleasure I saw her take in my sufferings.'

'I considered the distress she brought upon me, the greatest that could befall an human creature, at the same time that she did not inflict this upon one who was her enemy, one that had done her an injury, one that had wished her ill; but on the man who loved her more than any else loved her, and more than it was possible for him to love any other person.'

'In the next place, I took pains to consider her in all her imperfections; and that I might be sure to hear of them constantly, kept company with those, her female friends, who were her dearest and most intimate acquaintance.'

'Among her highest imperfections, I still dwelt upon her baseness of mind and ingratitude, that made her triumph in the pain and anguish of the man who loved her, and of one who in those days, without vanity be it spoken, was thought to deserve her love.'

'To shorten my story, she was married to another, which would have distressed me, had he proved a good hus-

'band; but to my great pleasure, he used her at first with coldness, and afterwards with contempt. I hear he still treats her very ill; and am informed, that she often says to her woman—'This is a just revenge for my falsehood to my first love: what a wretch am I, that might have been married to the famous Mr. Bickerstaff!''

My patient looked upon me with a kind of melancholy pleasure, and told me, he did not think it was possible for a man to live to the age I am now of, who in his thirtieth year had been tortured with that passion in its violence. 'For my part,' said he, 'I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in it; nor keep company with any body, but two or three friends who are in the same condition.'

'There,' answered I, 'you are to blame; for as you ought to avoid nothing more than keeping company with yourself, so you ought to be particularly cautious of keeping company with men like yourself. As long as you do this, you do but indulge your distemper.'

'I must not dismiss you without further instructions. If possible, transfer your passion from the woman you are now in love with, to another; or, if you cannot do that, change the passion itself into some other passion; that is, to speak more plainly, find out some other agreeable woman: or if you cannot do this, grow covetous, ambitious, litigious; turn your love of woman into that of profit, preferment, reputation; and, for a time, give up yourself entirely to the pursuit.'

'This is a method we sometimes take in physic, when we turn a desperate disease into one we can more easily cure.'

He made me little answer to all this, but crying out—'Ah, Sir!' for his passion reduced his discourse to interjections.

'There is one thing,' added I, 'which is present death to a man in your condition, and therefore to be avoided with the greatest care and caution: that is, in a word, to think of your mistress and rival together, whether walking, discoursing, dallying—'The Devil!' he cried out, 'who can bear it?' To compose him, for I pitied him very much—'The time will come,' said I, 'when you shall not only

‘only bear it, but laugh at it. As a preparation to it, ride every morning an hour at least with the wind full in your face. Upon your return, recollect the several precepts which I have now given you, and drink upon them a bottle of Spaw-water. Repeat this every day for a month successively, and let me see you at the end of it.’ He was taking his leave, with

many thanks, and some appearance of consolation in his countenance, when I called him back to acquaint him, that I had private information of a design of the coquettes to buy up all the true Spaw-water in town: upon which he took his leave in haste, with a resolution to get all things ready for entering upon his regimen the next morning.

## Nº CVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1709.

PRONAQUE CUM SPECTENT ANIMALIA CÆTERA TERRAM,  
 OS HOMINI SUBLIME DEDIT: COLUMQUE TUERI  
 JUSSIT

OVID. MET. L. I. V. 85.

AND WHILE BEASTS LOOKED DOWNWARD ON THE GROUND WITH GROVELLING EYES, TO MAN HE GAVE A LOOK SUBLIME, TO CONTEMPLATE THE STARS.

SHEER-LANE, DECEMBER 16.

IT is not to be imagined how great an effect well-disposed lights, with proper forms and orders in assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason I frequently look in at the play-house, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my lucubrations.

In this disposition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble tragedy was just then in it's crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my old friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the majesty of distress, to my unspeakable amazement there came up a monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twitted itself into the motions and wrastlings of several different animals, and after a great variety of shapes and transformations, went off the stage in the figure of an human creature. The admiration, the applause,

the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension, for fear any foreigner should be present. ‘Is it possible,’ thought I, ‘that human nature can rejoice in it's disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing it's own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion?’ There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds are shocked at the seeing characters of persons who deserve esteem for their virtue, knowledge, or services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that those who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified, and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in it's proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean: a skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural

grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is, to depreciate human nature, and consider it under it's worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worst actions: they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefaucault, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding, but great vivacity, who by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or a free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to shew his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, until one day talking of his setting-dog, the son said, he did not question but Grey was as immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the argument told his father, that for his own part, he expected to die like a dog. Upon

which, the old man starting with a very great passion, cried out 'sirrah, you shall live like taking his cane in his hand him out of his system. I good an effect upon him, t up from that day, fell to re books, and is now a bene Middle Temple.

I do not mention this cud of the story with a design to secular aim in matters of t but certainly, if it ever exe affairs of opinion and spec ought to do it on such shall picable pretenders to know endeavour to give man dar comfortable prospects of his destroy those principles whi support, happiness, and gl public societies, as well as j tions.

I think it is one of P golden sayings, that a man care above all things to hav spect for himself: and it is c this licentious sort of author for depreciating mankind, ei disappoint and undo what th fined spirits have been labour vance since the beginning of The very design of dress, g ing, outward ornaments and were to lift up human natur off to an advantage. A painting, and statuary, wer with the same design; as in art and science contributes to lishment of life, and to the and throwing into shades the low parts of our nature. Po on this great end more than: as may be seen in the followi taken out of Sir Francis B vancement of Learning, whi truer and better account of tl all the volumes that were e upon it.

' Poetry, especially heroi  
' to be raised altogether fro  
' foundation, which makes  
' the dignity of man's nature  
' ing this sensible world is  
' inferior to the soul of m  
' seems to endow human n  
' that which history denies; s  
' satisfaction to the mind, w  
' the shadow of things, whe  
' stance cannot be had. For  
' ter be thoroughly considere

argument may be drawn from poesy, that a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the soul of man, than any way can be found in nature since the fall. Wherefore seeing the acts and events, which are the subjects of true history, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man; poesy is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical. Because true history reports the successes of business not proportionable to the merit of virtues and vices, poesy corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of Providence: because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and mispension in the mind of man; poesy cheers and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnani-

mity and morality; and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shews of things to the desires of the mind, and not submitting the mind to things as reason and history do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man, joined also with consort of music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself; it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded.

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so much as religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

## Nº CIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1709.

PERDITUR HÆC INTER MISERO LUX

HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. 2. VER. 59.

IN SUCH TRIFLES AS THESE THEY THROW AWAY THEIR TIME.

SHEER-LANE, DECEMBER 19.

**T**HERE has not some years been such a tumult in our neighbourhood, as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given, that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward, and in a very hasty, instead of a solemn manner, a long train of lights; when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door of the house next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane in an instant. Among the rest, my country-maid took the alarm, and immediately running to me, told me, there was a fine, fine lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was. The girl was going

on in her story, when the lady was come to my door in her chair, having mistaken the house. As soon as she entered, I saw she was Mr. Isaac's scholar, by her speaking air, and the becoming stop she made when she began her apology. 'You will be surprized, Sir,' said she, 'that I take this liberty, who am utterly a stranger to you: besides that, it may be thought an indecorum that I visit a man.' She made here a pretty hesitation, and held her fan to her face—Then, as if recovering her resolution, she proceeded—'But I think you have said, that men of your age are of no sex; therefore I may be as free with you as one of my own.' The lady did me the honour to consult me on some particular matters, which I am not at liberty to report. But before she took her leave, she produced a long list of names, which she looked upon to know whither she was to go next. I must confess, I could hardly forbear discovering to her immediately, that I secretly laughed at the fantastical regularity she observed in throwing away

her time; but I seemed to indulge her in it, out of a curiosity to hear her own sense of her way of life. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, 'you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me in staying thus long with you, having so many visits to make; and indeed, if I had not hopes that a third part of those I am going to will be abroad, I should be unable to dispatch them this evening.'—'Madam,' said I, 'are you in all this haste and perplexity, and only going to such as you have not a mind to see?'—'Yes, Sir,' said she, 'I have several now with whom I keep a constant correspondence, and return visit for visit punctually every week, and yet we have not seen each other since last November was twelvemonth.'

She went on with a very good air, and fixing her eyes on her list, told me, she was obliged to ride about three miles and an half before she arrived at her own house. I asked after what manner this list was taken; whether the persons writ their names to her, and desired that favour, or how she knew she was not cheated in her muster-roll? 'The method we take,' says she, 'is, that the porter or servant who comes to the door, writes down all the names who come to see us, and all such are entitled to a return of their visit.'—'But,' said I, 'Madam, I presume those who are searching for each other, and know one another by messages, may be understood as candidates only for each other's favour; and that after so many how-do-you-does, you proceed to visit or not, as you like the run of each other's reputation or fortune.'—'You understand it aright,' said she; 'and we become friends, as soon as we are convinced that our dislike to each other may be of any consequence: for to tell you truly,' said she, 'for it is in vain to hide any thing from a man of your penetration, general visits are not made out of goodwill, but for fear of ill-will. Punctuality in this case is often a suspicious circumstance; and there is nothing so common as to have a lady say—"I hope she has heard nothing of what I said of her, that she grows so great with me." But indeed my porter is so dull and negligent, that I fear he has not put down half the people I owe visits to.'—'Madam,' said I, 'methinks it would be very proper if your

gentleman-usher, or groom of the chamber, were always to keep an account by way of debtor and creditor. I know a city lady who uses that method, which I think very laudable; for though you may possibly at the court-end of the town receive at the door, and light up better than within Temple Bar, yet I must do that justice to my friends, the ladies, within the walls, to own, that they are much more exact in their correspondence. The lady I was going to mention as an example, has always the second apprentice out of the counting-house for her own use on her visiting-day, and he sets down very methodically all the visits which are made her. I remember very well, that on the first of January last, when she made up her account for the year 1708, it stood thus—

Mrs. Courtwood,		Per Contra, Creditor.	
Debtor.			
To seventeen hundred and four visits received.	} 1704	By eleven hundred and nine paid.	} 1109
		Due to balance.	
		595	
			1704

'This gentlewoman is a woman of great oeconomy, and was not afraid to go to the bottom of her affairs; and therefore ordered her apprentice to give her credit for my Lady Eafy's impertinent visits upon wrong days, and deduct only twelve per cent. He had orders also to subtract one and an half from the whole of such as she had denied herself to before she kept a day; and after taking those proper articles of credit on her side, she was in arrear but five hundred. She ordered her husband to buy in a couple of fresh coach-horses; and with no other loss than the death of two footmen, and a church-yard cough brought upon her coachman, she was clear in the world on the tenth of February last, and keeps so before-hand, that she pays every body their own, and yet makes daily new acquaintances.' I know not whether this agreeable visitant was fired with the example of the lady I told her of, but she immediately vanished

nished out of my sight, it being, it seems, as necessary a point of good-breeding, to go off as if you stole something out of the house, as it is to enter as if you came to fire it. I do not know one thing that contributes so much to the lessening the esteem men of sense have to the fair-sex, as this article of visits. A young lady cannot be married, but all impertinents in town must be beating the tattoo from one quarter of the town to the other, to shew they know what passes. If a man of honour should once in an age marry a woman of merit for her intrinsic value, the envious things are all in motion in an instant to make it known to the sisterhood as an indiscretion, and publish to the town how many pounds he might have had to have been troubled with one of them. After they are tired with that, the next thing is, to make their compliments to the married couple and their relations. They are equally busy at a funeral; and the death of a person of quality is always attended with the murder of several sets of coach-horses and chairmen. In both cases, the visitants are wholly unaffected, either with joy or sorrow. For which reason, their congratulations and condolences are equally words of course; and one would be thought wonderfully ill-bred, that should build upon such expressions as encouragements to expect from them any instance of friendship.

Thus are the true causes of living, and the solid pleasures in life, lost in shew, imposture, and impertinence. As for my part, I think most of the misfortunes in families arise from the trifling way the women have in spending their time, and gratifying only their eyes and ears, instead of their reason and understanding.

A fine young woman, bred under a visiting mother, knows all that is possible for her to be acquainted with by report, and sees the virtuous and the vicious used so indifferently, that the fears she is born with are abated, and desires indulged, in proportion to her love of that light and trifling conversation. I know I talk like an old man; but I must go on to say, that I think the general reception of mixed company, and the pretty fellows that are admitted at those assemblies, give a young woman so false an idea of life, that she is generally bred up with a scorn of that sort of merit in a man, which only can make her happy in marriage; and the wretch, to whose lot she falls, very often receives in his arms a coquette, with the refuse of an heart long before given away to a coxcomb.

Having received from the Society of Upholders sundry complaints of the obstinate and refractory behaviour of several dead persons, who have been guilty of very great outrages and disorders, and by that means elapsed the proper time of their interment; and having on the other hand received many appeals from the aforesaid dead persons, wherein they desire to be heard before such their interment; I have set apart Wednesday, the twenty-fifth instant, as an extraordinary court-day for the hearing both parties. If, therefore, any one can alledge, why they or any of their acquaintance should or should not be buried, I desire they may be ready with their witnesses at that time, or that they will for ever after hold their tongues.

N. B. This is the last hearing on the subject.

N<sup>o</sup> CX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1709.

—QUÆ LUCIS MISERIS TAM DIRA CUPIDO?

VIRG. ÆN. LIB. 6. VER. 721.

WHAT MAKES THE UNHAPPY SOULS SO COVETOUS OF LIGHT?

SHEER-LANE, DECEMBER 21.

AS soon as I had placed myself in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk, Mr. Lillie, to read to the assembly, who were gathered together according to notice, a certain declaration,

by way of charge, to open the purpose of my session, which tended only to this explanation, that as other courts were often called to demand the execution of persons dead in law; so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are dead in reason. The solicitor of the

new



new company of Upholders near the Haymarket appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who herself stood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment, which was in substance, That whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pinduit, of the parish of Saint Martin in the Fields, had by the use of one instrument called a looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she the said Rebecca had put to death several young men of the said parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called Love-letters, which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said seals, that they died for the said Rebecca: and whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said society construed to be according to former edicts, a state of death, and demanded an order for the internment of the said Rebecca.

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, it was indeed true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her killing, than dead. She further alledged, that the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed. She ended her discourse, by desiring I would for the future settle the meaning of the words, 'I die,' in letters of love.

Mrs. Pinduit behaved herself with such an air of innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion I gave it as a standing rule, that any person who, in any letter, billet, or discourse, should tell a woman

he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own confession, without bail or mainprize.

It happened that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read, in which were the following words: 'Cruel creature, I die for you.' It was observable that he took snuff all the time his accusation was reading. I asked him, how he came to use these words, if he were not a dead man? He told me, he was in love with the lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method. Though I was moved with compassion towards him by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet, for example-sake, I was forced to answer—'Your sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your companions, not to tell lyes for want of wit.' Upon this he began to beat his snuff-box with a very saucy air, and opening it again—'Faith, Isaac,' said he, 'thou art a very unaccountable old fellow. Pr'y—thee who gave thee power of life and death? What a-pox hast thou to do with ladies and lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a man be in company with his mistress, and say nothing to her? Dost thou call breaking a jest, telling a lye? Ha! is that thy wisdom, old Stiffump, ha?' He was going on with this insipid commonplace mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanship of the hinge, when in the midst of his eloquence I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.

The next who appeared was a hale old fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible witness deposed, that he always rose at ten of the clock, played with his cat until twelve, smoaked tobacco until one, was at dinner until two, then took another pipe, played at back-gammon until six, talked of one Madam Frances, an old mistress of his, until eight, repeated the same account at the tavern until ten, then returned home, took the other pipe,  
and

and then to bed. I asked him what he had to say for himself. 'As to what,' said he, 'they mention concerning Madam Frances——' I did not care for hearing a Canterbury tale, and therefore thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young gentleman, who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arrest of judgment; for that he the said young man held certain lands by his the said old man's life. Upon this the solicitor of the Upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several evidences that witnessed to his life and conversation. It appeared that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the public. They rose at the same hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was smoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at back-gammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toasting women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for any thing; the old man, a man of worth before he knew Madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with inscriptions proper to their characters, signifying, that the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709. And over the young one it was said, that he departed this world in the twenty-fifth year of his death.

The next class of criminals were Authors in prose and verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work, were immediately dismissed to their burial, and were followed by others, who notwithstanding some sprightly issue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death by some posthumous children, that bore no resemblance to their elder brethren. As for those who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a

live child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for in this case, I was satisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated Benchers of the Inns of Court, Senior Fellows of Colleges, and defunct Statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free pardon in case of resuscitation.

There were still great multitudes to be examined, but finding it very late, I adjourned the court; not without the secret pleasure that I had done my duty, and furnished out an handsome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, that in pursuance of the edict of justice in one of my late visions, all those of the fair-sex began to appear pregnant who had ran any hazard of it; as was manifest by a particular swelling in the petticoats of several ladies in and about this great city. I must confess, I do not attribute the rising of this part of the dress to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable fashion. I shall, however, pronounce nothing upon it, until I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the fair Ladies who are now making up their winter suits, that they may abstain from all dresses of that kind, until they shall find what judgment will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary expence; and I could not but think myself to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonition.

N.B. A letter of the sixteenth instant about one of the fifth, will be answered according to the desire of the party, which he will see in a few days.

N<sup>o</sup> CXI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1

—PROCU! PROCU! ESTE PROFANI!

HENCE, YE PROFANE! FAR HENCE BE GONE!

SWEET-LANE, DECEMBER 23.

THE watchman, who does me particular honours, as being the chief man in the lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual salutation of—'Good-morrow, Mr. Bickerstaff; Good-morrow, my masters all.' The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being; what were the perfections it should propose to itself; and what the end it should aim at. My mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition when our bellman began his midnight homily, which he has been repeating to us every winter-night for these twenty years, with the usual exordium—

'Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in sin!'

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debated by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of gallantry, politeness, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in Shakespeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of Hamlet, where the ghost vanishes upon the cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention it's crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for the season.

It faded on the crowing of the cock  
Some say, that ever gainst that ce  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is ce  
The bird of dawning singeth all  
And then, say they, no spirit

abroad:

The nights are wholesome, then  
strike,

No fairy takes, no witch has power  
So hallowed, and so gracious is it

This admirable author, the best and gravest men in all of all nations, seems to have mind thoroughly seasoned wit as is evident by many passages plays, that would not be so modern audience; and are the rare instances that the age had a much greater sense of the present.

It is indeed a melancholy to consider, that the British nation is now at a greater height of it's councils and conquests than was before, should distinguish a certain looseness of principle falling off from those schemes, which conduce to the happy perfection of human nature. comes upon us from the work solemn blockheads, that men with the zeal and seriousness to extirpate common sense, a gate infidelity. These are who without any shew of wit or reason, publish their cruciations with an ambition of more wise than the rest of mankind no other pretence than that of from them. One gets by the logue of title-pages and editions immediately, to become co declares that he is an unbeliever other knows how to write a cut up a dog, and forthwith against the immortality of the have known many a little who orientation of his parts, rail of the Scripture, who was read a chapter in it. These people talk blasphemy for want of and are rather the objects of pity, than of our indignation

grave disputant, that reads and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to civil society, and a defamer of mankind. I love to consider an infidel, whether distinguished by the title of Deist, Atheist, or Free-thinker, in three different lights, in his solitudes, his afflictions, and his last moments.

A wise man that lives up to the principles of reason and virtue, if one considers him in his solitude, as in taking in the system of the universe, observing the mutual dependence and harmony by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greatest conqueror amidst all the pomps and solemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an Atheist in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation: he can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a landscape, and wandering up and down in a field or a meadow, under the same terms as the meanest animals about him, and as subject to as total a mortality as they, with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongst them who lies under the apprehension of it.

In distresses he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is past, or the prospect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest blessing that he proposes to himself, and an halter or a pistol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of those gloomy miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach of death.

About thirty years ago I was a ship-board with one of these vermin, when there arose a brisk gale, which could frighten nobody but himself. Upon the rolling of the ship he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the chaplain that he had been a vile Atheist, and had denied a supreme Being ever since he came to his estate. The good man was astonished, and a report immediately ran through the ship, that there was an Atheist upon the upper deck. Several

of the common seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange fish; but they were more surprized when they saw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed until that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confession, one of the honest tars whispered to the boatswain, that it would be a good deed to heave him over-board. But we were now within sight of port, when of a sudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, as we were gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed.

He had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to railly him upon his devotion on ship-board, which the other denied in so high terms, that it produced the lye on both sides, and ended in a duel. The Atheist was run through the body, and after some loss of blood, became as good a Christian as he was at sea, until he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the Free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the existence of Fables.

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the age and country which I live in, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, that a man would be a most insupportable monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his years, constitution, profession, family, religion, age, and country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long stories: as I am choleric, I forbear not only swearing, but all interjections of fretting, as Pugh! or Pish! and the like. As I am a layman, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a wife and a good man, because his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am descended of the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs, I never call a man of merit an Uplart. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my zeal

so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I

have been now speaking of. I am an Englishman, I am very not to hate a stranger, or del Palatine.

## Nº CXII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1

ACCEDAT SUAVITAS QUÆDAM OPORTET SERMONUM, ATQUE MORUM, QUAM MEDIOCRE CONDIMENTUM AMICITIÆ: TRISTITIA AUT EMNI RE SEVERITAS ABSIT. HABET ILLA QUIDEM GRAVITATEM, CITIA REMISSIOR ESSE DEBET, ET LIBERIOR, ET DULCIOR, ET COMITATEM FACILITATEMQUE PROCLIVIOR.

THERE SHOULD BE ADDED A CERTAIN SWEETNESS OF DISCOURSE, WHICH IS NO INCONSIDERABLE SAUCE TO FRIENDSHIP. BUT MEANS THROW OUT SADNESS AND SEVERITY IN EVERY THING. SOMETHING OF GRAVITY INDEED IN IT, BUT FRIENDSHIP RE GREATER REMISSNESS, FREEDOM, AND PLEASANTNESS, AND AN TION TO GOOD TEMPER AND AFFABILITY.

SHEER-I-AND, DEC. 26.

AS I was looking over my letters this morning, I chanced to cast my eye upon the following one, which came to my hands about two months ago from an old friend of mine, who, as I have since learned, was the person that writ the agreeable epistle inserted in my paper of the third of the last month. It is of the same turn with the other, and may be looked upon as a specimen of right country letters.

SIR,

THIS sets out to you from my summer-house upon the terrace, where I am enjoying a few hours sunshine, the scanty sweet remains of a fine autumn. The year is almost at the lowest; so that in all appearance the rest of my letters between this and spring, will be dated from my parlour-fire, where the little fond prattle of a wife and children will so often break in upon the connexion of my thoughts, that you will easily discover it in my style. If this winter should prove as severe as the last, I can tell you before-hand, that I am likely to be a very miserable man, through the perverse temper of my eldest boy. When the frost was in it's extremity, you must know, that most of the black-birds, robins, and finches, of the parish, whose music had entertained me in the summer, took refuge under my roof. Upon this, my care was, to rise every morning before day to sit open my windows for the re-

ception of the cold and the hurt at the same time I relieved plentiful alms, by strewing seeds upon the floors and the Dicky, without any regard of hospitality, considered the as so many traps, and used as a prisoner at discretion. tyrant exercise more various some of the poor creatures h death about the room; other into the jaws of a blood-thirst even in his greatest acts of m clipped the wings, or singed of his innocent captives. laugh, when I tell you I f with every bird in it's misfo I believe you will think me i for bewailing the child's u mour. On the other hand, tremely pleased to see his y other carry an universal bene wards every thing that has li he was between four and five I caught him weeping over butterfly, which he chanced he was playing with it; and formed, that this morning h his brother three half-pence, his whole estate, to spare th Tom-tit. These are at presen ters of greatest moment : observation, and I know are to be communicated to any l a man as yourself, and fro has the happiness to be

Your most faithful,  
and most obedi

The best critic that ever wrote, speaking of some passages in Homer which appear extravagant or frivolous, says indeed, that they are dreams, but the dreams of Jupiter. My friend's letter appears to me in the same light. One sees him in an idle hour; but at the same time in the idle hour of a wise man. A great mind has something in it too severe and forbidding, that is not capable of giving itself such little relaxations, and of condescending to these agreeable ways of trifling. Tully, when he celebrates the friendship of Scipio and Lælius, who were the greatest as well as the politest men of their age, represents it as a beautiful passage in their retirement, that they used to gather up shells on the sea-shore, and amuse themselves with the variety of shape and colour, which they met with on these little unregarded works of nature. The great Agæsius could be a companion to his own children, and was surprized by the ambassadors of Sparta as he was riding among them upon a hobby-horse. Augustus indeed had no play-fellows of his own begetting; but is said to have passed many of his hours with little Moorish boys at a game of marbles, not unlike our modern taw. There is, methinks, a pleasure in seeing great men thus fill into the rank of mankind, and entertain themselves with diversions and amusements that are agreeable to the very weakest of the species. I must frankly confess, that it is to me a beauty in Cato's character, that he would drink a cheerful bottle with his friend; and I cannot but own, that I have seen with great delight one of the most celebrated authors of the last age feeding the ducks in Saint James's Park. By instances of this nature, the heroes, the statesmen, the philosophers, become as it were familiar with us, and grow the more amiable, the less they endeavour to appear awful. A man who always acts in the severity of wisdom, or the haughtiness of quality, seems to move in a personated part: it looks too constrained and theatrical for a man to be always in that character which distinguishes him from others. Besides that, the slackening and unending our minds on some occasions, makes them exert themselves with greater vigour and alacrity, when they return to their proper and natural state.

As this innocent way of passing a leisure hour is not only consistent with a

great character, but very graceful in it, so there are two sorts of people to whom I would most earnestly recommend it. The first are those who are uneasy out of want of thought; the second are those who are so out of a turbulence of spirit. The first are the impertinent, and the second the dangerous part of mankind.

It grieves me to the very heart, when I see several young gentlemen, descended of honest parents, run up and down hurrying from one end of the town to the other, calling in at every place of resort, without being able to fix a quarter of an hour in any, and in a particular haste without knowing for what. It would, methinks, be some consolation, if I could persuade these precipitate young gentlemen to compose this restlessness of mind, and apply themselves to any amusement, how trivial soever, that might give them employment, and keep them out of harm's way. They cannot imagine how great a relief it would be to them if they could grow sedate enough to play for two or three hours at a game of push-pin. But these busy, idle animals, are only their own tormentors: the turbulent and dangerous are for embroiling councils, stirring up seditions, and subverting constitutions, out of a mere restlessness of temper, and an insensibility of all the pleasures of life that are calm and innocent. It is impossible for a man to be so much employed in any scene of action, as to have great and good affairs enough to fill up his whole time; there will still be chasms and empty spaces, in which a working mind will employ itself to its own prejudice, or that of others, unless it can be at ease in the exercise of such actions as are in themselves indifferent. How often have I wished, for the good of the nation, that several famous politicians could take any pleasure in feeding ducks! I look upon an able statesman out of business, like a huge whale, that will endeavour to overturn the ship, unless he has an empty cask to play with.

But to return to my good friend and correspondent; I am afraid we shall both be laughed at, when I confess, that we have often gone out into the field to look upon a bird's nest; and have more than once taken an evening's walk together on purpose to see the sun set. I shall conclude with my answer to his foregoing letter:

DEAR SIR,

I Thank you for your obliging letter, and your kindness to the distressed, who will, doubtless, express their gratitude to you themselves the next spring. As for Dick the tyrant, I must desire you will put a stop to his proceedings; and at the same time take care, that his little brother be no loser by his mercy to the Tom-tit. For my own part, I am excluded all conversation with animals that delight only in a country life, and am therefore forced to entertain myself as well as I can with my little dog and cat. They both of them sit by my fire every night, expecting my coming home with impatience; and at my entrance, never fail of running up to me, and bidding me welcome, each of them

in his proper language. As they have been bred up together from their infancy, and seen no other company, they have learned each other's manners, so that the dog often gives himself the airs of a cat, and the cat in several of her motions and gestures affects the behaviour of the little dog. When they are at play, I often make one with them: and sometimes please myself with considering how much reason and instinct are capable of delighting each other. Thus, you see, I have communicated to you the material occurrences in my family, with the same freedom that you use to me; as I am with the same sincerity and affection, your most faithful humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

N<sup>o</sup> CXIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1709.

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS!

JUV.

ONCE MORE CRISPINUS COMES UPON THE STAGE.

HAYMARKET, DEC. 23.

**W**HEREAS the gentleman that behaved himself in a very disobedient and obstinate manner at his late trial in Sheer Lane on the twentieth instant, and was carried off dead upon taking away of his snuff-box, remains still unburied; the company of Upholders not knowing otherwise how they should be paid, have taken his goods in execution to defray the charge of his funeral. His said effects are to be exposed to sale by auction, at their office in the Haymarket, on the fourth of January next, and are as follows:

A very rich tweezer-case, containing twelve instruments for the use of each hour in the day.

Four pounds of scented snuff, with three gilt snuff-boxes; one of them with an invisible hinge, and a looking-glass in the lid.

Two more of ivory, with the portraiture on their lids of two ladies of the town; the originals to be seen every night in the side-boxes of the playhouse.

A sword with a steel diamond-hilt, never drawn but once at May Fair.

Six clean packs of cards, a quart of orange-flower water, a pair of French scissars, a toothpick-case, and an eyebrow brush.

A large glass-case, containing the linen and cloaths of the deceased; among which are, two embroidered suits, a pocket perspective, a dozen pair of red-heeled shoes, three pair of red silk stockings, and an amber-headed cane.

The strong-box of the deceased, wherein were found five billet-doux, a Bath shilling, a crooked sixpence, a silk garter, a lock of hair, and three broken fans.

A press for books; containing on the upper shelf,

Three bottles of diet-drink.

Two boxes of pills.

A syringe, and other mathematical instruments.

On the second shelf are several miscellaneous works; as,

Lampoons.

Plays.

Taylor's bills.

And an Almanack for the year seventeen hundred.

On the third shelf,

A bundle of letters unopened, indorsed, in the hand of the deceased—

Letters from the old gentleman.

Lessons for the Flute.

Toland's Christianity not mysterious; and a paper filled with patterns of several fashionable stuffs.

On the lowest shelf,  
One shoe.

A pair of snuffers.

A French grammar.

A mourning hatband; and half a bottle of usquebaugh.

There will be added to these goods, to make a compleat auction, a collection of gold snuff-boxes and clouded canes, which are to continue in fashion for three months after the sale.

The whole are to be set up and prized by Charles Bubbleboy, who is to open the auction with a speech.

I find I am so very unhappy, that while I am busy in correcting the folly and vice of one sex, several exorbitances break out in the other. I have not thoroughly examined their new-fashioned petticoats, but shall set aside one day in the next week for that purpose. The following petition on this subject was presented to me this morning.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF WILLIAM JINGLE, COACH-MAKER AND CHAIR-MAKER, OF THE LIBERTY OF WESTMINSTER.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN:

SHEWETH,

THAT upon the late invention of Mrs. Catherine Cross-stitch, mantua-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in use before the said invention.

That for the service of the said ladies, your petitioner has built a round chair, in the form of a lantern, six yards and an half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it; the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated.

That your petitioner has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top.

That the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady, and all who beheld her.

Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that for the encouragement of ingenuity and useful inventions, he

may be heard before you pass sentence upon the petticoats aforesaid.

And your petitioner, &c.

I have likewise received a female petition, signed by several thousands, praying that I would not any longer defer giving judgment in the case of the petticoat, many of them having put off the making new cloaths, until such time as they know what verdict will pass upon it. I do therefore hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that I do design to set apart Tuesday next for the final determination of that matter, having already ordered a jury of matrons to be impannelled, for the clearing up of any difficult points that may arise in the trial.

Being informed that several dead men in and about this city do keep out of the way and abscond, for fear of being buried; and being willing to respite their interment, in consideration of their families, and in hopes of their amendment, I shall allow them certain privileged places, where they may appear to one another, without causing any let or molestation to the living, or receiving any in their own persons from the company of Upholders. Between the hours of seven and nine in the morning, they may appear in safety at St. James's Coffee-house, or at White's, if they do not keep their beds, which is more proper for men in their condition. From nine to eleven, I allow them to walk from Story's to Rosamond's Pond in the Park, or in any other public walks which are not frequented by the living at that time. Between eleven and three, they are to vanish, and keep out of sight until three in the afternoon, at which time they may go to the Exchange until five; and then, if they please, divert themselves at the Haymarket, or Drury Lane, until the play begins. It is further granted in favour of these persons, that they may be received at any table, where there are more present than seven in number; provided that they do not take upon them to talk, judge, commend, or find fault with any speech, action, or behaviour of the living. In which case it shall be lawful to seize their persons at any place or hour whatsoever, and to convey their bodies to the next undertaker's; any thing in this advertisement to the contrary notwithstanding.



## Nº CXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1

ET IN VITA, SIC IN STUDIIS, PULCHERRIMUM ET HUMANISSIMUM EXI  
SEVERITATEM COMITATEMQUE MISCERE, NE ILLA IN TRISTITIAM, I  
PETULANTIAM PROCI DAT.

PLIN. I

AS IN A MAN'S LIFE, SO IN HIS STUDIES, I THINK IT IS THE MOST BEAU  
AND HUMANE THING IN THE WORLD, SO TO MINGLE GRAVITY WITH  
SANTRY, THAT THE ONE MAY NOT SINK INTO MELANCHOLY, NOR THE  
RISE UP INTO WANTONNESS.

SHEER-LANE, DEC. 30.

I Was walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend, that I gave some account of in my paper of the seventeenth of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said—'Child, how does your father do?' He began to reply—'My mother——' but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who, he said, would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he shewed for his parents, which have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. 'How,' thought I, 'will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow?' We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret satisfac-

tion to find he had been there. formerly conversed with him house; and as he abounds with of virtue and knowledge which religion beautiful, and never let conversation into the violence of party disputes, I listened to his great pleasure. Our discourse to be upon the subject of death, he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that of being terrible, it appeared to rightly cultivated, altogether to be desired. When he met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of firmness and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible effect to suspend the pains of the dying, the lamentations of the nearest who attended her. I went up to the room where she lay, and met at the entrance by my friend notwithstanding his thoughts he composed a little before, at the moment he turned away his face and wept. His little family of children renewed expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of standing. The eldest daughter, in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling at bedside: and what troubled me most was to see a little boy, who was so young to know the reason, weeping because his sisters did. The only person in the room who seemed resigned to his fate, and comforted was the dying person. When I made my approach to the bedside, I met him, with a low broken voice—'It is kindly done—take care of your friend—do not go from him as he had before taken leave of her and children, in a manner proper to a solemn parting, and with a grief peculiar to a woman of his

rafter. My heart was torn in pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himself, gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him until the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and console with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who in one of his epistles relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: 'I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, until he is made capable of receiving it by those three great remedies—*Necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris*—the necessity of submission, length of time, and satiety of grief.'

In the mean time, I cannot but consider with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right-arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasure and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recal the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described in Milton, who represents Eve, though in

Paradise itself, no farther pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming—

With thee conversing, I forgot all time,  
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and  
flower.

Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft show'rs, and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; the silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gums of heaven, her starry train.  
But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrant after show'rs,  
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Of glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen: which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said in his preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.

It may be further observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it exceeds the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, shew several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it—

Others apart sate on a hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,  
And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD COWPER,

BARON OF WINGHAM.

MY LORD,

**A**FTER having long celebrated the superior graces and excellencies, among men, in an imaginary character, I do myself the honour to shew my veneration for transcendent merit under my own name, in this address to your Lordship. The just application of those high accomplishments of which you are master, has been an advantage to all your fellow-subjects; and it is from the common obligation you have laid upon all the world, that I, though a private man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the liberty to acknowledge, your great talents and public virtues.

It gives a pleasing prospect to your friends, that is to say, to the friends of your country, that you have passed through the highest offices, at an age when others usually do but form to themselves the hopes of them. They may expect to see you in the House of Lords as many years as you were ascending to it. It is our common good, that your admirable eloquence can now no longer be employed but in the expression of your own sentiments and judgment. The skilful pleader is now for ever changed into the just judge; which latter character your lordship exerts with so prevailing an impartiality, that you win the approbation even of those who dissent from you, and you always obtain favour, because you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain dignity peculiar to your present situation, and makes the equity, even of a Lord High Chancellor, appear but a degree towards the magnanimity of a Peer of Great Britain.

Forgive me, my Lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I shall never hereafter behold you, but I shall behold you, as lately, defending the brave and the unfortunate.

When we attend to your Lordship, engaged in a discourse, we cannot but reflect upon the many requisites which the vain-glorious speakers of antiquity have demanded in a man who is to excel in oratory; I say, my Lord, when we reflect upon the precepts by viewing the example, though there is no excellence proposed by those rhetoricians wanting, the whole art seems to be resolved into that one motive of speaking, sincerity in the intention. The graceful manner, the apt gesture, and the assumed concern, are impotent helps to persuasion, in comparison of the honest countenance of him who utters what he really means. From hence it is, that all the beauties which others attain with labour, are in your Lordship but the natural effects of the heart that dictates.

## DEDICATION.

It is this noble simplicity which makes you surpass mankind in the faculties, wherein mankind are distinguished from other creatures, reason and speech.

If these gifts were communicated to all men in proportion to the truth and ardour of their hearts, I should speak of you with the same force as you express yourself on any other subject. But I resist my present impulse, as agreeable as it is to me; though indeed, had I any pretensions to a fame of this kind, I should, above all other themes, attempt a panegyric upon my Lord Cowper: for the only sure way to a reputation for eloquence, in an age wherein that perfect orator lives, is to chuse an argument upon which he himself must of necessity be silent.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted,

Most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

THE

THE  
T A T L E R.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Nº CXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1709.

NOVUM INTERVENIT VITIUM ET CALAMITAS,  
UT NEQUE SPECTARI, NEQUE COGNOSCI POTUERIT:  
ITA POPULUS STUDIO STUPIDUS IN FUNAMBULÒ  
ANIMUM OCCUPARAT.

TER. DE HECYRA.

THERE HAPPENED A NEW MISFORTUNE AND CALAMITY; FOR THE PLAY WAS  
NEITHER SEEN NOR UNDERSTOOD; THE STUPID PEOPLE WERE SO MUCH  
TAKEN UP WITH A ROPE-DANCER.

SHEER-LANE, JANUARY 2.

I Went on Friday last to the Opera, and was surprized to find a thin house at so noble an entertainment, until I heard that the Tumbler was not to make his appearance that night. For my own part, I was fully satisfied with the sight of an actor, who, by the grace and propriety of his action and gesture, does honour to an human figure, as much as the other vilifies and degrades it. Every one will easily imagine I mean Signior Nicolini, who sets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice. Every limb, and every finger, contributes to the part he acts, insomuch that a deaf man might go along with him in the sense of it. There is scarce a beautiful posture in an old statue which he does not plant himself in, as the different circumstances of the story give occasion for it. He performs the most ordinary action in a manner suitable to the greatness of his character, and shews the prince even in the giving of a letter, or dispatching of a message. Our best actors are somewhat at a loss to support themselves with proper gesture, as they move from any considerable distance to the front of the stage; but I have seen the person of whom I am now

speaking, enter alone at the remotest part of it, and advance from it, with such greatness of air and mien, as seemed to fill the stage, and at the same time commanded the attention of the audience with the majesty of his appearance. But notwithstanding the dignity and elegance of this entertainment, I find for some nights past that Punchinello has robbed this gentleman of the greater part of his female spectators. The truth of it is, I find it so very hard a task to keep that sex under any manner of government, that I have often resolved to give them over entirely, and leave them to their own inventions. I was in hopes that I had brought them to some order, and was employing my thoughts on the reformation of their petticoats, when on a sudden I received information from all parts that they run gadding after a puppet-show. I know very well, that what I here say will be thought by some malicious persons to flow from envy to Mr. Powell; for which reason I shall set the late dispute between us in a true light. Mr. Powell and I had some difference about four months ago, which we managed by way of letter, as learned men ought to do; and I was very well contented to bear such sarcasms as he was pleased to throw

Q 9 2 upon

upon me, and answered them with the same freedom. In the midst of this our misunderstanding and correspondence, I happened to give the world an account of the order of Esquires; upon which Mr. Powell was so disingenuous as to make one of his puppets (I wish I knew which of them it was) declare, by way of prologue, that one Isaac Bickerstaff, a pretended Esquire, had wrote a scurrilous piece to the dishonour of that rank of men; and then, with more art than honesty, concluded, that all the Esquires in the pit were abused by his antagonist as much as he was. This public accusation made all the Esquires of that county, and several of other parts, my professed enemies. I do not in the least question but that he will proceed in his hostilities; and I am informed, that part of his design in coming to town was to carry the war into my own quarters. I do therefore solemnly declare, notwithstanding that I am a great lover of art and ingenuity, that if I hear he opens any of his people's mouths against me, I shall not fail to write a critic upon his whole performance; for I must confess, that I have naturally so strong a desire of praise, that I cannot bear reproach, though from a piece of timber. As for Punch, who takes all opportunities of bespattering me, I know very well his original, and have been assured by the joiner who put him together, that he was in long dispute with himself, whether he should turn him into several pegs and utensils, or make him the man he is. The same person confessed to me, that he had once actually laid aside his head for a nutcracker. As for his scolding wife, however she may value herself at present, it is very well known that she is but a piece of crab-tree. This artificer further whispered in my ear, that all his courtiers and nobles were taken out of a quickset hedge not far from Islington; and that Doctor Faustus himself, who is now so great a conjuror, is supposed to have learned his whole art from an old woman in that neighbourhood, whom he long seized in the figure of a broomstick.

But perhaps it may look trivial to insist so much upon men's persons; I shall therefore turn my thoughts rather to examine their behaviour, and consider, whether the several parts are written up to that character which Mr. Powell piques himself upon, of an able and ju-

dicious dramatist. I have for this purpose provided myself with the works of above twenty French critics, and shall examine, by the rules which they have laid down upon the art of the stage, whether the unity of time, place, and action, be rightly observed in any one of this celebrated author's productions; as also, whether in the parts of his several actors, and that of Punch in particular, there is not sometimes an impropriety of sentiments, and an impurity of diction.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JAN. 2.

I CAME in here to-day at an hour when only the dead appear in places of resort and gallantry, and saw hung up the escutcheon of Sir Hannibal, a gentleman who used to frequent this place, and was taken up and interred by the company of Upholders, as having been seen here at an unlicensed hour. The coat of the deceased is, three Bowls and a Jack in a green field; the crest, a Dice-box, with the King of Clubs and Pam for supporters. Some days ago the body was carried out of town with great pomp and ceremony, in order to be buried with his ancestors at the Peak. It is a maxim in morality, that we are to speak nothing but truth of the living, nothing but good of the dead. As I have carefully observed the first during his life-time, I shall acquit myself as to the latter now he is deceased.

He was knighted very young, not in the ordinary form, but by the common consent of mankind.

He was in his person between round and square; in the motion and gesture of his body he was unaffected and free, as not having too great a respect for superiors. He was in his discourse bold and intrepid; and as every one has an excellence as well as a failing which distinguishes him from other men, eloquence was his predominant quality, which he had to so great a perfection, that it was easier to him to speak than to hold his tongue. This sometimes exposed him to the derision of men who had much less parts than himself: and indeed his great volubility and inimitable manner of speaking, as well as the great courage he shewed on those occasions, did sometimes betray him into that figure of speech which is commonly distinguished by the name of *Gatsoade*.

To mention no other, he professed in this very place some few days before he died, that he would be one of the six that would undertake to assault me; for which reason I have had his figure upon my wall until the hour of his death: and am resolved for the future to bury every one forthwith who I hear has an intention to kill me.

Since I am upon the subject of my adversaries, I shall here publish a short letter which I have received from a well-wisher, and is as follows:

PAGE SIR,

YOU cannot but know, there are many scribblers, and others, who revile you and your writings. It is wondered that you do not exert yourself, and crush them at once. I am,

Sir, with great respect, your most humble admirer and disciple.

In answer to this, I shall act like my predecessor Æsop, and give him a fable instead of a reply.

It happened one day, as a stout and honest mastiff, that guarded the village where he lived against thieves and robbers, was very gravely walking, with one of his puppies by his side, all the little dogs in the street gathered about him, and barked at him. The little puppy was so offended at this affront done to his sire, that he asked him, why he would not fall upon them, and tear them to pieces? To which the sire answered, with a great composure of mind — ‘If there were no Curs, I should be no Mastiff.’

Nº CXVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1709.

PARS MINIMA EST IPSA PUELLA SUI.

OVID.

THE YOUNG LADY IS THE LEAST PART OF HERSELF.

SHEER-LANE, JANUARY 4.

THE court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the Petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal who was taken up as she went out of the puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me, that she had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right-hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, that the criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, until she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrella, in order to place

the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to shew the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judgment. I then enquired for the person that belonged to the petticoat; and, to my great surprize, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little crock at my left-hand. ‘My pretty maid,’ said I, ‘do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?’ The girl I found had good sense, and told me with a smile, that notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and bulky as other persons of her quality;



lity; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and until she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintance; that if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women. I always gave great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pulley to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of Saint Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it.

The counsel for the petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow, if I may be allowed the metaphor, with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: the common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the semi-diameter; so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats, which, according to Sir William Petty, supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff, would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers; wherein it was represented, that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this fashion came up. At this, all the company who were present lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage,

which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of whale-bone which would be occasioned by the present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me, as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse, had I not considered the great and additional expence which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of until some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I shewed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth, that since the introduction of this mode, their respective ladies had, instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns, cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to compleat the stiffening of their under petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but to shew that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow-gentlewoman, who has five daughters; desiring she would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood, that, while I disclaim this monstrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair-sex. On the contrary, as the hand of Nature has poured on them  
such

such a profusion of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall

cast it's skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan, shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of Nature furnish out it's share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the Petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can, nor will allow it.

## Nº CXVII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1709.

DURATE, ET VOSMET REBUS SERVATE SECUNDIS.

VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 211.

ENDURE THE HARDSHIPS OF YOUR PRESENT STATE,  
LIVE, AND RESERVE YOURSELVES FOR BETTER FATE.

DRYDEN.

CHEER-LANE, JANUARY 6.

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great mixture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and in his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does men a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a

narrow compass the great occurrences and events, that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendor of success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worldlings and the deserving, inasmuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointment and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions; for in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished, and virtue rewarded: indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures, if I may so speak, we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as an hero, or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends

ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whose name I have forgot. 'It so happens, that the hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to console with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate farewell of a sister: so that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in this case. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the seashore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she could wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out

a stratagem to retrieve her honour, she desired to be changed into stone, a beast, fish, or fowl, she have been a loser by it: or has she desired to have been made a sea-god, a goddess, her immortality would have perpetuated her disgrace. 'me therefore,' said she, 'such as may make me incapable of being again the like calamity, in reproached for what I have suffered.' To be short, she was changed into a man, and, by that means, avoided the danger and impu-son so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies that are unutterable, and in a total distraction of mind, that I thought even out of the possibility of comfort. The occasion was this. When I was a youth in a private army which was then quartered in a city, I fell in love with an young woman, of a good family, parts, and had the satisfaction my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am relating.

We were in a calm evening ourselves upon the top of the city, the prospect of the sea, and trifled the time in such little fondness most ridiculous to people in general, and most agreeable to those in private.

In the midst of these our innocent pleasures, she snatched a paper out of my hand, and ran away with it. I was following her, when suddenly the ground, though at a considerable distance from the very precipice, sunk under her, and she fell down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks, that she had dashed her into ten thousand pieces. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion than for me to express it. I said to myself—"It is not in the power of I to relieve me!" when I awaked, transported and astonished, to find myself drawn out of an affliction which very moment before, appeared to me together inextricable.

The impressions of grief are so lively on this occasion while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the death of this beloved person, which was a few months after, at a time



[illegible]

match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accelfary; whereas her real disease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related, still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover Cliff in Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the place; stand still  
how fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low?  
The crows and choughs that wing the midway  
air,  
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire—Dreadful  
trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice, and yond' tall anchoring  
bark  
Diminish'd to her boat; her boat! a buoy  
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring  
surge.  
That on th' unnumbered idle pebble beats,  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn.

## Nº CXVIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1709.

LUSISTI SATIS, EDISTI SATIS, ATQUE BIBISTI,  
TEMPUS ABIRE TIBI——

HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 2. VER. 214.

ALREADY GLUTTED WITH A FARCE OF AGE,  
'TIS TIME FOR THEE TO QUIT THE WANTON STAGE. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 8.

I Thought to have given over my prosecution of the Dead for this season, having by me many other projects for the reformation of mankind; but I have received so many complaints from such different hands, that I shall disoblige multitudes of my correspondents, if I do not take notice of them. Some of the deceased, who, I thought, had been laid quietly in their graves, are such hobgoblins in public assemblies, that I must be forced to deal with them as Evander did with his triple-lived adversary; who, according to Virgil, was forced to kill him thrice over, before he could dispatch him.

*Ter letis sternendus erat.*——

——Thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore.

I am likewise informed, that several wives of my dead men have, since the decease of their husbands, been seen in many public places without mourning or regard to common decency.

I am further adviced, that several of the defunct, contrary to the woollen act, presume to dress themselves in lace, embroidery, silks, muslins, and other ornaments, forbidden to persons in their condition. These and other the like in-

formations moving me thereunto, I must desire, for distinction sake, and to conclude this subject for ever, that when any of these posthumous persons appear, or are spoken of, that their wives may be called widows; their houses, sepulchres; their chariots, hearses; and their garments, flannel: on which condition, they shall be allowed all the conveniences that dead men can in reason desire.

As I was writing this morning on this subject, I received the following letter.

FROM THE BANKS OF STYX.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Must confess I treated you very scurrilously when you first sent me hither; but you have dispatched such multitudes after me to keep me in countenance, that I am very well reconciled both to you and my condition. We live very lovingly together; for as death makes us all equal, it makes us very much delight in one another's company. Our time passes away after much the same manner as it did when we were among you: eating, drinking, and sleeping, are our chief diversions. Our Quid Nuncs between whiles go to a coffee-house, where they have several warm liquors made of the waters of Lethe, with very good

R r poppy-

poppy-tea. We that are the sprightly geniuses of the place, refresh ourselves frequently with a bottle of munn, and tell stories until we fall asleep. You would do well to send among us Mr. Dodwell's book against the immortality of the soul, which would be of great consolation to our whole fraternity, who would be very glad to find that they are dead for good and all, and would in particular make me rest for ever yours,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

P.S. Sir James is just arrived here in good health.

The foregoing letter was the more pleasing to me, because I perceive some little symptoms in it of a resurrection; and having lately seen the predictions of this author, which are written in a true Protestant spirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal against the French king, I have some thoughts of sending for him from the banks of Styx, and reinitating him in his own house, at the sign of the Globe in Salisbury Street. For the encouragement of him and others, I shall offer to their consideration a letter, which gives me an account of the revival of one of their brethren.

SIR,

DEC. 31.

I Have perused your Tatler of this day, and have wept over it with great pleasure; I wish you would be more frequent in your family pieces. For as I consider you under the notion of a great designer, I think these are not your least valuable performances. I am glad to find you have given over your face-painting for some time, because I think you have employed yourself more in grotesque figures than in beauties; for which reason I would rather see you work upon history pieces, than on single portraits. Your several draughts of dead men appear to me as pictures of still life, and have done great good in the place where I live. The Esquire of a neighbouring village, who had been a long time in the number of non-entities, is entirely recovered by them. For these several years past, there was not an hare in the county that could be at rest for him; and I think, the greatest exploit he ever boasted of was, that when he was high sheriff of the county, he hunted a fox so far, that he could not follow him any further by the laws of the

land. All the hours he spent at home, were in swelling himself with Oister, and rehearsing the wonders he did in the field. Upon reading your papers, he has sold his dogs, took off his dead companions, looked into his estate, got the multiplication-table by heart, paid his tithes, and intends to take upon him the office of churchwarden next year. I wish the same success with your other patients, and am, &c.

DITTO, JAN. 9.

WHEN I came home this evening, a very tight middle-aged woman presented to me the following petition:

TO THE WORSHIPFUL ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF PENELOPE FRIM, WIDOW,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner was bred a clear-starcher and scampstrefs, and for many years worked to the Exchange, and to several aldermens wives, lawyers, clerks, and merchants apprentices.

That through the scarcity caused by regraters of bread corn, of which starch is made, and the gentry's immoderate frequenting the operas, the ladies, to save charges, have their heads washed at home, and the beaux put out their linen to common laundresses. So that your petitioner has little or no work at her trade: for want of which she is reduced to such necessity, that she and her seven fatherless children must inevitably perish, unless relieved by your worship.

That your petitioner is informed, that in contempt of your judgment pronounced on Tuesday the third instant against the new-fashioned petticoat, or old-fashioned fardingal, the ladies design to go on in that dress. And since it is presumed your worship will not suppress them by force, your petitioner humbly desires you would order, that ruffs may be added to the dress; and that she may be heard by her counsel, who has assured your petitioner, he has such cogent reasons to offer to your court, that ruffs and fardingals are inseparable, that he questions not but two thirds of the greatest beauties about town will have cambric collars on their necks before the end

term next. He further says, the design of our great grandmother this petticoat, was to appear bigger than the life; for which they had false shoulder-blades, ruffs, and the ruff above-men- to make the upper and lower their bodies appear proportion- whereas the figure of a woman in sent dress, bears, as he calls it, re of a cone, which, as he ad- the same with that of an ex- er, with a little knob at the up- , and widening downward, unds in a basis of a most enormous erence.

petitioner therefore most hum- ys, that you would restore the he fardingal, which in their na- ght to be as inseparable as the ngarian twins.

your petitioner shall ever pray.

e examined into the allegations petition, and find, by several pictures of my own predeces- sors, particularly that of Dame Deborah

Bickerstaff, my great grandmother, that the ruff and fardingal are made use of as absolutely necessary to preserve the sym- metry of the figure; and Mrs. Pyramid Bickerstaff, her second sister, is record- ed in our family book, with some ob- servations to her disadvantage, as the first female of our own house that disco- vered, to any besides her nurse and her husband, an inch below her chin, or above her instep. This convinces me of the reasonableness of Mrs. Prim's de- mand; and therefore I shall not allow the reviving of any one part of that an- cient mode, except the whole is com- plied with. Mrs. Prim is therefore here- by impowered to carry home ruffs to such as she shall see in the above-men- tioned petticoats, and require payment on demand.

Mr. Bickerstaff has under considera- tion the offer from the corporation of Colchester of four hundred pounds per annum, to be paid quarterly, provided that all his dead persons shall be obliged to wear the bays of that place.

## CXIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1709.

IN TENUI LABOR.—

VIRG. GEORG. LIB. 4. VER. 6.

SLIGHT IS THE SUBJECT.—

DAYDEN.

DEER-LANE, JANUARY 12.

I lately applied myself with much faction to the curious discoveries e been made by the help of mi- s, as they are related by au- our own and other nations. I a great deal of pleasure in pry- this world of wonders, which has laid out of sight, and seems us to conceal from us. Philo- and ranged over all the visible , and began to want objects for airies, when the present age, by ntion of glasses, opened a new chaustible magazine of rarities, nderful and amazing than any which astonished our forefathers. I yesterday amusing myself with spe- s of this kind, and reflecting yriads of animals that swim in the seas of juices that are con- the several vessels of an human While my mind was thus filled

with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myself as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleas- ed with the thought of a great Heathen anatomist, who calls his description of the parts of an human body, 'An Hymn to the Supreme Being.' The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in doubt whe- ther it passed in my sleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good Genius stood at my bed's head, and entertained me with the fol- lowing discourse; for upon my rising, it dwelt so strongly upon me, that I writ down the substance of it, if not the very words.

'If,' said he, 'you can be so trans- ported with those productions of Na- ture which are discovered to you by those artificial eyes that are the works of human invention, how great will your surprise be, when you shall have it in

R 1 2

'your



' your power to model your own eye as you please, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception! We who are un-bodied spirits can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the creation distinct and visible. This gives us such ideas as cannot possibly enter into your present conceptions. There is not the least particle of matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient employment for a whole eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new wonders of Providence, as we look into the different texture of it's parts, and meet with beds of vegetables, minerals and metallic mixtures, and several kinds of animals that lie hid, and as it were lost in such an endless fund of matter. I find you are surprized at this discourse; but as your reason tells you there are infinite parts in the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and as much room for discoveries in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your microscopes bring to light shoals of living creatures in a spoonful of vinegar; but we who can distinguish them in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge Leviathans that terrify the little fry of animals about them, and take their pastime as in an ocean, or the great deep.' I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invincible giants, accompanied with their respective dwarfs, in case that any of these little beings are of an human shape. ' You may assure yourself,' said he, ' that we see in these animals different natures, instincts, and modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in creatures of bigger dimensions. We destroy millions of species subsisted on a green leaf, which your glasses represent only in crowds and swarms. What appears to your eye but as hair or down rising on the surface of it, we find to be woods and forests inhabited by beasts of prey, that are as dreadful in those their little haunts, as lions and tigers in the deserts of Lybia.' I was much delighted with his discourse,

and could not forbear telling him, that I should be wonderfully pleased to see a natural history of imperceptibles, containing a true account of such vegetables and animals as grow and live out of sight. ' Such disquisitions,' answered he, ' are very suitable to reasonable creatures; and you may be sure, there are many curious spirits among us who employ themselves in such amusements. For as our hands, and all our senses may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them. I have been present at the dissection of a mite, and have seen the skeleton of a flea. I have been shewn a forest of numberless trees, which has been picked out of an acorn. Your microscope can shew you in it a complete oak in miniature: and could you suit all your organs as we do, you might pluck an acorn from this little oak, which contains another tree; and so proceed from tree to tree as long as you would think fit to continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible,' added he, ' to talk of things so remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which mankind receive from blunt and gross organs of sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a dog opened, to observe the circulation of the blood, or make any other useful enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a circle of much greater philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little animals which we find in the blue of a plumb: that it was tied down alive before them; and that they observed the palpitations of the heart, the course of the blood, the working of the muscles, and the convulsions in the several limbs, with great accuracy and improvement.'—' I must confess,' said I, ' for my own part, I go along with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure: but it is certain, they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best Judge of human nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these minute

'minute animals; though indeed no less wonderful than the other, but in that of the Leviathan and Behemoth, the Horse and the Crocodile.'—'Your observation,' said he, 'is very just; and I must acknowledge, for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I see the traces of Providence in these instances, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the creation in their immensity, than in their minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though assisted by telescopes. What you look upon as one confused white in the milky-

way, appears to me a long track of heavens, distinguished by stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the sky in a starry night, I am entertained with a variety of worlds and suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them.'

The latter part of his discourse flung me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of it; when on a sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw nobody, and cannot tell to this moment whether it was my good Genius or a dream that left me.

## Nº CXX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1709.

—VELUT SILVIS, UBI PASSIM  
PALANTES ERROR CERTO DE TRAMITE PELLIT;  
ILLE SINISTROSUM, NIC DEXTROSUM ARIT.

HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 48.

WHEN, IN A WOOD, WE LEAVE THE CERTAIN WAY,  
ONE ERROR FOOLS US, THOUGH WE VARIOUS STRAY,  
SOME TO THE LEFT, AND SOME TO T'OTHER SIDE.

FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, JANUARY 13.

INSTEAD of considering any particular passion or character in any one set of men, my thoughts were last night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of life. Youth is devoted to Lust, middle age to Ambition, old age to Avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and uninate. For with the good, lust becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably until I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular vision, which I shall describe in all it's circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the center of it, which opened into a wide plain, filled with multitudes of both sexes. I here discovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the forest. On a sudden the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these roads terminated, and whether it would lead those who passed through them, I joined myself with the assembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themselves the Band of Lovers. I found, to my great surprize, that several old men besides myself had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before observed, there were some young men who had united themselves to the Band of Misers, and were walking up the path of avarice; though both made a very ridiculous

lous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The walk which we marched up, for thickness of shades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of waters, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our senses, and intoxicated our minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every man singled out some woman to whom he offered his addresses, and professed himself a lover; when on a sudden we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, until it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes, and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths and pleasing grottes, that it was hard to say whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were disposed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turnings and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wildernesses, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts in the chase. It was sometimes very odd to see a man pursuing a fine woman that was following another, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular. That several persons who stood only at the end of the avenues, and cast a careless eye upon the nymphs during their whole flight, often caught them, when those who pressed them the most warmly, through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful: and that some of my own age, who were at first looked upon with aversion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderness, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and alleys of it, caught them in their arms, and took them from

those whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called the Labyrinth of Coquettes; where many were enticed to the chase, but few returned with purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her charms and graces to the several follies of those that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that lost themselves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was some satisfaction to me to see many of the fair-ones who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged, when they came out of it, to surrender to the first partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them I saw the same great road running on a little way, until it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the multitude who had been dispersed amongst the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that stood before us. The structure on the right-hand was, as I afterwards found, consecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle-doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranthus, which were so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great

great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together with chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity, who with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot. The name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right-arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine; and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulders, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and it's votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left-hand, and was called the Temple of Lust. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompanied that order; whereas that of the other was composed

of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters made up of half men half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant, called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choaked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age; the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and several lost their limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget:

SIR,

ON Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the comedy of Love for Love: if you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publish on the bills, that it is to be performed at the request

of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, and question not but it will bring me as great an audience as ever was at the house since the Morocco ambassador was there. I am, with the greatest respect, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

THOMAS DOGGET.

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of Censor, I returned the following answer:

MR. DOGGET,

I Am very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the best of comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second act, and remain in the right hand box over the pit until the end of the fourth; provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.

## Nº CXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1709.

—SIMILIS TIBI, CYNTHIA, VEL TIBI, CUPJUS  
TURBAVIT NITIDOS EXTINGUIT PASSER OCULLOS.

JUV. SAT. 6. v. 7.

LIKE CYNTHIA, OR THE LEBIAC OF OUR YEARS,  
WHO FOR A SPARROW'S DEATH DID SOLVE IN TEARS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 16.

I Was recollecting the remainder of my vision, when my maid came to me, and told me, there was a gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distrefs of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending matters of speculation, and therefore desired the lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears. However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her cloaths were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me, without hesitation, though I had never seen her before, ask her, if her lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, that their family was in very great affliction. I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them. She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, that Cupid, her lady's lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog, (here

she turned, and looking first at the cat, and then on me, said, indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her lady sent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess, I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier; yet well knowing that the best, as well as most tender way, of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly.—‘Pray, Madam,’ said I, ‘can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how Cupid was first taken?’—‘Sir,’ said she, ‘we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to tend him: she was recommended to our family by one that my lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, persons of quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a cousin of my own, but—’ ‘Good Madam,’ said I, ‘you neglect the account of the sick body, while you are complaining of this girl.’—‘No, no, Sir,’ said she, ‘begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of physicians, they are so in haste, that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly girl, after washing Cupid, let him stand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he caught cold, and in an hour after, began to bark very hoarse. He had, however, a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, and—’

' my lady have slept a wink.'  
 ' said I, ' taken any thing?'  
 ' aid she, ' but my lady says  
 ' ke any thing that you pre-  
 ' rovided you do not make use  
 ' s powder, or the cold-bath.  
 ' pid,' continued she, ' has al-  
 ' en phthifical; and as he lies  
 ' mething like a chin-cough,  
 ' raid it will end in a consump-  
 ' then asked her, if she had  
 ' y of his water to shew me.  
 ' she stared me in the face, and  
 ' am afraid, Mr. Bickerstaff,  
 ' not serious: but if you have  
 ' pt that is proper on this oc-  
 ' ray let us have it; for my  
 ' s not to be comforted.' Upon  
 ' sed a little without returning  
 ' , and after some short silence,  
 ' d in the following manner—  
 ' nsidered the nature of the dis-  
 ' and the constitution of the  
 ' and by the best observation  
 ' n make on both, I think it is  
 ' put him into a course of  
 ' ystic. In the mean time, to  
 ' arseness, it will be the most  
 ' way to make Cupid his own  
 ' , for which reason, I shall  
 ' to him, three mornings suc-  
 ' , as much powder as will lie  
 ' oat, of that noble remedy,  
 ' be apothecaries call Album  
 ' . Upon hearing this advice,  
 ' woman smiled, as if she knew  
 ' ilous an errand she had been  
 ' n; and indeed I found by the  
 ' er discourse, that she was an  
 ' ge, and of a character that is  
 ' ough in persons of her em-  
 ' who are so used to conform  
 ' in every thing to the humours  
 ' is of their mistresses, that they  
 ' periority of sense to superio-  
 ' dition, and are insensibly be-  
 ' the passions and prejudices  
 ' om they serve, without giv-  
 ' ives leave to consider, that  
 ' extravagant and ridiculous.  
 ' I thought it very natural,  
 ' yes were thus open, to see her  
 ' v turn to her discourse, and,  
 ' strizing with her mistress in  
 ' to fall a railing at her. ' You  
 ' imagine,' said she, ' Mr.  
 ' ff, what a life she makes us  
 ' he sake of this little ugly cur-  
 ' s, we are the most unhappy  
 ' town. She chanced to lose

' a parrot last year, which, to tell you  
 ' truly, brought me into her service; for  
 ' she turned off her woman upon it, who  
 ' had lived with her ten years, because  
 ' she neglected to give him water, though  
 ' every one of the family says she was  
 ' as innocent of the bird's death, as the  
 ' babe that is unborn; nay, she told me  
 ' this very morning, that if Cupid should  
 ' die, she would send the poor innocent  
 ' wench I was telling you of to Bride-  
 ' well, and have the milk-woman tried  
 ' for her life at the Old Bailey, for put-  
 ' ting water into his milk. In short,  
 ' she talks like any distracted creature.'

' Since it is so, young woman,' said  
 ' I, ' I will by no means let you offend  
 ' her, by staying on this message longer  
 ' than is absolutely necessary,' and so  
 ' forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those  
 evils and distempers that are necessary or  
 natural to human life, I find my task  
 growing upon me, since by these acci-  
 dental cares, and acquired calamities,  
 if I may so call them, my patients con-  
 tract distempers to which their constitu-  
 tion is of itself a stranger. But this is  
 an evil I have for many years remarked  
 in the fair-sex; and as they are by na-  
 ture very much formed for affection and  
 dalliance, I have observed, that when  
 by too obstinate a cruelty, or any other  
 means, they have disappointed them-  
 selves of the proper objects of love, as  
 husbands, or children, such virgins have  
 exactly at such a year, grown fond of  
 lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I  
 know at this time a celebrated toast,  
 whom I allow to be one of the most  
 agreeable of her sex, that, in the pre-  
 sence of her admirers, will give a torrent  
 of kisses to her cat, any one of which a  
 Christian would be glad of. I do not at  
 the same time deny, but there are as  
 great enormities of this kind committed  
 by our sex as theirs. A Roman em-  
 peror had so very great an esteem for an  
 horse of his, that he had thoughts of  
 making him a consul; and several mo-  
 derns of that rank of men whom we call  
 Country Esquires, would not scruple to  
 kiss their hounds before all the world,  
 and declare in the presence of their wives,  
 that they had rather salute a favourite of  
 the pack, than the finest woman in Eng-  
 land. These voluntary friendships be-  
 tween animals of different species, seem  
 to arise from instinct; for which reason,  
 I have always looked upon the mutual

built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes, and running streams.

By reason the change have been free use of tied of Feb

## N<sup>o</sup> CXXII. THURSDAY, JANU

CUR IN THEATRUM, CATO SEVERE, VENIST  
WHY TO THE THEATRE DID CATO COME,  
WITH ALL HIS BOASTED GRAVITY?—

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 18.

**I** Find it is thought necessary, that I, who have taken upon me to censure the irregularities of the age, should give an account of my own actions when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the play on Monday last is looked upon as a step in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my example. It is true in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myself in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of Virgil, when he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the

a most ingenious and at the same time, that the first to receive end of the House home to my the ceremony ticular care do observe the ceremony give no offence Here I think my character, duties of an incumbent upon in public diversion one should on attention, unda would undertake sons of

civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity. For this reason I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the lovers in this comedy, which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents, received with an universal approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there describes the shouts and applauses which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of Pylides and Orestes, on the noblest occasion that a poet could invent to shew friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them strove who should be the criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks, a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind: but, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the English stage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful government in the world, made the care of the stage one of the chief parts of the administration: and I must confess, I am astonished at the spirit of virtue which appeared in that people, upon some expressions in a scene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's Epistles. A covetous person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice, in the following soliloquy, which I have translated literally.

' Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he is good? The question is, how much we have, not from whence, or by what means, we have it. Every one has so much merit as he has wealth. For my own part, let me be rich, Oh, ye gods! or let me

' die. The man dies happily, who dies increasing his treasure. There is more pleasure in the possession of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends.'

The audience were very much provoked by the first words of this speech; but when the actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury, with a design to pluck him off the stage, and brand the work itself with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the author came out from behind the scenes, begging the audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the tragical end which this wretch should come to immediately. The promise of punishment appeased the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a speech so impious as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience. It is very natural for an author to make ostentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell stories; for which reason I must beg the reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge myself in both these inclinations. We see the attention, judgment, and virtue, of a whole audience, in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a single spectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumstance of his life, or, what is more, of his death. This venerable person often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see him. On which occasion it is recorded of him, that he sometimes stood to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his plays. In the midst of the tragedy, which had met with very great success, there chanced to be a line that seemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but Socrates rose from his seat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, shewed him-



self displeased at what was said, and walked out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know, what the line was that gave this divine heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who, when he is pressed by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for answer, that he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart. Had a person of a vi-

cious character made such a speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the baseness of his thoughts: but such an expression, out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus, was giving a sanction to falshood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to-morrow for the closing of my Vision.

## Nº CXXIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1709.

AUDIRE, ATQUE TOGAM JURKO COMPONERE, QUIQUIS  
AMBITIONE MALA, AUT ARGENTI PALLET AMORE.

HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. V. 77.

COME ALL, WHOSE BREASTS WITH BAD AMBITION RISE,  
OR THE PALE PASSION, THAT FOR MONEY DIES,—  
COMPOSE YOUR ROBES.—

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 20.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

**W**ITH much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my Vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road were several paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were so contrived, that we could not see the Temple of Honour by reason of the Temple of Virtue, which stood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that

of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that stood within view of the Temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open daylight. Her whole art was to show herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether

altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-thinkers, and prating Politicians; with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walk which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the Temple of Virtue; then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, until the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the inscription I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told, that

the deity of the place had forbid any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasure they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman, who called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance; inclosed with heaps of ingots, and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold. On his right-hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony. The first was his collector, and the other his cashier.

There were several long tables placed on the side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them. Some of these I enquired into. At the first table was kept the Office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand; for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dextrous and successful solicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several; who after a short tour brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw at the same time a person called Fraud, who sat behind a counter with false scales, light weights,

and

and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple. There were many old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions, which rendered their purses useless to them, only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, whom I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie

their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies, at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprized, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom.

‘Oh, Poverty!’ said I, ‘my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldst never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that then thou wouldst not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, Oh Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two sisters, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence.’

The conclusion of this Vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

## Nº CXXIV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1709.

—EX HUMILI MAGNA AD FASTIGIA BERUM  
EXTOLLIT, QUOTIES VOLUIT FORTUNA JOCARI.

JUV. SAT. 3. VER. 39.

FORTUNE CAN, FOR HER PLEASURE, FOOLS ADVANCE,  
AND TOSS THEM ON THE WHEEL OF CHANCE.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 23.

I Went on Saturday last to make a visit in the city; and as I passed through Cheapside, I saw crowds of people turning down towards the Bank, and struggling who should first get their money into the new-erected lottery. It gave me a great notion of the credit of our present government and administration, to find people press as eagerly to

pay money as they would to receive it; and, at the same time, a due respect for that body of men who have found out so pleasing an expedient for carrying on the common cause, that they have turned a tax into a diversion. The cheerfulness of spirit, and the hopes of success, which this project has occasioned in this great city, lightens the burden of the war, and puts me in mind of some games, which, they say, were invented by wise

are lovers of their country, and fellow-citizens undergo hardships and fatigues of a long kind there is a kind of homage due, if I may call it so; and I am wanting to myself, if I in my pretences to her pay my compliments to her sending a ticket to her dishonouring reason, upon my returnings, I sold off a couple of telescopes, which, with the money, raised the sum that was for that purpose. I find relations, that it is but an fifty thousand to one against it with a thousand pounds per thirty-two years; and if any city will lay me an hundred thousand pounds to twenty which is an even bet, that a fortunate man, I will take and shall look upon him as singular courage and fair-riding given orders to Mr. B. subscribe such a policy in favour of any person accepts of the bet I confess, I have had such nations from the twinkling of an eye in some of my astronations, that I should be un-der fifty pounds a year for unless it were to oblige a friend. My chief business at present is to prepare my mind for this fortune, for as Seneca, who is a moralist, and a much better than I shall be with this ad-venturous present income, says—*Quæ Fortune putatis? Insulsi-* what we look upon as gifts of Fortune, are traps and snares which she lays for the unwary. I am myself against her favours philosophy; and that I may be free in such a redundancy of and superfluous wealth, I intend to settle an annual pen-sion upon a family of Palatines, means give these unhappy taste of British property. At the same time, as I have an excel-lent maid, whose diligence in at-tending has increased in proportion to her necessities, I shall settle upon her arising out of the ten pounds, fifty to fourteen shillings per annum which she may retire into where she was born a gen-eral and pass the remaining part

of her days in a condition suitable to her birth and quality. It was impossible for me to make an inspection into my own fortune on this occasion, without seeing, at the same time, the fate of others who are embarked in the same adventure. And indeed it was a great pleasure to me to observe, that the war, which generally impoverishes those who furnish out the expence of it, will by this means give estates to some, without making others the poorer for it. I have lately seen several in liveries, who will give as good of their own very suddenly; and took a particular satisfaction in the sight of a young country wench, whom I this morning passed by as she was whirling her mop, with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any truth in my art, is within ten months of being the handsomest great fortune in town. I must confess, I was so struck with the foresight of what she is to be, that I treated her accordingly, and said to her—'Pray, young lady, permit me to pass by.' I would for this reason advise all masters and mistresses, to carry it with great moderation and condescension towards their servants until next Michaelmas, lest the superiority at that time should be inverted. I must likewise admonish all my brethren and fellow-adventurers to fill their minds with proper arguments for their support and consolation in case of ill success. It so happens in this particular, that though the gainers will have no reason to rejoice, the losers will have no reason to complain. I remember, the day after the thousand pound prize was drawn in the penny lottery, I went to visit a splenetic acquaintance of mine, who was under much dejection, and seemed to me to have suffered some great disappointment. Upon enquiry, I found he had put two-pence for himself and his son into the lottery, and that neither of them had drawn the thousand pound. Hereupon this unlucky person took occasion to enumerate the misfortunes of his life, and concluded with telling me, that he never was successful in any of his undertakings. I was forced to comfort him with the common reflection upon such occasions, that men of the greatest merit are not always men of the greatest success, and that persons of his character must not expect to be as happy as fools. I shall proceed in the like manner with my rivals and com-petitors

petitors for the thousand pounds a year, which we are now in pursuit of; and that I may give general content to the whole body of candidates, I shall allow all that draw prizes to be fortunate, and all that miss them to be wise.

I must not here omit to acknowledge, that I have received several letters upon this subject, but find one common error running through them all, which is, that the writers of them believe their fate in these cases depends upon the astrologer, and not upon the stars; as in the following letter from one, who, I fear, flatters himself with hopes of success, which are altogether groundless, since he does not seem to me so great a fool as he takes himself to be.

SIR,

COMING to town, and finding my friend Mr. Partridge dead and buried, and you the only conjuror in repute, I am under a necessity of applying myself to you for a favour, which nevertheless I confess it would better become a friend to ask, than one who is, as I am, altogether a stranger to you; but poverty, you know, is impudent; and as that gives me the occasion, so that alone could give me the confidence to be thus importunate.

I am, Sir, very poor, and very desirous to be otherwise: I have got ten pounds, which I design to venture in the lottery now on foot. What I desire of you is, that by your art, you will chuse such a ticket for me as shall arise a benefit sufficient to maintain me. I must beg leave to inform you, that I am good for nothing, and must therefore insist upon a larger lot than would

satisfy those who are capable, by their own abilities, of adding something to what you should assign them; whereas I must expect an absolute independent maintenance, because, as I said, I can do nothing. It is possible, after this free confession of mine, you may think I do not deserve to be rich; but I hope you will likewise observe, I can ill afford to be poor. My own opinion is, that I am well qualified for an estate, and have a good title to luck in a lottery; but I resign myself wholly to your mercy, not without hopes that you will consider, the less I deserve, the greater the generosity in you. If you reject me, I have agreed with an acquaintance of mine to bury me for my ten pounds. I once more recommend myself to your favour, and bid you adieu!

I cannot forbear publishing another letter which I have received, because it redounds to my own credit, as well as to that of a very honest footman.

JAN. 23, 1709-10.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Am bound in justice to acquaint you, that I put an advertisement into your last paper about a watch that was lost, and was brought to me on the very day your paper came out, by a footman; who told me, that he would have brought it, if he had not read your discourse on that day against avarice; but that since he had read it, he scorned to take a reward for doing what in justice he ought to do. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN HAMMOND.

## N° CXXV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1709.

QUEM MALA STULTITIA, ET QUÆCUNQUE INSCITIA VERI  
CÆCUM AGIT, INANUM CHRYSIPPI PORTICUS, ET GREX  
AUTUMAT; HÆC POPULOS, HÆC MAGNOS FORMULA REGERE,  
EXCEPTO SAPIENTE, TENET.

HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 43.

WHOM VICIOUS PASSIONS, OR WHOM FALSHOOD, BLIND,  
ARE BY THE STOICS HELD OF MADDING KIND.

ALL BUT THE WISE ARE BY THIS PROCESS BOUND,  
THE SUBJECT NATIONS, AND THE MONARCH CROWN'D.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 25.

THERE is a sect of ancient philosophers, who, I think, have left more volumes behind them, and those

better written, than any other of the fraternities in philosophy. It was a maxim of this sect, that all those who do not live up to the precepts of wisdom and virtue, are madmen. Every one who

who governs himself by these rules, is allowed the title of Wise, and reputed to be in his senses: and every one, in proportion as he deviates from them, is pronounced frantic and distracted. Cicero having chosen this maxim for his theme, takes occasion to argue from it very agreeably with Clodius, his implacable adversary, who had procured his banishment. 'A city,' says he, 'is an assembly distinguished into bodies of men, who are in possession of their respective rights and privileges, cast under proper subordinations, and in all it's parts obedient to the rules of law and equity.' He then represents the government from whence he was banished, at a time when the consul, senate, and laws, had lost their authority, as a commonwealth of lunatics. For this reason he regards his expulsion from Rome, as a man would being turned out of Bedlam, if the inhabitants of it should drive him out of their walls as a person unfit for their community. We are therefore to look upon every man's brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general conduct of his life, if he has an unjustifiable singularity in any part of his conversation or behaviour: or if he swerves from right reason, however common his kind of madness may be, we shall not excuse him for it's being epidemical; it being our present design to clap up all such as have the marks of madness upon them, who are now permitted to go about the streets for no other reason, but because they do no mischief in their fits. Abundance of imaginary great men are put in straw to bring them to a right sense of themselves. And is it not altogether as reasonable, that an insignificant man, who has an immoderate opinion of his merits, and a quite different notion of his own abilities from what the rest of the world entertain, should have the same care taken of him, as a beggar who fancies himself a duke or a prince? Or why should a man, who starves in the midst of plenty, be trusted with himself, more than he who fancies he is an emperor in the midst of poverty? I have several women of quality in my thoughts, who set so exorbitant a value upon themselves, that I have often most heartily pined them, and wished them for their recovery under the same discipline with the pensive's wife. I find by several hints in ancient authors, that when the

Romans were in the height of power and luxury, they assigned out of their vast dominions an island called Anticyra, as an habitation for madmen. This was the bedlam of the Roman empire, whither all persons who had lost their wits used to resort from all parts of the world in quest of them. Several of the Roman emperors were advised to repair to this island; but most of them, instead of listening to such sober counsels, gave way to their distraction, until the people knocked them in the head, as despairing of their cure. In short, it was as usual for men of distempered brains to take a voyage to Anticyra in those days, as it is in ours for persons who have a disorder in their lungs to go to Montpelier.

The prodigious crops of hellebore with which this whole island abounded, did not only furnish them with incomparable tea, snuff, and Hungary water; but impregnated the air of the country with such sober and saluterous steams, as very much comforted the heads, and refreshed the senses, of all that breathed in it. A discarded statesman, that, at his first landing, appeared stark staring mad, would become calm in a week's time; and upon his return home, live easy and satisfied in his retirement. A mooping lover would grow a pleasant fellow by that time he had rid thrice about the island; and a hair-brained rake, after a short stay in the country, go home again a composed, grave, worthy gentleman.

I have premised these particulars before I enter on the main design of this paper, because I would not be thought altogether notional in what I have to say, and pass only for a projector in morality. I could quote Horace and Seneca, and some other ancient writers of good repute, upon the same occasion; and make out by their testimony, that our streets are filled with distracted persons; that our shops and taverns, private and public houses, swarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable assembly without a majority of them. But what I have already said is, I hope, sufficient to justify the ensuing project, which I shall therefore give some account of without any further preface.

1. It is humbly proposed, That a proper receptacle or habitation, be forthwith erected for all such persons as, upon

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due trial and examination, shall appear to be out of their wits.

2. That, to serve the present exigency, the college in Moorfields be very much extended at both ends; and that it may be converted into a square, by adding three other sides to it.

3. That nobody be admitted into these three additional sides, but such whose phrenzy can lay no claim to any apartment in that row of building which is already erected.

4. That the architect, physician, apothecary, surgeon, keepers, nurses, and porters, be all and each of them cracked; provided that their phrenzy does not lie in the profession or employment to which they shall severally and respectively be assigned.

N. B. It is thought fit to give the foregoing notice, that none may present himself here for any post of honour or profit, who is not duly qualified.

5. That over all the gates of the additional buildings, there be figures placed in the same manner as over the entrance of the edifice already erected; provided they represent such distractions only as are proper for those additional buildings;

as of an envious man gnawing his own flesh; a gambler pulling himself by the ears, and knocking his head against a marble pillar; a covetous man warming himself over a heap of gold; a coward flying from his own shadow, and the like.

Having laid down this general scheme of my design, I do hereby invite all persons who are willing to encourage so public-spirited a project, to bring in their contributions as soon as possible; and to apprehend forthwith any politician whom they shall catch raving in a coffee-house, or any free-thinker whom they shall find publishing his deliriums, or any other person who shall give the like manifest signs of a crazed imagination: and I do at the same time give this public notice to all the madmen about this great city, that they may return to their senses with all imaginable expedition, lest, if they should come into my hands, I should put them into a regimen which they would not like: for if I find any one of them persist in his frantic behaviour, I will make him in a month's time as famous as ever Oliver's porter was.

## N<sup>o</sup> CXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1709.

ANGUILLAM CAUDA TENES.

T. D'URFEY.

YOU HAVE GOT AN EFL BY THE TAIL.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 27.

**T**HERE is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women who have good sense without affectation, and can converse with men without any private design of imposing chains and fetters. Belvidera, whom I visited this evening, is one of these. There is an invincible prejudice in favour of all she says, from her being a beautiful woman; because she does not consider herself as such when she talks to you. This amiable temper gives a certain tincture to all her discourse, and made it very agreeable to me until we were interrupted by Lydia, a creature who has all the charms that can adorn a woman. Her attractions would indeed be irresistible, but that she thinks them so, and is always employing them in stratagems and

conquests. When I turned my eye upon her as she sat down, I saw she was a person of that character, which, for the further information of my country correspondents, I had long wanted an opportunity of explaining. Lydia is a finished Coquette, which is a pest among women of all others the most mischievous, and makes the greatest havoc and disorder in society. I went on in the discourse I was in with Belvidera, without shewing that I had observed any thing extraordinary in Lydia: upon which, I immediately saw her look me over as some very ill-bred fellow; and, casting a scornful glance on my dress, give a shrug at Belvidera. But as much as she despised me, she wanted my admiration, and made twenty offers to bring my eyes her way; but I reduced her to a restlessness in her seat, and impertinent

pertinent playing of her fan, and many other motions and gestures, before I took the least notice of her. At last I looked at her with a kind of surprize, as if she had before been unobserved by reason of an ill light where she sat. It is not to be expressed what a sudden joy I saw arise in her countenance, even at the approbation of such a very old fellow: but she did not long enjoy her triumph without a rival; for there immediately entered Castabella, a lady of a quite contrary character, that is to say, as eminent a Prude as Lydia is a Coquette. Belvidera gave me a glance, which methought intimated, that they were both curiosities in their kind, and worth remarking. As soon as we were again seated, I stole looks at each lady, as if I was comparing their perfections. Belvidera observed it, and began to lead me into a discourse of them both to their faces, which is to be done easily enough; for one woman is generally so intent upon the faults of another, that she has not reflection enough to observe when her own are represented. 'I have taken notice, Mr. Bickerstaff,' said Belvidera, 'that you have, in some parts of your writings, drawn characters of our sex, in which you have not, to my apprehension, been clear enough and distinct; particularly in those of a Prude and a Coquette.' Upon the mention of this, Lydia was roused with the expectation of seeing Castabella's picture, and Castabella with the hopes of that of Lydia. 'Madam,' said I to Belvidera, 'when we consider nature, we shall often find very contrary effects flow from the same cause. The Prude and Coquette, as different as they appear in their behaviour, are in reality the same kind of women: the motive of action in both is the affectation of pleasing men. They are sisters of the same blood and constitution; only one chuses a grave, and the other a light dress. The Prude appears more virtuous, the Coquette more vicious, than she really is. The distant behaviour of the Prude tends to the same purpose as the advances of the Coquette; and you have as little reason to fall into despair from the severity of one, as to conceive hopes from the familiarity of the other. What leads you into a clear sense of your character is, that you may observe each of them has the distinction

of sex in all her thoughts, words, and actions. You can never mention any assembly you were lately in, but one asks you with a rigid, the other with a sprightly air—"Pray, what men were there?" As for Prudes, it must be confessed, that there are several of them, who, like hypocrites, by long practice of a false part, become sincere; or at least delude themselves into a belief that they are so.

For the benefit of the society of ladies, I shall propose one rule to them as a test of their virtue. I find in a very celebrated modern author, that the great foundress of the Pietists, Madame de Bourignon, who was no less famous for the sanctity of her life than for the singularity of some of her opinions, used to boast, that she had not only the spirit of continency in herself, but that she had also the power of communicating it to all who beheld her. This the scoffers of those days called, "The gift of infrigitation," and took occasion from it to railly her face, rather than admire her virtue. I would therefore advise the Prude, who has a mind to know the integrity of her own heart, to lay her hand seriously upon it, and to examine herself, whether she could sincerely rejoice in such a gift of conveying chaste thoughts to all her male beholders. If she has any aversion to the power of inspiring so great a virtue, whatever notion she may have of her perfection, she deceives her own heart, and is still in the state of Prudery. Some perhaps will look upon the boast of Madame de Bourignon, as the utmost ostentation of a Prude.

If you would see the humour of a Coquette pushed to the last excess, you may find an instance of it in the following story; which I will set down at length, because it pleased me when I read it, though I cannot recollect in what author.

A young Coquette widow in France having been followed by a Gascon of quality, who had boasted among his companions of some favours which he had never received; to be revenged of him, sent for him one evening, and told him it was in his power to do her a very particular service. The Gascon, with much profession of his readiness to obey her commands, begged to hear in what manner she design-



ed to employ him. "You know," said the widow, "my friend Belinda; and must often have heard of the jealousy of that impotent wretch her husband. Now it is absolutely necessary, for the carrying on a certain affair, that his wife and I should be together a whole night. What I have to ask of you is, to dress yourself in her night-clothes, and lie by him a whole night in her place, that he may not miss her while she is with me." The Gascon, though of a very lively and undertaking complexion, began to startle at the proposal.—"Nay," says the widow, "if you have not the courage to go through what I ask you, I must employ somebody else that will."—"Madam," says the Gascon, "I will kill him for you if you please; but for lying with him!—How is it possible to do it without being discovered?"—"If you do not discover yourself," says the widow, "you will lie safe enough, for he is past all curiosity. He comes in at night while she is asleep, and goes out in a morning before she awakes; and is in pain for nothing, so he knows she is there."—"Madam," replied the Gascon, "how can you reward me for passing a night with this old fellow?" The widow answered with a laugh—"Perhaps by admitting you to pass a night with

"one you think more agreeable." He took the hint; put on his night-clothes; and had not been zehed above an hour before he heard a knocking at the door, and the treading of one who approached the other side of the bed, and who he did not question was the good man of the house. I do not know, whether the story would be better by telling you in this place, or at the end of it, that the person who went to bed to him was our young Coquette widow. The Gascon was in a terrible fright every time she moved in the bed, or turned towards him; and did not fail to shrink from her, until he had conveyed himself to the very ridge of the bed. I will not dwell upon the perplexity he was in the whole night, which was augmented, when he observed that it was now broad day, and that the husband did not yet offer to get up and go about his business. All that the Gascon had for it, was to keep his face turned from him, and to feign himself asleep, when, to his utter confusion, the widow at last puts out her arm, and pulls the bell at her bed's head. In came her friends, and two or three companions to whom the Gascon had boasted of her favours. The widow jumped into a wrapping-gown, and joined with the rest in laughing at this man of intrigue.

## Nº CXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1709.

MINIMUM INSANUS TAUCIS VIDEATUR, EO QUOD  
MAXIMA PARS HOMINUM MORBO JACTATUR EODEM.

HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 120.

BY FEW, FORSOOTH, A MADMAN HE IS THOUGHT,  
FOR HALF MANKIND THE SAME DISEASE HAVE CAUGHT.

FRANCIS,

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JAN. 30.

**T**HERE is no affection of the mind so much blended in human nature, and wrought into our very constitution, as Pride. It appears under a multitude of disguises, and breaks out in ten thousand different symptoms. Every one feels it in himself, and yet wonders to see it in his neighbour. I must confess, I met with an instance of it the other day, where I should very little have expected it. Who would believe the proud *passion* I am going to speak of is a Col-

ler upon Ludgate Hill? This artist being naturally a lover of respect, and considering that his circumstances are such that no man living will give it him, has contrived the figure of a beau in wood; who stands before him in a bending posture, with his hat under his left-arm, and his right-hand extended in such a manner as to hold a thread, a piece of wax, or an awl, according to the particular service in which his master thinks fit to employ him. When I saw him, he held a candle in this obsequious posture. I was very well pleased with the

bler's invention, that had so industriously contrived an inferior, and a little while contemplating this idolatry, wherein the image did give to the man. When we meet such a fantastic vanity in one of order, it is no wonder if we may tread through all degrees above it, and clearly through all the steps of excess. We easily see the absurdity of it, when it enters into the heart of a philosopher; though in reality it is also as ridiculous and unreasonable, when it takes possession of an human creature. There is no temptation to it but the reflection upon our being inferior, or upon any comparative person, whereby one man may excel another. The greater a man's knowledge, the greater motive he may seem to have for pride; but in the same proportion as the one rises, the other sinks, giving the chief office of wisdom to give to us our weaknesses and imperfections.

Humility is the foundation of pride, and the superstructure of it is madness. If there was an occasion for the present, I would not question to find a proud man a lunatic in three months; provided I had it in my power to ripen his phrenzy with proper applications. It is an admirable remark in Terence; where it is said of a certain fellow—*'Hic homines ex stultis facit moros.'*—This fellow, says he, 'has the art of converting fools into madmen.' When I was in France, the effect of complaisance and vanity, I often observed, that a great man as soon as he entered a levee of flatterers and sycophants, and temperate, has grown so completely heated by the court which was on all sides, that he has been distracted before he could get into the chamber.

We consult the collegiates of Moorfields, and shall find most of them are drawn to their pride for their introduction into that magnificent palace. I some years ago, the curiosity to go into the particular circumstances of these whimsical freeholders; and from their own mouths the commendable character of each of them. I found, that all I spoke to were of quality. There were at that time five dukes, three earls, two viscounts, a duke, an emperor, and a prophet. There were also a great number

of such as were locked up from their estates, and others who concealed their titles. A leather-seller of Taunton whispered me in the ear, that he was the Duke of Monmouth; but begged me not to betray him. At a little distance from him sat a taylor's wife, who asked me, as I went, if I had seen the sword-bearer. Upon which I presumed to ask her, who she was; and was answered—'My Lady Mayores's.'

I was very sensibly touched with compassion towards these miserable people; and, indeed, extremely mortified to see human nature capable of being thus deformed. However, I reaped this benefit from it, that I was resolved to guard myself against a passion which makes such havock in the brain, and produces so much disorder in the imagination. For this reason I have endeavoured to keep down the secret swellings of resentment, and stifle the very first suggestions of self-esteem; to establish my mind in tranquillity, and over-value nothing in my own, or in another's possession.

For the benefit of such whose heads are a little turned, though not to so great a degree as to qualify them for the place of which I have been now speaking, I shall assign one of the sides of the college which I am erecting, for the cure of this dangerous distemper.

The most remarkable of the persons, whose disturbance arises from pride, and whom I shall use all possible diligence to cure, are such as are hidden in the appearance of quite contrary habits and dispositions. Among such, I shall, in the first place, take care of one who is under the most subtle species of pride that I have observed in my whole experience.

This patient is a person for whom I have a great respect, as being an old courtier, and a friend of mine in my youth. The man has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the Trumpet: but by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men, and persons of power, he is always promising to do good offices, to introduce every man he converses with into the world; will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, and hints to him, that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection; but how-

ever,

the story could be true, because they did not believe any man could be so false. Upon which, I stole a look upon him with an anguish not to be expressed. He saw my eyes full of tears, yet had the cruelty to say, that he could see no falshood in alterations of this nature, where there had been no contracts or vows interchanged. Pray, do not make a jest of misery, but tell me seriously your opinion of his behaviour; and if you can have any pity for my condition, publish this in your next paper; that being the only way I have of complaining of his unkindness, and shewing him the injustice he has done me. I am, your humble servant, the unfortunate

STATIRA.

The name my correspondent gives herself, puts me in mind of my old reading in romances, and brings into my thoughts a speech of the renowned Don Bellianis, who, upon a complaint

made to him of a discourteous knight, that had left his injured paramour in the same manner, dries up her tears with a promise of relief. 'Disconsolate damsel,' quoth he, 'a foul disgrace it were to all right worthy professors of chivalry, if such a blot to knighthood should pass unchastised. Give me to know the abode of this recreant lover, and I will give him as a scalt to the fowls of the air, or drag him bound before you at my horse's tail.'

I am not ashamed to own myself a champion of distressed damsels, and would venture as far to relieve them as Don Bellianis; for which reason, I do invite this lady to let me know the name of the traitor who has deceived her; and do promise, not only her, but all the fair-ones of Great Britain, who lie under the same calamity, to employ my right-hand for their redress, and serve them to my last drop of ink.

## Nº CXXIX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1709.

INGENIO MANUS EST ET CERVIX CESA

JUV. SAT. 10. VER. 120.

HIS WIT'S REWARDED WITH THE FATAL LOSS

OF HAND AND HEAD

R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, FEB. 3.

WHEN my paper for to-morrow was prepared for the press, there came in this morning a mail from Holland, which brought me several advices from foreign parts, and took my thoughts off domestic affairs. Among others, I have a letter from a burgher of Amsterdam, who makes me his compliments, and tells me he has sent me several draughts of humorous and satirical pictures by the best hands of the Dutch nation. They are a trading people, and in their very minds mechanics. They express their wit in manufacture, as we do in manuscript. He informs me, that a very witty hand has lately represented the present posture of public affairs in a landscape, or rather sea-piece, wherein the potentates of the alliance are figured as their interests correspond with, or affect each other, under the appearance of commanders of ships. Their vessels carry the colours of the respective nations concerned in the present war. The

whole design seems to tend to one point, which is, that several squadrons of British and Dutch ships are battering a French man of war, in order to make her deliver up a long-boat with Spanish colours. My correspondent informs me, that a man must understand the compass perfectly well, to be able to comprehend the beauty and intention of this piece; which is so skilfully drawn, that the particular views of every prince in Europe are seen according as the ships lie to the main figure in the picture, and as that figure may help or retard their sailing. It seems this curiosity is now on board a ship bound for England, and, with other rarities, made a present to me. As soon as it arrives, I design to expose it to public view at my secretary Mr. Lillie's, who shall have an explanation of all the terms of art; and I doubt not but it will give as good content as the moving picture in Fleet Street.

But above all the honours I have received from the learned world abroad, I

am most delighted with the following epistle from Rome.

PASQUIN OF ROME TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, OF GREAT BRITAIN, GREETING.

SIR,

**Y**OUR reputation has passed the Alps, and would have come to my ears by this time, if I had any. In short, Sir, you are looked on here as a northern droll, and the greatest virtuoso among the Tramontanes. Some, indeed, say, that Mr. Bickerstaff and Pasquin are only names invented to father compositions which the natural parent does not care for owning. But however that is, all agree, that there are several persons who, if they durst attack you, would endeavour to leave you no more limbs than I have. I need not tell you that my adversaries have joined in a confederacy with Time to demolish me, and that, if I were not a very great wit, I should make the worst figure in Europe, being abridged of my legs, arms, nose, and ears. If you think fit to accept of the correspondence of so facetious a cripple, I shall from time to time send you an account of what happens at Rome. You have only heard of it from Latin and Greek authors; nay, perhaps, have read no accounts from hence, but of a triumph, ovation, or apotheosis, and will, doubtless, be surprized to see the description of a procession, jubilee, or canonization. I shall, however, send you what the place affords, in return to what I shall receive from you. If you will acquaint me with your next promotion of general officers, I will send you an account of our next advancement of saints. If you will let me know who is reckoned the bravest warrior in Great Britain, I will tell you who is the best fiddler in Rome. If you will favour me with an inventory of the riches that were brought into your nation by Admiral Wager, I will not fail giving you an account of a pot of medals that has been lately dug up here, and which are now under the examination of our ministers of state.

There is one thing, in which I desire you would be very particular. What I mean is an exact list of all the religions in Great Britain, as likewise the habits, which are said here to be the great points of conscience in England; whether they

are made of serge or broad cloth, of silk or linen. I should be glad to see a model of the most conscientious dress among you, and desire you will send me a hat of each religion; as likewise, if it be not too much trouble, a cravat. It would also be very acceptable here to receive an account of those two religious orders, which are lately sprung up amongst you, the Whigs and the Tories, with the points of doctrine, severities in discipline, penances, mortifications, and good works, by which they differ one from another. It would be no less kind, if you would explain to us a word, which they do not understand even at our English monastery, Toasts, and let us know whether the ladies so called are nuns or lay-sisters.

In return, I will send you the secret history of several cardinals, which I have by me in manuscript, with the gallantries, amours, politics, and intrigues, by which they made their way to the holy purple.

But when I propose a correspondence, I must not tell you what I intend to advise you of hereafter, and neglect to give you what I have at present. The Pope has been sick for this fortnight of a violent tooth-ach, which has very much raised the French faction, and put the conclave into a great ferment. Every one of the pretenders to the succession is grown twenty years older than he was a fortnight ago. Each candidate tries who shall cough and sloop most; for these are at present the great gifts, that recommend to the apostolical seat; which he stands the fairest for, who is likely to resign it the soonest. I have known the time, when it used to rain Louis d'ors on such occasions; but whatever is the matter, there are very few of them to be seen, at present, at Rome, inasmuch that it is thought a man might purchase infallibility at a very reasonable rate. It is nevertheless hoped, that his Holiness may recover, and bury these his imaginary successors.

There has lately been found an human tooth in a catacomb, which has engaged a couple of convents in a lawsuit; each of them pretending, that it belonged to the jaw-bone of a saint, who was of their order. The college have sat upon it thrice; and I find there is a disposition among them to take it out of the possession of both the contending parties, by reason of a speech, which

was made by one of the cardinals, who, by reason of it's being found out of the company of any other bones, asserted, that it might be one of the teeth, which was coughed out by Ælia, an old woman, whose loss is recorded in Martial.

I have nothing remarkable to communicate to you of state affairs, excepting only, that the Pope has lately received an horse from the German ambassador, as an acknowledgment for the kingdom of Naples, which is a fief of

the church. His Holiness refused this horse from the Germans ever since the Duke of Anjou has been possessed of Spain; but as they lately took care to accompany it with a body of ten thousand more, they have at last overcome his Holiness's modesty, and prevailed upon him to accept the present. I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,  
PASQUIN.

P. S. Marforio is very much yours.

Nº CXXX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1709.

—TAMEN ME  
CUM MAGNIS VIRISSE INVITA PATERITUR USQUE  
INVIDIA—

HOR. SAT. 1. LIB. 2. VER. 75.

SPITE OF HERSELF EVEN ENVY MUST CONFESS,  
THAT I THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE GREAT POSSESS.

FRANCIS.

THREE-LANE, FEB. 6.

I Find some of the most polite Latin authors, who wrote at a time when Rome was in it's glory, speak with a certain noble vanity of the brightness and splendor of the age in which they lived. Pliny often compliments his Emperor Trajan upon this head; and when he would animate him to any thing great, or dissuade him from any thing that was improper, he insinuates, that it is befitting or unbecoming the *claritas et minor seculi*, that period of time, which was made illustrious by his reign. When we cast our eyes back on the history of mankind, and trace them through their several successions to their first original, we sometimes see them breaking out in great and memorable actions, and towering up to the utmost heights of virtue and knowledge; when, perhaps, if we carry our observations to a little distance, we see them sunk into sloth and ignorance, and altogether lost in darkness and obscurity. Sometimes the whole species is asleep for two or three generations, and then again awakens into action; flourishes in heroes, philosophers, and poets; who do honour to human nature, and leave such tracks of glory behind them, as distinguish the years in which they acted their part, from the ordinary course of time.

Metinks a man cannot, without a secret satisfaction, consider the glory of

the present age, which will shine as bright as any other in the history of mankind. It is still big with great events, and has already produced changes and revolutions, which will be as much admired by posterity, as any that have happened in the 'days of our fathers, or in the old times before them.' We have seen kingdoms divided and united, monarchs erected and deposed, nations transferred from one sovereign to another; conquerors raised to such a greatness, as has given a terror to Europe, and thrown down by such a fall, as has moved their pity.

But it is still a more pleasing view to an Englishman, to see his own country give the chief influence to so illustrious an age, and stand in the strongest point of light amidst the diffused glory that surrounds it.

If we begin with learned men, we may observe, to the honour of our country, that those who make the greatest figure in most arts and sciences, are universally allowed to be of the British nation; and, what is more remarkable, that men of the greatest learning are among the men of the greatest quality.

A nation may indeed abound with persons of such uncommon parts and worth, as may make them rather a misfortune than a blessing to the public. Those who singly might have been of infinite advantage to the age they live in, may, by rising up together in the

ris of time, and by interfering  
pursuits of honour, rather inter-  
an promote the service of their  
Of this we have a famous  
in the republic of Rome, when  
Pompey, Cato, Cicero, and Bru-  
deavoured to recommend them-  
the same time to the admiration  
contemporaries. Mankind was  
to provide for so many extra-  
y persons at once, or find out  
stable to their ambition and abili-  
or this reason they were all as  
le in their deaths as they were  
in their lives, and occasioned  
y the ruin of each other, but also  
the commonwealth.

therefore a particular happiness  
ple, when the men of superior  
and character are so justly dis-  
the high places of honour, that  
them moves in a sphere which  
er to him, and requires those  
ar qualities in which he excels.  
see a general commanding the  
if his country, whose victories  
to be paralleled in story, and  
as famous for his negotiations  
ictories; and at the same time  
nanagement of a nation's trea-  
the hands of one who has al-  
tinguished himself by a gene-  
tempt of his own private wealth,  
exact frugality of that which  
to the public; I cannot but  
people under such an admini-  
may promise themselves con-  
road, and plenty at home. If  
o wish for a proper person to  
ver the public councils, it should  
be one as much admired for  
aral knowledge of men and  
as for his eloquence, courage,  
grity, in the exerting of such  
many talents.

is not pleased to see a person in  
est station of the law, who was  
eminent in his profession, and  
accomplished orator at the bar?  
head of the fleet a commander,  
hose conduct the common ene-  
red such a blow as he has never  
to recover?

we to form to ourselves the  
ne whom we should think pro-  
vern a distant kingdom, con-  
fessly of those who differ from  
igion, and are influenced by  
olitics, would it not be such a  
d signalized himself by an uni-

form and unshaken zeal for the Pro-  
testant interest, and by his dexterity  
in defeating the skill and artifice of its  
enemies? In short, if we find a great  
man popular for his honesty and hu-  
manity, as well as famed for his learn-  
ing and great skill in all the languages  
of Europe; or a person eminent for those  
qualifications which make men shine in  
public assemblies; or for that steadiness,  
constancy, and good sense, which carry  
a man to the desired point through all  
the opposition of tumult and prejudice;  
we have the happiness to behold them  
in all posts suitable to their characters.

Such a constellation of great persons,  
if I may so speak, while they shine out  
in their own distinct capacities, re-  
flect a lustre upon each other; but in a  
more particular manner on their sove-  
reign, who has placed them in those  
proper situations, by which their virtues  
become so beneficial to all her subjects.  
It is the anniversary of the birth-day of  
this glorious queen, which naturally led  
me into this field of contemplation; and  
instead of joining in the public exulta-  
tions that are made on such occasions,  
to entertain my thoughts with the mere-  
serious pleasure of ruminating upon the  
glories of her reign.

While I behold her surrounded with  
triumphs, and adorned with all the pro-  
sperity and success which Heaven ever  
shed on a mortal, and still considering  
herself as such; though the person ap-  
pears to me exceeding great, that has  
these just honours paid to her, yet I must  
confess she appears much greater in that  
she receives them with such a glorious  
humility, and shews she has no further  
regard for them, than as they arise from  
these great events, which have made her  
subjects happy. For my own part, I  
must confess, when I see private virtues  
in so high a degree of perfection, I am  
not astonished at any extraordinary suc-  
cess that attends them, but look upon  
public triumphs as the natural conse-  
quences of religious retirements.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Finding some persons have mistaken  
Pasquin, who was mentioned in my last,  
for one who has been pillored at Rome;  
I must here advertise them, that it is  
only a maimed statue so called; on  
which the private scandal of that city  
is generally pasted. Marforio is a per-  
son.

son of the same quality, who is usually made to answer whatever is published by the other; the wits of that place, like too many of our own country, taking pleasure in setting innocent people together by the ears. The mentioning of this person, who is a great wit, and a great cripple, put me in mind of Mr. Eastcourt, who is under the same circumstances. He was formerly my apothecary, and being at present disabled by the gout and stone, I must recom-

mend him to the public on Thursday next; that admirable play of Ben Johnson's, called *The Silent Woman*, being appointed to be acted for his benefit. It would be indecent for me to appear twice in a season at these ludicrous diversions; but as I always give my man and my maid one day in the year, I shall allow them this; and am promised by Mr. Eastcourt, my ingenious apothecary, that they shall have a place kept for them in the first row of the middle gallery.

## N° CXXXI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1709.

SCELUS EST JUGULARE FALERNUM,  
ET DARE CAMPANO TOXICA SALVA MERO.

MART. L. L. EP. 19.

HOW GREAT THE CRIME, HOW FLAGRANT THE ABUSE,  
T'ADULT'RATE GEN'ROUS WINE WITH NOXIOUS JUICE!

R. WYNNE.

CHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 8.

THERE is in this city a certain fraternity of chymical operators, who work underground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observations of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of the stone, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy—

*Incultisque rubens pendet hinc thylas uvas,*  
VIRG. EC. 4. VER. 29.

The rip'ning grape shall hang on every thorn,

seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-Brewers, and I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her Majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.

Having received sundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their respective caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a merchant, who had by him

a great magazine of wines, that he had laid in before the war: but these gentlemen, as he said, had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the court, with great eloquence, that this new corporation of druggists had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the College of Physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name or cure. He accused some of giving all their customers cholics and megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted he had a ton of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the gout to a dozen of the healthiest men in the city, provided that their constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice which these mixtures and compositions had done to the brains of the English nation; 'As is too visible,' said he, 'from many late pamphlets, speeches, and sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age.' He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he most delighted in; and on that occasion named a certain satirist, whom he had discovered to be the author of a lampoon, by the manifest taste of the stone, which shewed itself in it by much roughness and little spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats, and animosities, that reign among us; and, in particular, ascribed most of the modern enthusiasms and agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated Port.

The counsel for the Brewers had a face so extremely inflamed, and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistications. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surprized at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drank, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial until the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable advocate had little to say in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a necessity of making claret, if they would keep open their doors; it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reason, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this practice had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, that the lands in Herefordshire were raised two years purchase since the beginning of the war.

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave, at the same time, orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in distinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each side of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, that in one row of phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other the tastes. He then shewed me, on the right-hand, one who went by the name of Tom Tintoret, who, as he told me, was the greatest master in his colouring of any vintner in London. To give me a proof of his art, he took a glass of fair water; and, by the infusion of three drops out of one of his phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the same kind heightened

it into a perfect Languedoc: from thence it passed into a florid Hermitage: and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep Pontac. This ingenious virtuoso, seeing me very much surprized at his art, told me, that he had not an opportunity of shewing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground-work of his colouring: but that if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to a much greater advantage. He added, that he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the cyder of one apple take only a vermilion; when another, with a less quantity of the same infusion, would rise into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me also, that he could hit the different shades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the rose, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rhenish or Moselle, Perry or White Port, to work in.

I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a scarlet-dyer.

The artists on my other hand were ordered, in the second place, to make some experiments of their skill before me: upon which the famous Harry Sippet stepped out, and asked me what I would be pleased to drink. At the same time he filled out three or four white liquors in a glass, and told me, that it should be what I pleased to call for; adding very learnedly, that the liquor before him was as the naked substance, or first matter of his compound, to which he, and his friend who stood over-against him, could give what accidents or form they pleased. Finding him so great a philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right Bourdeaux. 'Coming, coming, Sir!' said he, with the air of a drawer; and, after having cast his eye on the several tastes and flavours that stood before him, he took up a little cruet, that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring some of it out into the glass of white wine, presented it to me; and told me, this was the wine over which most of



the business of the last term had been dispatched. I must confess, I looked upon that sooty drug, which he held up in his cruet, as the quintessence of English Bourdeaux; and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My cat at that time sat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myself, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and, had it not been a creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent domestic, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them,

if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better, than as a kind of assassins and murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request, that they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors; and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogheads of the best stomach-wines in the cellars of Versailles, for the good of my Lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

## Nº CXXXII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1709.

HABEO SENECTUTIS MAGNAM GRATIAM, QUAE MINI SERMONIS AVIDITATEM  
AUXIT, POTIUS QUAM CIBI SUSTULIT, TULL. DE SEN.

I AM MUCH BEHOLDEN TO OLD AGE, WHICH HAS INCREASED MY EAGERNESS  
FOR CONVERSATION, IN PROPORTION AS IT HAS LESSENED MY APPETITES  
OF HUNGER AND THIRST.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 10.

**A**FTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my humbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity which is the condition of a thinking man, when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surpris'd to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap

before I go to bed. The truth of it is; I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the Trumpet, of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old-age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons: I must confess, besides the afore-mentioned benefit, which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Geoffrey Notch, who is the eldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the

of stirring the fire. This an is a gentleman of an anly, that came to a great estate before he had discretion, and in hounds, horses, and cock-or which reason he looks upon an honest, worthy gentleman, ad misfortunes in the world, very thriving man a pitiful

Matchlock is the next senior, i in the last civil wars, and : battles by heart. He does any action in Europe worth since the fight of Marston- d every night tells us of his n knocked off his horse at of the London apprentices; e is in great esteem among us. Old Dick Reptile is the third iety. He is a good-natured an, who speaks little himself, at our jokes; and brings his hew along with him, a youth years old, to shew him good and give him a taste of the 'his young fellow sits gene-; but whenever he opens his laughs at any thing that constantly told by his uncle, ular manner—'Aye, aye, a young men think us fools; old men know you are.' atest wit of our company, elf, is a Benchet of the neigh- n, who in his youth fre- ordinaries about Charing pretends to have been inti- Jack Ogle. He has about of Hudibras without book, leaves the club until he has n all. If any modern wit d, or any town-frolic spoken es his head at the dulness of age, and tells us a story of

own part, I am esteemed m, because they see I am expected by others; though time I understand by their that I am considered by them f a great deal of learning, wledge of the world; info- the Major sometimes, in the is military pride, calls me pher: and Sir Jeoffery, no than last night, upon a dis- ay of the month it was then pulled his pipe out of his

mouth, and cried—'What does the 'scholar say to it?'

Our club meets precisely at six of the clock in the evening; but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three quarters after six: I found also, that my good friend, the Benchet, had already spent three of his distichs; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where 'a 'tlick' rhymes to 'ecclesiastic.' At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the Benchet had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, but Sir Jeoffery, to shew his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whose head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds, and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the account of Edge-hill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's,

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years; and upon all occasions, winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lanthorn to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own,

it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is, to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observations, as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old

trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable, than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider, if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for it's sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

His tongue dropped manna.——

## Nº CXXXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1709.

DUM TACENT, CLAMANT.

TULL.

THEIR SILENCE PLEADS ALOUD.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 13.

**S**ILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of Silence as a part of duty and discretion, but none of them have considered it in this light. Homer compares the noise and clamour of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes, when they invade an army of pygmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of Silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of some of the more eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the northern regions of the world, that Silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions, as are too big for utterance. I have my-

self been wonderfully delighted with a master-piece of music, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden; and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all it's parts. In my opinion this short interval of Silence has had more music in it, than any the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of Silence in the two greatest poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works. The first is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*. Ulysses, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his shade in the region of departed heroes, makes his submission to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb, sullen majesty, and such a Silence, as, to use the words of Longinus, had more greatness in it than anything he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in Virgil, where the poet doubtless imitates this Silence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. Æneas, finding among the shades of despairing lovers the ghost of her who

who had lately died for him; with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms; floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence; as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting lover, and an injured queen; and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for some time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flying from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.

I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions, as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of *Venice Preserved*, where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution; but begs of his friend, as a reparation for past injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the wheel by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it; but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy Silence that follows hereupon, and continues until he has recovered himself enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexpressible; and an idea of such a complicated distress in the actor, as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers, to give rules and directions for proper silences, as for 'Penning a Whisper'; but it is certain, that in the extremity of most passions, particularly surprize, admiration, astonishment, nay, rage itself, there is nothing more graceful than to see the play stand still for a few moments, and the audience fixed in an agreeable suspense, during the Silence of a skilful actor.

But Silence never shews itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. We might produce an ex-

ample of it in the behaviour of one, in whom it appeared in all it's majesty; and one, whose Silence, as well as his person, was altogether divine. When one considers this subject only in it's sublimity, this great instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it, to shew the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or, if possible, with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a great mind; and I must confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of some of the greatest men in antiquity, I do not so much admire them that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in Silence and obscurity, until the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read, with a great deal of pleasure, a legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest geniuses that our own, or any country, has produced. After having bequeathed his soul, body, and estate, in the usual form, he adds—'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my countrymen after some time be passed over.'

At the same time that I recommend this philosophy to others, I must confess, I am so poor a proficient in it myself, that if in the course of my lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age until I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon Silence, without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatise on the *Apopsopsis*, called an *Et cetera*; it being a figure much used by some learned authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my Lord Chief Justice Coke observes, had a most admirable talent at an &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

To oblige the Pretty Fellows, and my fair readers, I have thought fit to insert

X x

insert the whole passage above-mentioned relating to Dido, as it is translated by Mr. Dryden.

Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear:

So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.  
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,  
In secret solitude, and in myrtle shades,  
Make endless moans; and pining with desire,  
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.  
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found  
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound  
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there.  
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair:  
There Laodamia with Evadne moves:  
Unhappy both; but loyal in their loves.  
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;  
But ending in the sex she first began.  
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood;  
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood:

Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,  
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,  
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,  
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light.)  
With tears he first approach'd the fullen shade,  
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:

'Unhappy queen! then is the common breath  
'Of rumour true, in your reported death?  
'And I, alas, the cause! by Heav'n I vow,  
'And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,  
'Unwilling I forsook your friendly state;  
'Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate;  
'Those gods, that fate, whose unseparated might  
'Have sent me to the fere regions, void of light,  
'Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.  
'Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with  
'grief,  
'My flight should urge you to this dire relief.  
'Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows;  
'Tis the last interview that fate allows!  
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,  
With tears and prayers, and late repenting  
love.  
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,  
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground;  
And what he says, and swears, regards no more,  
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows  
roar;  
But whil'd away, to shun his hateful sight,  
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night:  
Then fought Sicheæus thro' the shady grove,  
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all  
her love.

Nº CXXXIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1709.

—QUIS TALIA FANDO  
MYRINIDONUM, DOLOPUMVE, AUT DURI MILES ULYSSEI,  
TEMPERET A LACRYMIS? VIRG. ÆN. 2. VER. 8.

—SUCH WORDS  
NOT EVEN THE HARDEST OF OUR FOES COULD HEAR,  
NOR STERN ULYSSES TELL WITHOUT A TEAR. DRYDEN.

SHEER-LANE, FEB. 16.

I Was awakened very early this morning by the distant crowing of a cock, which I thought had the finest pipe I ever heard. He seemed to me to strain his voice more than ordinary, as if he designed to make himself heard to the remotest corner of this lane. Having entertained myself a little before I went to bed with a discourse on the transmigration of men into other animals, I could not but fancy, that this was the soul of some drowsy bell-man who used to sleep upon his post, for which he was condemned to do penance in feathers, and distinguish the several watches of the night under the outside of a cock. While I was thinking of the condition of this poor bell-man in matineade, I heard a great knocking at my door, and was soon after told by my maid, that my worthy friend the tall black gentleman, who frequents the coffee-houses hereabouts, desired to speak

with me. This ancient Pythagorean, who has as much honesty as any man living, but good nature to an excess, brought me the following petition; which I am apt to believe he penned himself, the petitioner not being able to express his mind in paper under his present form, however famous he might have been for writing verses when he was in his original shape.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE,  
CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOB CHANTICLEER, IN BEHALF OF HIMSELF, AND MANY OTHER POOR SUFFERERS IN THE SAME CONDITION,

SHeweth,  
THAT whereas your petitioner is truly defended of the ancient family of the Chanticleers, at Cock Hall near





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near Rumford in Essex, it has been his misfortune to come into the mercenary hands of a certain ill-disposed person, commonly called an Higler, who, under the close confinement of a pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to London; but hearing by chance of your worship's great humanity towards Robin-red-breasts and Tom-tits, he is emboldened to beseech you to take his deplorable condition into your tender consideration, who otherwise must suffer, with many thousands more as innocent as himself, that inhuman barbarity of a Shrove Tuesday persecution. We humbly hope, that our courage and vigilance may plead for us on this occasion.

Your poor petitioner most earnestly implores your immediate protection from the insolence of the rabble, the batteries of catsticks, and a painful lingering death.

And your petitioner, &c.

FROM MY COOP IN CLARE-MARKET, FEB. 13, 1709.

Upon delivery of this petition, the worthy gentleman, who presented it, told me the customs of many wise nations of the East, through which he travelled, that nothing was more frequent than to see a dervise lay out a whole year's income in the redemption of larks or linnets, that had unhappily fallen into the hands of bird-catchers: that it was also usual to run between a dog and a bull to keep them from hurting one another, or to lose the use of a limb in parting a couple of furious mastiffs. He then insisted upon the ingratitude and dissimulation of treating in this manner a necessary and domestic animal, that has made the whole house keep good hours, and called up the cook-maid for five years together: 'What would a Turk say,' continued he, 'should he hear, that it is a common entertainment in a nation, which pretends to be one of the most civilized of Europe, to tie an innocent animal to a stake, and put him to an ignominious death, who has perhaps been the guardian and provender of a poor family, as long as he was able to get eggs for his mistress?'

I thought what this gentleman said was very reasonable; and have often wondered, that we do not lay aside a custom, which makes us appear barba-

rous to nations much more rude and unpolished than ourselves. Some French writers have represented this diversion of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to natural fierceness and cruelty of temper; as they do some other entertainments peculiar to our nation: I mean those elegant diversions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden. I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the death of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been set together by the ears, or died untimely deaths, only to make us sport.

It will be said, that these are the entertainments of the common people. It is true; but they are the entertainments of no other common people. Besides, I am afraid there is a tincture of the same savage spirit in the diversions of those of higher rank, and more refined relish. Rapin observes, that the English theatre very much delights in bloodshed, which he likewise represents as an indication of our tempers. I must own, there is something very horrid in the public executions of an English tragedy. Stabbing and poisoning, which are performed behind the scenes in other nations, must be done openly among us, to gratify the audience.

When poor Sandford was upon the stage, I have seen him groaning upon a wheel, stuck with daggers, impaled alive, calling his executioners, with a dying voice, cruel dogs and villains! and all this to please his judicious spectators, who were wonderfully delighted with seeing a man in torment so well acted. The truth of it is, the politeness of our English stage, in regard to decorum, is very extraordinary. We act murders, to shew our intrepidity, and adulteries to shew our gallantry: both of them are frequent in our most taking plays, with this difference only, that the former are done in the sight of the audience, and the latter wrought up to such an height upon the stage, that they are almost put in execution before the actors can get behind the scenes.

I would not have it thought, that there is just ground for those consequences which our enemies draw against us from these practices; but methinks one would be sorry for any manner of occasion for such misrepresentations of



us. The virtues of tenderness, compassion, and humanity, are those by which men are distinguished from brutes, as much as by reason itself; and it would be the greatest reproach to a nation, to distinguish itself from all others by any defect in these particular virtues. For which reasons, I hope that my dear countrymen will no longer expose them-

selves by an effusion of blood, whether it be of theatrical heroes, cocks, or any other innocent animals, which we are not obliged to slaughter for our safety, convenience, or nourishment. When any of these ends are not served in the destruction of a living creature, I cannot but pronounce it a great piece of cruelty, if not a kind of murder.

## Nº CXXXV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1709.

QUOD SI IN HOC ERRO, QUOD ANIMOS HOMINUM IMMORTALES ESSE CREDAM, LIBENTER ERRO; NEC MIHI HUNC ERROREM, QUO DELICTOR, DUM VIVO, EXTORQUERI VOLO: SIN MORTUUS, UT QUIDAM MINUTI PHILOSOPHI CENSANT, NIHIL SENTIAM; NON VEREOR, NE HUNC ERROREM MEUM MORTUI PHILOSOPHI IRRIDZANT.

TULL.

IF I AM MISTAKEN IN MY OPINION THAT THE HUMAN SOUL IS IMMORTAL, I WILLINGLY ERR; NOR WOULD I HAVE THIS PLEASING ERROR EXTORTED FROM ME: AND IF, AS SOME MINUTE PHILOSOPHERS SUPPOSE, DEATH SHOULD DEPRIVE ME OF MY BEING, I NEED NOT FEAR THE RAILLERY OF THOSE PRETENDED PHILOSOPHERS WHEN THEY ARE NO MORE.

R. WYNN.

SHEER-LANE, FEB. 17.

SEVERAL letters which I have lately received, give me information, that some well-disposed persons have taken offence at my using the word Free-thinker as a term of reproach. To set, therefore, this matter in a clear light, I must declare, that no one can have a greater veneration than myself for the Free-thinkers of antiquity; who acted the same part in those times, as the great men of the Reformation did in several nations of Europe, by exerting themselves against the idolatry and superstition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulse that Socrates and his disciples, as well as all the philosophers of note in Greece, and Cicero, Seneca, with all the learned men of Rome, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries, amidst the darkness and ignorance in which the world was then sunk and buried.

The great points which these Free-thinkers endeavoured to establish and inculcate into the minds of men, were the formation of the universe, the superintendency of Providence, the perfection of the Divine Nature, the immortality of the soul, and the future state of rewards and punishments. They all compared with the religion of their country, as much as possible, in such particulars

as did not contradict and pervert these great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary, the persons who now set up for Free-thinkers, are such as endeavour, by a little trash of words and sophistry, to weaken and destroy those very principles, for the vindication of which freedom of thought at first became laudable and heroic. These apostates from reason and good sense can look at the glorious frame of Nature, without paying an adoration to Him that raised it; can consider the great revolutions in the universe, without lifting up their minds to that superior Power which hath the direction of it; can presume to censure the Deity in his ways towards men; can level mankind with the beasts that perish; can extinguish in their own minds all the pleasing hopes of a future state, and lull themselves into a stupid security against the terrors of it. If one were to take the word Priestcraft out of the mouths of these shallow monsters; they would be immediately struck dumb. It is by the help of this single term that they endeavour to disappoint the good works of the most learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant against the very light of Nature, and the common received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat such miscreants as these upon the foot of fair disputants; but to pour out contempt upon

and speak of them with scorn, as the pests of society, the human nature, and the blasphe-  
 mous Being, whom a good man  
 would rather die than hear dishonoured.  
 After having mentioned the great  
 knowledge that recommended  
 doctrine of the immortality of  
 calls those small pretenders to  
 who declared against it, cer-  
 tain Philosophers, using a di-  
 version of the word Little, to ex-  
 pectable opinion he had of  
 he contempt he throws upon  
 another passage, is yet more re-  
 ; where, to shew the mean-  
 ie entertains of them, he de-  
 would rather be in the wrong  
 ), than in the right with such

There is, indeed, nothing  
 old so ridiculous, as one of  
 e philosophical Free-thinkers,  
 neither passions nor appetites  
 no heats of blood nor vigour  
 tion that can turn his systems  
 ty to his advantage, or raise  
 out of them which are incon-  
 a the belief of an hereafter.  
 has neither wit, gallantry,  
 youth, to indulge by these no-  
 only a poor, joyless, uncom-  
 munity of distinguishing himself  
 rest of mankind, is rather to  
 ed as a mischievous lunatic,  
 taken philosopher. A chaste  
 peculative libertine, is an ani-  
 should not believe to be in  
 d I not sometimes meet with  
 es of men, that plead for the  
 e of their passions in the midst  
 studious life, and talk against  
 tality of the soul over a dish of

I fain ask a Minute Philoso-  
 pher what good he proposes to man-  
 e publishing of his doctrines?  
 make a man a better citizen,  
 f a family; a more endearing  
 friend, or son? Will they en-  
 public or private virtues, or  
 y of his frailties or vices?  
 here either joyful or glorious  
 inions? Do they either refresh  
 our thoughts? do they con-  
 the happiness, or raise the dig-  
 man nature? The only good,  
 e ever heard pretended to, is,  
 anist terrors, and let the mind  
 But whose terrors do they ba-  
 is certain, if there were any

strength in their arguments, they would  
 give great disturbance to minds that are  
 influenced by virtue, honour, and mo-  
 rality; and take from us the only com-  
 forts and supports of affliction, sickness,  
 and old age. The minds, therefore,  
 which they set at ease, are only those of  
 impenitent criminals and malefactors,  
 and which, to the good of mankind,  
 should be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I must confess, nothing is more usual  
 than for a Free-thinker, in proportion  
 as the insolence of scepticism is abated  
 in him by years and knowledge, or  
 humbled or beaten down by sorrow or  
 sickness, to reconcile himself to the ge-  
 neral conceptions of reasonable crea-  
 tures; so that we frequently see the apos-  
 tates turning from their revolt towards  
 the end of their lives, and employing  
 the refuse of their parts in promoting  
 those truths which they had before en-  
 deavoured to invalidate.

The history of a gentleman in France  
 is very well known, who was so zealous  
 a promoter of infidelity, that he had got  
 together a select company of disciples,  
 and travelled into all parts of the king-  
 dom to make converts. In the midst  
 of his fantastical success he fell sick, and  
 was reclaimed to such a sense of his con-  
 dition, that after he had passed some  
 time in great agonies and horrors of  
 mind, he begged those who had the care  
 of burying him, to dress his body in the  
 habit of a capuchin, that the devil might  
 not run away with it. And to do fur-  
 ther justice upon himself, desired them  
 to tie an halter about his neck, as a  
 mark of that ignominious punishment,  
 which, in his own thoughts, he had so  
 justly deserved.

I would not have persecution so far  
 disgraced, as to wish these vermin might  
 be animadverted on by any legal pen-  
 alties; though I think it would be highly  
 reasonable, that those few of them who  
 die in the professions of their infidelity,  
 should have such tokens of infamy fixed  
 upon them, as might distinguish those  
 bodies which are given up by the owners  
 to oblivion and putrefaction, from those  
 which rest in hope, and shall rise in  
 glory. But at the same time that I am  
 against doing them the honour of the  
 notice of our laws, which ought not to  
 suppose there are such criminals in be-  
 ing, I have often wondered, how they  
 can be tolerated in any mixed conver-  
 sations, while they are venting these ab-  
 surd

surd opinions; and should think, that if, on any such occasions, half a dozen of the most robust christians in the company would lead one of these gentlemen to a pump, or convey him into a blanket, they would do very good service both to church and state. I do not know how the laws stand in this particular; but, I hope, whatever knocks, bangs, or thumps, might be given with such an honest intention, would not be construed as a breach of the peace. I dare say, they would not be returned by the person who receives them; for whatever these fools may say in the vanity of their hearts, they are too wise to risque their lives upon the uncertainty of their opinions.

When I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black Horse in Holbourn, where the person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of those times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noisy young officer, bred in France, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence. The major, at first, only desired him to talk more respectfully of One for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious manner. 'Young man,' said he, 'do not abuse your Benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you

'breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech, which you make use of to his dishonour.' The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him, if he was going to preach; but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. 'A man of honour!' says the major; 'thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such.' In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the major was desired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear—'Sirrah,' says he, 'if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant.' Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice—'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; but the major refused to grant it, before he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated after him in the presence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXXVI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1709.

DEPRENDI MISERUM EST: FASIO VEL JUDICE VINCAM.

HOR. SAT. 2. LIB. I. VER. ULT.

TO BE SURPRIZ'D, IS, SURE A WRETCHED TALE,  
AND FOR THE TRUTH TO FANUS I APPEAL.

FRANCIS.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, FEB. 18.

THE HISTORY OF TOM VARNISH.

**B**ECAUSE I have a professed aversion to long beginnings of stories, I will go into this at once, by telling you, that there dwells near the Royal Exchange as happy a couple as ever entered into wedlock. These live in that mutual confidence of each other, which

renders the satisfactions of marriage even greater than those of friendship, and makes wife and husband the dearest appellations of human life. Mr. Balunce is a merchant of good consideration, and understands the world, not from speculation, but practice. His wife is the daughter of an honest house, ever bred in a family-way; and has, from a natural good understanding, and great innocence, a freedom which men of

now to be the certain sign of fools take to be an encouragement to vice.

Varnish, a young gentleman of Temple, by the bounty of a father, who was so obliging as to leave him, in his twenty-fourth year, a good estate, a large sum in the hands of Mr. Balance, means an intimacy at his house being one of those hard-studied plays for improvement, he took his rules of life from him. Upon mature deliberation, he thought it very proper, that he, as a citizen and pleasure of the town, should be an intrigue with his mistress. He no sooner thought of it, but he began it by an epistle to the lady, and a faithful promise to wait upon her, at a certain time the next evening, when his husband was to be absent.

After he was no sooner received, and communicated to the husband, it had no other effect in him, than to join him with his wife to raise all they could out of this fantastical gallantry. They were so earnest at this dangerous man that they plotted ways to pervert him without hurting him. Varnish attended at his hour; and the lady's confusion at his entrance, gave him an opportunity to repeat some very fit for the occasion with grace and spirit. His theatre of making love was interrupted by an alarm of the husband's and the wife in a personated speech to him, if he had any the honour of a woman that he would jump out of the window.

He did so, and fell upon his knees placed on purpose to receive

not to be conceived how great an amorous man is, when he is seduced for his mistress, and is never for it. Varnish the next day sent an elegant billet, wherein he showed that imagination could form an occasion. He violently pressing out of the window was terrible, but as it was going with several other kind expressions which procured him a second visit. Upon his second visit, he was eyed by a faithful maid into a chamber, and left there to the arrival of her mistress. But

the wench, according to her instructions, ran in again to him, and locked the door after her to keep out her master. She had just time enough to convey the lover into a chest before she admitted the husband and his wife into the room.

You may be sure that trunk was absolutely necessary to be opened; but upon her husband's ordering it, she assured him, she had taken all the care imaginable in packing up the things with her own hands, and he might send the trunk abroad as soon as he thought fit. The easy husband believed his wife, and the good couple went to bed; Varnish having the happiness to pass the night in his mistress's bed-chamber without molestation. The morning arose, but our lover was not well situated to observe her blushes; so that all we know of his sentiments on this occasion is, that he heard Balance ask for the key, and say, he would himself go with this chest, and have it opened before the captain of the ship, for the greater safety of so valuable a lading.

The goods were hoisted away, and Mr. Balance marching by his chest with great care and diligence, omitted nothing that might give his passenger perplexity. But to consummate all, he delivered the chest, with strict charge in case they were in danger of being taken, to throw it overboard, for there were letters in it, the matter of which might be of great service to the enemy.

N. B. It is not thought advisable to proceed further in this account; Mr. Varnish being just returned from his travels, and willing to conceal the occasion of his first applying himself to the languages.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 20.

I HAVE been earnestly solicited for a further term, for wearing the Fardingal by several of the fair-sex, but more especially by the following petitioners.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF DEBORAH HARK, SARAH THREADPAPER, AND RACHEL THIMBLE, SPINSTERS, AND SINGLE WOMEN, COMMONLY CALLED WAITING-MAIDS, IN BEHALF OF THEMSELVES AND THEIR SISTERHOOD,

SHeweth,

THAT your worship has been pleased to order and command, that no person or persons shall presume to wear quilted

quilted petticoats, on forfeiture of the said petticoats, or penalty of wearing ruffs, after the seventeenth instant now expired.

That your petitioners have, time out of mind, been entitled to wear their ladies clothes, or to sell the same.

That the sale of the said clothes is spoiled by your worship's said prohibition.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that your worship would

please to allow, that all gentlewomen's gentlewomen may be allowed to wear the said dress, or to repair the loss of such a perquisite in such manner as your worship shall think fit.

And your petitioners, &c.

I do allow the allegations of this petition to be just; and forbid all persons but the petitioners, or those who shall purchase from them, to wear the said garment after the date hereof.

## Nº CXXXVII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1709.

TER CENTUM TONAT ORE DEOS, ERUBUNQUE, CHAOSQUE,  
TERGEMINAMQUE HECATES—

VIRG. ÆN. 4. VER. 510.

HE THWICE INVOKES TH' INFERNAL POW'RS PROFOUND  
OF FURIES AND CHAOS; THWICE HE CALLS  
ON HECATE'S TRIPLE FORM—

R. WYNNE.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 22.

**D**ICK Reptile and I sat this evening later than the rest of the club: and as some men are better company when only with one friend, others when there is a larger number, I found Dick to be of the former kind. He was bewailing to me in very just terms, the offences which he frequently met with in the abuse of speech: some use ten times more words than they need; some put in words quite foreign to their purpose; and others adorn their discourses with oaths and blasphemies, by way of tropes and figures. What my good friend started dwelt upon me after I came home this evening, and led me into an enquiry with myself, whence should arise such strange excesses in discourse? whereas it must be obvious to all reasonable beings, that the sooner a man speaks his mind, the more complainant he is to the man with whom he talks: but upon mature deliberation, I am come to this resolution, that for one man who speaks to be understood, there are ten who talk only to be admired.

The ancient Greeks had little independent syllables called Expletives, which they brought into their discourses both in verse and prose, for no other purpose but for the better grace and sound of their sentences and periods. I know no example but this, which can authorize the use of more words than are neces-

sary. But whether it be from this freedom taken by that wise nation, or however it arises, Dick Reptile hit upon a very just and common cause of offence in the generality of people of all orders. We have one here in our lane who speaks nothing without quoting an authority; for it is always with him, so and so, 'as the man said.' He asked me this morning, how I did, 'as the man said,' and hoped I would come now and then to see him, 'as the man said.' I am acquainted with another, who never delivers himself upon any subject, but he cries, he only speaks his poor judgment; this is his humble opinion; as for his part, if he might presume to offer any thing on that subject. But of all the persons who add elegancies and superfluities to their discourses, these who deserve the foremost rank are the Swearers; and the lump of these may, I think, be very aptly divided into the common distinction of High and Low. Dulness and barrenness of thought is the original of it in both these sects, and they differ only in constitution: the Low is generally a phlegmatic, and the High a choleric coxcomb. The man of phlegm is sensible of the emptiness of his discourse, and will tell you, that 'I sack-ins,' such a thing is true: or if you warm him a little, he may run into passion, and cry, 'Odsbodikins, you do not say right.' But the High affects a sublimity in dulness, and invokes hell and

mnation at the breaking of a  
r the slowness of a drawer.

the other day trudging along  
reet on foot, and an old army-  
ame up with me. We were both  
wards Westminster; and find-  
streets were so crowded that we  
ot keep together, we resolved to  
r a coach. This gentleman I  
be the first of the order of the  
c. I must confess, were there no  
it, nothing could be more dis-  
than the impertinence of the High  
or whether there is remedy or  
init what offends him, still he is  
he is offended; and he must,  
at omit to be magnificently pas-  
by falling on all things in his  
We were stopped by a train of  
at Temple Bar. What the

says my companion, 'cannot  
rive on, coachman? D—n you  
or a set of sons of whores; you  
top here to be paid by the hour!  
e is not such a set of confounded  
as the coachmen, unchanged.  
hese satirically cites—'Ounds, why  
d there not be a tax to make these  
widen their gates? Oh! but the  
ounds move at last.'—'Ay,'  
'I knew you would make them  
on, if once they heard you.'—  
says he, 'but would it not fret  
n to the devil, to pay for being  
ed slower than he can walk?  
'ye! there is for ever a stop at  
sole by St. Clement's church.  
h, you dog! Hark'ye, sirrah!—  
, and he d—d to you, do not  
rive over that fellow?—Thun-  
uries, and damnation! I will cut  
ears off, you fellow before there  
me hither, you dog you, and let  
ring your neck round your shoul-

We had a repetition of the  
quence at the Cockpit, and the  
into Palace Yard.

gave me a perfect image of the  
icancy of the creatures who prac-  
enormity; and made me con-  
that it is ever want of sense  
a man guilty in this kind. It  
essentially well said, that this foily  
temptation to excuse it, no man  
orn of a swearing constitution.  
rd, a few rumbling words and  
nts clapped together without any  
ll make an accomplished Swearer:  
needless to dwell long upon this  
ig impertinence, which is already

banished out of the society of well-bred  
men, and can be useful only to bullies  
and ill tragic writers, who would have  
found and noise pals for courage and  
sense.

#### ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, FEB. 22.

THERE arrived a messenger last night  
from Harwich, who left that place just  
as the Duke of Marlborough was going  
on board. The character of this im-  
portant general going out by the com-  
mand of his Queen, and at the request  
of his country, puts me in mind of that  
noble figure which Shakspeare gives  
Harry the Fifth upon his expedition  
against France. The poet wishes for  
abilities to represent so great an hero.

Oh for a muse of fire! (says he.)  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,  
Leash'd in, like hounds, should famine,  
sword, and fire,  
Crouch for equipments.

A conqueror drawn like the god of  
battle, with such a dreadful leash of hell-  
hounds at his command, makes a pic-  
ture of as much majesty and terror as is  
to be met with in any poet.

Shakspeare understood the force of  
this particular allegory so well, that he  
had it in his thoughts in another passage,  
which is altogether as daring and sub-  
lime as the former. What I mean is  
in the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, where  
Antony, after having foretold the blood-  
shed and destruction that should be  
brought upon the earth by the death of  
that great man, to fill up the horror of  
his description, adds the following verses:

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry Havock; and let slip the dogs of war.

I do not question but these quotations  
will call to mind, in my readers of learn-  
ing and taste, that imaginary person de-  
scribed by Virgil with the same spirit.  
He mentions it upon the occasion of a  
peace which was restored to the Roman  
Empire; and which we may now hope  
for from the departure of that great man  
who has given occasion to these reflec-  
tions. 'The temple of Janus,' says  
he, 'shall be shut, and in the midst of  
' it military Fury shall sit upon a pile

' of broken arms, loaded with an hundred chains, bellowing with madness, and grinding his teeth in blood.'

*Claudentur belli portæ, Furor impius intus  
Sæva fidem super arma, et centum vinclis  
abnis*

*Pest te gem nodis, fœmit horridus crepuento.*  
VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 298.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,  
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,  
With bolts, and iron bars. Within remains  
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;  
High on a trophy rais'd of useless arms,  
He sits, and threats the world with vain  
alarms. DRYDEN.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tickets which were delivered out for the benefit of Signor Nicolini Gri-

maldi, on the twenty-fourth instant, will be taken on Thursday the second of March, his benefit being deferred until that day.

N. B. In all Operas for the future, where it thunders and lightens in proper time and in tune, the matter of the said lightning is to be of the finest rosin; and, for the sake of harmony, the same which is used to the best Cremona fiddles.

Note also, that the true perfumed lightning is only prepared and sold: Mr. Charles Lillie, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings.

The lady who has chosen Mr. Bickerstaff for her Valentine, and is at a loss what to present him with, is desired to make him, with her own hands, a warm night-cap.

## Nº CXXXVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1709.

SECRETOSQUE PIOS, HIS DANTEM JURA CATONEM.

VIRG. ÆN. 8. VER. 670.

APART FROM THESE, THE HAPPY SOULS HE DRAWS,  
AND CATO'S PIOUS GHOST DISPENSING LAWS.

DRYDEN.

SHEER-LANE, FEBRUARY 24.

IT is an argument of a clear and worthy spirit in a man to be able to disengage himself from the opinions of others, so far as not to let the deference due to the sense of mankind ensnare him to act against the dictates of his own reason. But the generality of the world are so far from walking by any such maxim, that it is almost a standing rule to do as others do, or be ridiculous. I have heard my old friend Mr. Hart speak it as an observation among the players, that it is impossible to act with grace, except the actor has forgot that he is before an audience. Until he is arrived at that, his motion, his air, his every step and gesture, has something in them which discovers he is under a restraint, for fear of being ill received; or if he considers himself as in the presence of those who approve his behaviour, you see an affectation of that pleasure run through his whole carriage. It is as common in life as upon the stage, to behold a man in the most indifferent action betray a sense he has of doing what he is about gracefully. Some have such an immoderate relish for applause, that they

expect it for things which in themselves are so frivolous, that it is impossible, without this affectation, to make them appear worthy either of blame or praise. There is Will Glare, so passionately intent upon being admired, that when you see him in public places, every muscle of his face discovers his thoughts are fixed upon the consideration of what figure he makes. He will often fall into a musing posture to attract observation; and is then obtruding himself upon the company, when he pretends to be withdrawn from it. Such little arts are the certain and infallible tokens of a superficial mind, as the avoiding observation is the sign of a great and sublime one. It is therefore extremely difficult for a man to judge even of his own actions, without forming to himself an idea of what he should act, were it in his power to execute all his desires without the observation of the rest of the world. There is an allegorical fable in Plato, which seems to admonish us, that we are very little acquainted with ourselves, while we know our actions are to pass the censures of others; but, had we the power to accomplish all our wishes unobserved, we should then easily inform ourselves

how far we are possessed of real  
 inſic virtue. The fable I was  
 mention is that of Gyges, who  
 have had an enchanted ring,  
 and in it a miraculous quality,  
 him who wore it viſible or in-  
 is he turned it to or from his  
 The uſe Gyges made of his oc-  
 inviſibility was, by the advan-  
 t, to violate a queen, and mur-  
 ing. Tully takes notice of this  
 and ſays very handſomely, that  
 honour, who had ſuch a ring,  
 it juſt in the ſame manner as he  
 without it. It is indeed no  
 ch of virtue, under the tempta-  
 mpunity, and the hopes of ac-  
 ing all a man deſires, not to  
 the rules of juſtice and virtue;  
 is rather not being an ill man,  
 ing poſitively a good one; and it  
 nderful, that ſo great a ſoul as  
 Tully, ſhould not form to him-  
 ſelf and worthy actions, which a  
 mind would be prompted to by  
 ſion of ſuch a ſecret. There  
 inly ſome part of mankind who  
 Han beings to the other. Sal-  
 I ſay of Cato, That he had ra-  
 than appear, good; but, indeed,  
 juſt roſe no higher than, as I  
 hinted, to an inoffenſive-  
 neſs, an active virtue. Had it  
 to the noble orator to repreſent,  
 guage, the glorious pleaſures  
 ſecretly employed in benefi-  
 t generoſity, it would certainly  
 be a more charming page than  
 is now left behind him. How  
 man, furniſhed with Gyges's  
 iploy it in bringing together  
 ends; laying ſnares for creat-  
 will in the room of groundleſs  
 removing the pangs of an  
 louſy, the ſhyness of an imper-  
 ſonification, and the tremor of an  
 el! Such a one could give con-  
 baſhful merit, and confuſion  
 ariſing impudence.  
 it is, that ſecret kindneſſes  
 mankind are as beautiful, as  
 uria are deteſtable. To be  
 good is as godlike, as to be in-  
 diabolical. As degenerate  
 apt to ſay the age we live in  
 will amongſt us men of il-  
 minds, who enjoy all the plea-  
 ſureful actions, except that of be-  
 lieved for them: There hap-  
 ping other very worthy inſtances

of a public ſpirit, one which I am ob-  
 liged to diſcover, becauſe I know not  
 otherwiſe how to obey the commands of  
 the benefactor. A citizen of London  
 has given directions to Mr. Rainer, the  
 writing-maſter of Paul's School, to edu-  
 cate at his charge ten boys, who ſhall  
 be nominated by me, in writing and ac-  
 counts, until they ſhall be fit for any  
 trade. I deſire therefore ſuch as know  
 any proper objects for receiving this  
 bounty, to give notice thereof to Mr.  
 Morphew, or Mr. Lillie, and they ſhall,  
 if properly qualified, have inſtructions  
 accordingly.

Actions of this kind have in them  
 ſomething ſo tranſcendent, that it is an  
 injury to applaud them, and a diminution  
 of that merit which conſiſts in ſhun-  
 ning our approbation. We ſhall there-  
 fore leave them to enjoy that glorious  
 obſcurity; and ſilently admire their vir-  
 tue, who can contemn the moſt delicious  
 of human pleaſures, that of receiving  
 due praiſe. Such celeſtial diſpoſitions  
 very juſtly ſuſpend the diſcovery of their  
 benefactions, until they come where  
 their actions cannot be miſinterpreted,  
 and receive their firſt congratulations in  
 the company of angels.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Mr. Bickerſtaff, by a letter  
 bearing date this twenty-fourth of Fe-  
 bruary, has received information that  
 there are in and about the Royal Ex-  
 change a ſort of people commonly known  
 by the name of Whettors, who drink  
 themſelves into an intermediate ſtate of  
 being neither drunk nor ſober before the  
 hours of Exchange, or buſineſs; and in  
 that condition buy and ſell ſtocks, diſ-  
 count notes; and do many other acts of  
 well-diſpoſed citizens; this is to give  
 notice, that from this day forward, no  
 Whetter ſhall be able to give or endorſe  
 any note, or execute any other point of  
 commerce, after the third half-pint, be-  
 fore the hour of one: and whoever ſhall  
 tranſact any matter or matters with a  
 Whetter, not being himſelf of that or-  
 der, ſhall be conducted to Moorfields,  
 upon the firſt application of his next  
 of kin.

N. B. No tavern near the Exchange  
 ſhall deliver wine to ſuch as drink at the  
 bar ſtanding, except the ſame ſhall be  
 three parts of the beſt cyder; and the  
 maſter of the houſe ſhall produce a cer-  
 tificate



tificate of the same from Mr. Tintoret, or some other credible wine painter.

Whereas the model of the intended Bellum is now finished, and the edifice itself will be very suddenly begun; it is desired, that all such as have relations,

whom they would recommend to our care, would bring in their proofs with all speed; none being to be admitted, of couriè, but lovers, who are put into an immediate regimen. Young politicians also are received without fees or examination.

Nº CXXXIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1709.

— NIHIL EST QUID CREDERE DE SE  
NON POSSIT, CUM LAUDATUR DIIS AQUA POTESTAS.

JUV. SAT. 4. VER. 70.

NOTHING SO MONSTROUS CAN BE SAID OR FEIGN'D,  
BUT WITH RELIEF AND JOY IS ENTERTAIN'D,  
WHEN TO HIS FACE THE WORTHLESS WRETCH IS PRAIS'D,  
WHOM VILE COURT-FLATTERY TO A GOD HAS RAIS'D. DRYDEN.

SHEER-JANE, FEBRUARY 27.

WHEN I reflect upon the many nights I have sat up for some months last past, in the greatest anxiety for the good of my neighbours and contemporaries, it is no small discouragement to me, to see how slow a progress I make in the reformation of the world. But indeed I must do my female readers the justice to own, that their tender hearts are much more susceptible of good impressions than the minds of the other sex. Business and ambition take up men's thoughts too much to leave room for philosophy; but if you speak to women in a style and manner proper to approach them, they never fail to improve by your counsels. I shall, therefore, for the future, turn my thoughts more particularly to their service; and study the best methods to adorn their persons, and inform their minds in the justest methods to make them what nature designed them, the most beautiful objects of our eyes, and the most agreeable companions of our lives. But when I say this, I must not omit at the same time to look into their errors and mistakes, that being the readiest way to the intended end of adorning and instructing them. It must be acknowledged, that the very inadvertencies of this sex are owing to the other; for if men were not flatterers, women could not fall into that general cause of all their follies, and our misfortunes, their love of flattery. Were the commendation of these agreeable creatures built upon it's proper foundation, the higher we raised their opinion of themselves, the greater would

be the advantage to our sex; but all the topic of praise is drawn from very senseless and extravagant ideas we pretend we have of their beauty and perfection. Thus, when a young man falls in love with a young woman, from that moment she is no more Mrs. Alice Such-an-one, born of such a father, and educated by such a mother; but from the first minute that he casts his eye upon her with desire, he conceives a doubt in his mind, what heavenly power gave so unexpected a blow to an heart that was ever before untouched. But who can resist fate and destiny, which are lodged in Mrs. Alice's eyes? After which he desires orders accordingly, whether he is to live or die; the smile or frown of his goddess is the only thing that can now either save or destroy him. By this means, the well-humoured girl, that would have romped with him before she had received this declaration, assumes a state suitable to the majesty he has given her, and treats him as the vassal he calls himself. The girl's head is immediately turned by having the power of life and death, and takes care to suit every motion and air to her new sovereignty. After he has placed himself at this distance, he must never hope to recover his former familiarity, until she has had the addresses of another, and found them less sincere.

If the application to women were justly turned, the address of flattery, though it implied at the same time an admonition, would be much more likely to succeed. Should a captivated lover, in a billet, let his mistress know, that her piety to her parents, her gener-

behaviour, her prudent respect to her own little fortune condition, had improved which her beauty had introduced into so settled an esteem of all women breathing her wife; though his converse for qualities she knew she might make her believe from her an answerable character of a matron; I will it, his suit would be carried perplexity.

If this, the generality of our men, taking all their notions from gay writings, or letters of themselves as goddesses, and shepherdesses.

romantic sense of things, all relations and duties of life; and our female part of bred and treated, as if they were to inhabit the happy fields, rather than be wives and Old England. It is, in-

since I had the happiness to nillarily with this sex, and have been fearful of falling in with reclusive men are very that of giving false representation of the world, from which tired, by imaginary schemes their own reflections. An not easily gain admittance into the room of ladies; I therefore it time well spent, to turn to, and use all my occult art, old cornelian ring the same hat of Gyges, which I have of. By the help of this I served to a friend's house of followed the chamber-maid out twelve of the clock into the room of the beautiful Flaccid daughter, just before she

curtains; and being wrapped in the safety of my old age, could find pleasure, without passion, in peeping with Waller's Poems, fixed in that part of him, a woman thinks herself de- lighted with the light flashing upon her nose: she opened her eyes, too, repeating that piece of that admired poet—

And who can blame the boy,  
Who lights a flame consum'd his Troy?  
pronounced with a most becoming modesty; but after it fetched

a sigh, that methought had more desire than languishment: then took out her letter; and read aloud, for the pleasure, I suppose, of hearing soft words in praise of herself, the following epistle:

MADAM,

I Sat near you all the opera last night; but knew no entertainment from the vain show and noise about me, while I waited wholly intent upon the motion of your bright eyes, in hopes of a glance that might restore me to the pleasures of sight and hearing in the midst of beauty and harmony. It is said, the hell of the accursed, in the next life, arises from an incapacity to partake the joys of the blessed, though they were to be admitted to them. Such, I am sure, was my condition all that evening; and if you, my deity, cannot have so much mercy as to make me, by your influence, capable of tasting the satisfactions of life, my being is ended, which consisted only in your favour.

The letter was hardly read over, when she rushed out of bed in her wrapping-gown, and consulted her glass for the truth of his passion. She raised her head, and turned it to a profile, repeating the last lines—'My being is ended, which consisted only in your favour.' The goddess immediately called her maid, and fell to dressing that mischievous face of her's, without any manner of consideration for the mortal who had offered up his petition. Nay, it was so far otherwise, that the whole time of her woman's combing her hair was spent in discourse of the impertinence of his passion, and ended in declaring a resolution, if she ever had him, to make him wait. She also frankly told the favourite gipsy that was prating to her, that her passionate lover had put it out of her power to be civil to him, if she were inclined to it; 'For,' said she, 'if I am thus celestial to my lover, he will certainly so far think himself disappointed, as I grow into the familiarity and form of a mortal woman.'

I came away as I went in, without staying for other remarks than what confirmed me in the opinion, that it is from the notions the men inspire them with, that the women are so fantastical in the value of themselves. This imaginary pre-eminence which is given to the fair-sex, is not only formed from

the addressees of people of condition; but it is the fashion and humour of all orders to go regularly out of their wits, as soon as they begin to make love. I

know at this time three goddesses in the New Exchange; and there are two shepherdesses that sell gloves in Westminster Hall.

## N<sup>o</sup> CXL. THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1709.

—ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM

PER CAPUT, ET CIRCA SALEUNT LATUE—

HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. 2. VER. 33.

AN HUNDRED MEN'S AFFAIRS CONFOUND

MY SENSES, AND BESIEGE ME ROUND. FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 1.

**H**AVING the honour to be by my great grand-mother a Welshman, I have been among some choice spirits of that part of Great Britain, where we solaced ourselves in celebration of the day of St. David. I am, I confess, elevated above that state of mind which is proper for lucubration: but I am the less concerned at this, because I have for this day or two last past observed, that we novelists have been condemned wholly to the pastry-cooks, the eyes of the nation being turned upon greater matters. This therefore being a time when none but my immediate correspondents will read me, I shall speak to them chiefly at this present writing. It is the fate of us who pretend to joke, to be frequently understood to be only upon the droll when we are speaking the most seriously, as appears by the following letter to Charles Lillie.

LONDON, FEB. 28, 1709-10.

MR. LILLIE,

**I**T being professed by Esquire Bickerstaff, that his intention is to expose the vices and follies of the age, and to promote virtue and good will amongst mankind, it must be a comfort for a person labouring under great straits and difficulties, to read any thing that has the appearance of success. I should be glad to know therefore, whether the intelligence given in his Tatler of Saturday last, of the intended charity of a certain citizen of London, to maintain the education of ten boys in writing and accounts until they be fit for trade, be given only to encourage and recommend persons to the practice of such noble and charitable designs; or whether there be a person who really intends to do so. If

the latter, I humbly beg Esquire Bickerstaff's pardon for making a doubt, and impute it to my ignorance; and most humbly crave, that he would be pleased to give notice in his Tatler, when he thinks fit, whether his nomination of ten boys be disposed, or whether there be room for two boys to be recommended to him; and that he will permit the writer of this to present him with two boys, who, it is humbly presumed, will be judged to be very remarkable objects of such charity. Sir,

Your most humble servant.

I am to tell this gentleman, in sober sadness, and without jest, that there really is so good and charitable a man as the benefactor enquired for in his letter, and that there are but two boys yet named. The father of one of them was killed at Blenheim, the father of the other at Almanza. I do not here give the names of the children; because I should take it to be an insolence in me to publish them, in a charity which I have only the direction of as a servant to that worthy and generous Spirit, who bestows upon them this bounty without laying the bondage of an obligation. What I have to do is to tell them, they are beholden only to their Maker, to kill in them, as they grow up, the false shame of poverty; and let them know, that their present fortune, which is come upon them by the loss of their poor fathers on so glorious occasions, is much more honourable than the inheritance of the most ample ill-gotten wealth.

The next letter which lies before me is from a man of sense, who strengthens his own authority with that of Tully, in persuading me to what he very justly believes one cannot be otherwise than

LONDON, FEB. 27, 1709.

STAFF,

incident of your inclination to any thing that is for the good of liberal arts, that I lay the following translation of a line in Cicero's oration in defence of the poet, as an incentive and instructive reading of the Augustan age. The follies proceed from a incapacity of entertaining himself; we are generally fools in because we dare not be wise. I hope on some future occasion will find this no barren hint. Mr. having said very handsome client, commends the arts to be master, as follows:

Such profit be not reaped in of letters, and if pleasure found; yet, in my opinion, cultivation of the mind should be most humane and ingenuous. Studies are not for all ages, and seasons. These studies with, delight old age, adorn youth, and soften, and even reverberate; entertain at home, and advance abroad; do not leave us, and keep us company on and in the country. I am,

Your humble servant,

STAFF.

My epistle seems to want a dispatch, because a lady is not offended until it is an- nounced; which is best done by letting the lady in her own letter how tender I am to him so.

It comes from a relation of mine, though unknown to you, and is the tie of consanguinity, and value for you on the account of conversation, those being defined our conversation, as well as our minds. I humbly beg of you, in one of your Tatler what manner you please, to my particular friend of mine, for whom he is guilty of in discourse, his acquaintance, when he writes, Madam: as for example, Jenny Dittaff, Madam, which I am sure you are sensible, and it is what makes necessary for him, though I can-

not tell him of it myself, which makes me guilty of this presumption, that I depend upon your goodness to excuse; and I do assure you, the gentleman will mind your reprehension, for he is, as I am, Sir, your most humble servant and cousin,

DOROTHY DRUMSTICK.

I write this in a thin under-petticoat, and never did or will wear a fardingal.

I had no sooner read the just complaint of Mrs. Drumstick, but I received an urgent one from another of the fair-sex, upon faults of more pernicious consequence.

MR. SICKERSTAFF,

OBSERVING that you are entered into a correspondence with Pasquin, who is, I suppose, a Roman Catholic, I beg of you to forbear giving him any account of our religion or manners, until you have rooted out certain misdemeanours even in our churches. Among others, that of bowing, saluting, taking snuff, and other gestures. Lady Autumn made me a very low curtsy the other day from the next pew, and with the most courtly air imaginable, called herself, Miserable Sinner. Her niece, soon after, in saying, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' curtsied with a glouting look at my brother. He returned it, opening his snuff-box, and repeating yet a more solemn expression. I beg of you, good Mr. Censor, not to tell Pasquin any thing of this kind; and to believe this does not come from one of a morose temper, mean birth, rigid education, narrow fortune, or bigotry in opinion, or from one in whom time has worn out all taste of pleasure. I assure you, it is far otherwise, for I am possessed of all the contrary advantages; and I hope, wealth, good-humour, and good-breeding, may be best employed in the service of religion and virtue; and desire you would, as soon as possible, remark upon the above-mentioned indecorums, that we may not long transgress against the latter, to preserve our reputation in the former.

Your humble servant,

LYDIA.

The last letter I shall insert is what follows. This is written by a very inquisitive lady; and, I think, such interrogative gentlewomen are to be answered.

ed no other way than by interrogation.  
Her billet is this:

DEAR MR. BICKERSTAFF,

ARE you quite as good as you seem  
to be?

CHLOE.

To which I can only answer:

DEAR CHLOE,

ARE you quite as ignorant as you  
seem to be?

I. B.

## N<sup>O</sup> CXLI. SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1709.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 3.

**W**HILE the attention of the town is drawn aside from reading us writers of news, we all save ourselves against it is at more leisure. As for my own part, I shall still let the labouring car be managed by my correspondents, and fill my paper with their sentiments, rather than my own, until I find my readers more disengaged than they are at present. When I came home this evening, I found several letters and petitions, which I shall insert with no other order, than as I accidentally opened them, as follows:

SIR.

MARCH 1, 1709-10.

**H**AVING a daughter about nine years of age, I would endeavour she might have education: I mean such as may be useful, as working well, and a good deportment. In order to it, I am persuaded to place her at some boarding-school, situate in a good air. My wife opposes it, and gives for her greatest reason, that she is too much a woman, and understands the formalities of visiting, and a tea-table so very nicely, that none, though much older, can exceed her; and with all these perfections, the girl can scarce thread a needle: but however, after several arguments, we have agreed to be decided by your judgment; and knowing your abilities, shall manage our daughter exactly as you shall please to direct. I am serious in my request, and hope you will be so in your answer, which will lay a deep obligation upon, Sir, your humble servant,

T. T.

Sir, pray answer it in your Tatler, that it may be serviceable to the public.

I am as serious on this subject as my correspondent can be, and am of opinion, that the great happiness or mis-

fortune of mankind depends upon the manner of educating and treating that sex. I have lately said, I design to turn my thoughts more particularly to them, and their service: I beg, therefore, a little time to give my opinion on so important a subject, and desire the young lady may fill tea one week longer, until I have considered whether she shall be removed or not.

CHANCERY LANE, FEB. 27, 1709.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

**Y**OUR notice in the advertisement in your Tatler of Saturday last about Whetters in and about the Royal Exchange, is mightily taken notice of by gentlemen who use the coffee-houses near the Chancery Office in Chancery Lane; and there being a particular certain set of both young and old gentlemen that belong to and near adjoining to the Chancery Office, both in Chancery Lane and Bell Yard, that are not only Whetters all the morning long, but very musically given about twelve at night the same days, and mightily taken with the humour of the dulcimer, violin, and song; at which recreation they rejoice together with perfect harmony, however their clients disagree: you are humbly desired by several gentlemen to give some regulation concerning them; in which you will contribute to the repose of us, who are your very humble servants,

L. T. N. F. T. W.

These Whetters are a people I have considered with much pains; and find them to differ from a set I have hitherto spoken of, called Snuff-takers, only in the expedition they take in destroying their brains: the Whetter is obliged to refresh himself every moment with a liquor, as the Snuff-taker with a powder. As for their harmony in the evening, I have nothing to object, pro-  
vided

ry remove to Wapping, or the foot, where it is not to be supererogations will annoy the busy, or the contemplance had lodgings in Gray's Inn, he had two hard students, who to play upon the hautboy; and couple of chamber-fellows over not less diligent in the practice of sword and single-rapier. I for these gentlemen were assigned to the two houses at the terrace walk, as the only place for meditations. Such students do not improve but themselves, indeed have their proper discommodities.

Gentlemen of loud mirth above, I take to be, in the quality of crime, the same as Eaves-droppers; they who will be in your company whether you will or no, are to a degree offenders, as they who to what passes, without being company at all. The ancient sentiment for the latter, when I first came to this town, was the blanket, I humbly conceive, may be applied to him that bawls, as to the licensers. It is therefore proper for the future, that, except in the station, no retainers to the law, cimeter, violin, or any other instrument, in any tavern, within a four-mile inn of court, shall sing any or pretended tune whatsoever, upon the blanket, to be admitted according to the discretion of peaceable people as shall be without annoyance. And it is further directed that all clerks who shall offend, shall forfeit their indentures, to be turned over as assistants to the parish within the bills of mortality who are hereby empowered to do so accordingly.

Not to omit the receipt of the night-garment, with a night-cap from the night; which night-cap, I find, was used in the year 1588, and is too rough to be of any modern date. Its antiquity will better apply to Valentine's own words.

If you are pleased to accept of one in a present as a night-cap from the sentine, I have sent you one, do assure you has been very

much esteemed of in our family; for my great grandmother's daughter who worked it, was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and had the misfortune to lose her life by pricking her finger in the making of it, of which she bled to death, as her tomb now at Westminster will shew. For which reason, neither myself, nor any of the family, have loved work ever since; otherwise you should have one, as you desired, made by the hands of, Sir, your affectionate Valentine.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND GOVERNOR OF THE HOSPITAL ERECTED, OR TO BE ERECTED, IN MOOR-FIELDS.

THE PETITION OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE PARISH OF GOTHAM, IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT whereas it is the undoubted right of your said petitioners to repair on every Lord's day to a chapel of ease in the said parish, there to be instructed in their duties in the known or vulgar tongue; yet so it is, may it please your worship, that the preacher of the said chapel has of late given himself wholly up to matters of controversy, in no wise tending to the edification of your said petitioners; and in handling, as he calls it, the same, has used divers hard and crabbed words; such as, among many others, Orthodox and Heterodox, which are in no sort understood by your said petitioners; and it is with grief of heart, that your petitioners beg leave to represent to you, that in mentioning the aforesaid words or names, the latter of which, as we have reason to believe, is his deadly enemy, he will fall into ravings and foamings, ill becoming the meekness of his office, and tending to give offence and scandal to all good people.

Your petitioners further say, that they are ready to prove the aforesaid allegations; and therefore humbly hope, that from a true sense of their condition, you will please to receive the said preacher into the hospital, until he shall recover a right use of his senses.

And your petitioners, &c.

Z z

N<sup>o</sup> CXLII.

N<sup>o</sup> CXLII. TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1709.

SHERR-LANE, MARCH 6.

ALL persons who employ themselves in public, are still interrupted in the course of their affairs: and it seems, the admired Cavalliere Nicolini himself is commanded by the ladies, who at present employ their time with great assiduity in the care of the nation, to put off his day until he shall receive their commands, and notice that they are at leisure for diversions. In the mean time it is not to be expressed, how many cold chickens the fair-ones have eaten since this day seven-night for the good of their country. This great occasion has given birth to many discoveries of high moment for the conduct of life. There is a toast of my acquaintance who told me, she had now found out, that it was day before nine in the morning; and I am very confident, if the affair hold many days longer, the ancient hours of eating will be revived among us, many having by it been made acquainted with the luxury of hunger and thirst.

There appears, methinks, something very venerable in all assemblies: and I must confess, I envied all who had youth and health enough to make their appearance there, that they had the happiness of being a whole day in the best company in the world. During the adjournments of that awful court, a neighbour of mine was telling me, that it gave him a notion of the ancient grandeur of the English hospitality, to see Westminster Hall dining-room. There is a cheerfulness at such repasts, which is very delightful to tempers which are so happy as to be clear of spleen and vapour; for to the jovial, to see others pleased is the greatest of all pleasures.

But since age and infirmities forbid my appearance at such public places, the next happiness is to make the best use of privacy, and acquit myself of the demands of my correspondents. The following letter is what has given me no small inquietude, it being an accusation of partiality, and disregard to merit, in the person of a virtuoso; who is the most eloquent of all men upon small occasions, and is the more to be

admired for his prodigious fertility of invention, which never appears but upon subjects which others would have thought barren. But in consideration of his uncommon talents, I am contented to let him be the hero of my next two days, by inserting his friend's recommendation of him at large.

NANDO'S, FEB. 28, 1709.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Am just come out of the country, and upon perusing your late lucubrations, I find Charles Lillie to be the darling of your affections; that you have given him a place, and taken no small pains to establish him in the world; and at the same time have passed by his name-sake at this end of the town, as if he was a citizen defunct, and one of no use in a commonwealth. I must own, his circumstances are so good, and so well known, that he does not stand in need of having his fame published to the world; but being of an ambitious spirit, and an aspiring soul, he would be rather proud of the honour than desirous of the profit, which might result from your recommendation. He is a person of a particular genius, the first that brought toys in fashion, and baubles to perfection. He is admirably well versed in screws, springs, and hinges; and deeply read in knives, combs, or scissars, buttons or buckles. He is a perfect master of words, which, uttered with a smooth voluble tongue, flow into a most persuasive eloquence; inasmuch that I have known a gentleman of distinction find several ingenious faults with a toy of his, and shew his utmost dislike to it, as being either useless, or ill contrived; but when the orator, behind the counter, had harangued upon it for an hour and an half, displayed it's hidden beauties, and revealed it's secret perfections, he has wondered how he had been able to spend so great a part of his life without so important an utensil. I will not pretend to furnish out an inventory of all the valuable commodities that are to be found at his shop.

I shall content myself with giving an account of what I think most curious.

*Imprimis,*

*Imprimis*, his pocket-books are very neat, and well contrived, not for keeping bank-bills, or goldsmiths notes, I confess; but they are admirable for registering the lodgings of Madonas, and for preserving letters from ladies of quality. His whips and spurs are so nice, that they will make one that buys them ride a fox-hunting, though before he hated noise and early rising, and was afraid of breaking his neck. His seals are curiously fancied, and exquisitely well cut, and of great use to encourage young gentlemen to write a good hand. Ned Puzzle-post has been ill used by his writing-master, and writ a sort of Chinese, or downright Scrawlian: however, upon his buying a seal of my friend, he is so much improved by continual writing, that it is believed in a short time one may be able to read his letters, and find out his meaning, without guessing. His pistols and fuses are so very good, that they are fit to be laid up among the finest china. Then his tweezer cases are incomparable: you shall have one not much bigger than your finger, with seventeen several instruments in it, all necessary every hour of the day, during the whole course of a man's life. But if this virtuoso excels in one thing more than another, it is in canes: he has spent his most select hours in the knowledge of them; and is arrived at that perfection, that he is able to hold forth upon canes longer than upon any one subject in the world. Indeed, his canes are so finely clouded, and so well made up, either with gold or amber heads, that I am of the opinion it is impossible for a gentleman to walk, talk, sit, or stand, as he should do, without one of them. He knows the value of a cane, by knowing the value of the buyer's estate. Sir Timothy Shallow has two thousand pounds per annum, and Tom Empty, one. They both at several

times bought a cane of Charles: Sir Timothy's cost ten guineas, and Tom Empty's five. Upon comparing them, they were perfectly alike. Sir Timothy, surprized there should be no difference in the canes, and so much in the price, comes to Charles—'Damn it, Charles,' says he, 'you have sold me a cane here for ten pieces, and the very same to Tom Empty for five.'—'Lord, Sir Timothy,' says Charles, 'I am concerned that you, whom I took to understand canes better than any baronet in town, should be so overseen! Why, Sir Timothy, yours is a true Jambee, and Esquire Empty's only a plain Dragon.'

This virtuoso has a parcel of Jambees now growing in the East Indies, where he keeps a man on purpose to look after them, which will be the finest that ever landed in Great Britain, and will be fit to cut about two years hence. Any gentleman may subscribe for as many as he pleases. Subscriptions will be taken in at his shop at ten guineas each joint. They that subscribe for six shall have a Dragon gratis. This is all I have to say at present concerning Charles's curiosities; and hope it may be sufficient to prevail with you to take him into your consideration, which if you comply with, you will oblige your humble servant.

N. B. Whereas there came out, last term, several gold snuff-boxes, and others: this is to give notice, that Charles will put out a new edition on Saturday next, which will be the only one in fashion until after Easter. The gentleman that gave fifty pounds for the box set with diamonds, may shew until Sunday night, provided he goes to church; but not after that time, there being one to be published on Monday, which will cost fourscore guineas.

## N<sup>o</sup> CXLIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1709.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 8.

**I** Was this afternoon surprized with a visit from my sister Jenny, after an absence of some time. She had, methought, in her manner and air, something that was a little below that of women of the first breeding and quality,

but at the same time above the simplicity and familiarity of her usual deportment. As soon as she was seated, she began to talk to me of the odd place I lived in, and begged of me to remove out of the lane where I have been so long acquainted; 'For,' said she, 'it does so spoil one's horses, that I must beg  
Z z z your



'your pardon if you see me much seldom, when I am to make so great a journey with a single pair, and make visits, and get home the same night.' I understood her pretty well, but would not; therefore desired her to pay off her coach, for I had a great deal to talk to her. She very pertly told me, she came in her own chariot. 'Why,' said I, 'is your husband in town? and has he set up an equipage?'—'No,' answered she, 'but I have received five hundred pounds by his order; and his letters, which came at the same time, bade me want for nothing that was necessary.' I was heartily concerned at her folly, whose affairs render her but just able to bear such an expence. However, I considered, that according to the British custom of treating women, there is no other method to be used in removing any of their faults and errors, but conducting their minds from one humour to another, with as much ceremony as we lead their persons from one place to another. I therefore dissembled my concern, and in compliance with her, as a lady that was to use her feet no more, I begged of her, after a short visit, to let me persuade her not to stay out until it was late, for fear of catching cold as she went into her coach in the dampness of the evening. The malapert knew well enough I laughed at her; but was not ill pleased with the certainty of her power over her husband, who, she knew, would support her in any humour he was able, rather than pass through the torment of an expostulation to gain say any thing she had a mind to. As soon as my fine lady was gone, I writ the following letter to my brother.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Am at present under very much concern at the splendid appearance I saw my sister make in an equipage, which she has set up in your absence. I beg of you not to indulge her in this vanity; and desire you to consider, the world is so whimsical, that though it will value you for being happy, it will hate you for appearing so. The possession of wisdom and virtue, the only solid distinctions of life, is allowed much more easily than that of wealth and quality. Besides which, I must intreat you to weigh with yourself, what it is that people aim at in setting themselves out

to shew in gay equipages, and moderate fortunes! You are not by this means a better man than your neighbour is; but your horses are better than his are. And will you suffer care and inquietude, to have it said as you pass by—'Thou art very pretty punch nags?' Nay, when you have arrived at this, there are a hundred worthless fellows who are still four horses happier than you are. Remember, dear brother, there is a certain modesty in the enjoyment of moderate wealth, which to transgress exposes men to the utmost derision; and as there is nothing but meanness of spirit can move a man to value himself upon what can be purchased with money, so he that shews an ambition that way, and cannot arrive at it, is more emphatically guilty of that meanness. I give you only my first thoughts on this occasion; but shall, as I am a Censor, entertain you in my next with my sentiments in general upon the subject of equipage; and shew, that though there are no sumptuary laws amongst us, reason and good sense are equally binding; and will ever prevail in appointing approbation or dislike in all matters of an indifferent nature, when they are pursued with earnestness.

I am, Sir, &c.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

TO ALL GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND OTHERS, THAT DELIGHT IN SOFT LINES.

THESE are to give notice, that the proper time of the year for writing pastorals now drawing near, there is a stage-coach settled from the One Bell in the Strand to Dorchester, which sets out twice a week, and passes through Basingstoke, Sutton, Stockbridge, Salisbury, Blandford, and so to Dorchester, over the finest downs in England. At all which places, there are accommodations of spreading heeches, beds of flowers, turf seats, and purling streams, for happy swains; and thunderstruck oaks, and left-handed ravens, to foretell misfortunes to those that please to be wretched, with all other necessaries for pensive passion.

And for the conveniency of such whose affairs will not permit them to leave this town, at the same place they may be furnished, during the season, with opening buds, flowering thyme, warbling birds, sporting lambkins, and fountains  
water.

ht and good, and bottled on  
one sent down on purpose.  
The nymphs and swains are  
en to understand, that in those  
nes, they are so far from be-  
ed with wolves, that for want  
xes, a considerable pack of  
ve been lately forced to eat

is on the sixth instant, at mid-  
eral persons of light honour  
irth, having taken upon them  
e of men, but with the voice  
ers belonging to Mr. Powell's  
to call up surgeons at mid-  
send physicians to persons in  
, and perfect health: this is to  
at Mr. Powell had locked up  
all his company, for fear of  
at night; and that Mr. Powell  
ay for any damages done by  
ersons. It is also further ad-  
there were no midwives want-  
hote persons called them up  
ral parts of Westminster; but  
gentlewomen who were in  
my of the said impostors, may  
to call such useful persons on  
f December next.

enfor having observed, that  
ine wrought ladies shoes and  
t out to view at a great shoe-  
hop towards St. James's end  
hall, which create irregular  
nd desires in the youth of this  
ie said shopkeeper is required

to take in those eye-fores, or shew cause  
the next court-day why he continues to  
expose the same; and he is required to  
be prepared particularly to answer to the  
slippers with green lace and blue heels.

It is impossible for me to return the  
obliging things Mr. Joshua Barnes has  
said to me, upon the account of our  
mutual friend Homer. He and I have  
read him now forty years with some un-  
derstanding, and great admiration. A  
work to be produced by one who has  
enjoyed so great an intimacy with an  
author, is certainly to be valued more  
than any comment made by persons of  
yesterday. Therefore, according to my  
friend Joshua's request, I recommend  
his work\*; and having used a little ma-  
gic in the case, I give this recommenda-  
tion by way of amulet or charm against  
the malignity of envious backbiters,  
who speak evil of performances whereof  
themselves were never capable. If I  
may use my friend Joshua's own words,  
I shall at present say no more, but that  
we, Homer's oldest acquaintance now  
living, know best his ways; and can in-  
form the world, that they are often mis-  
taken when they think he is in lethargic  
fits, which we know he was never sub-  
ject to; and shall make appear to be rank  
scandal and envy, that of the Latin  
poet—

—*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

HOR. ART. POET. VER. 359.

—Good old Homer sometimes nods.

## CXLIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1709.

ER-LANE, MARCH 10.

ion of liberty, there is hardly  
on in the whole mass of the  
re absolutely necessary than a  
It is allowed, that I have no  
for assuming this important  
s, and that I am Censor of  
ms just as one is chosen king  
of Questions and Commands:  
re execution of this fantastical  
observe upon things which do  
with in the cognizance of real  
I hope it will be granted, that  
an could not be more usefully

Among all the irregulari-  
tich I have taken notice, I  
e so proper to be presented to

the world by a Censor, as that of the ge-  
neral expence and affectation in equi-  
page. I have lately hinted, that this  
extravagance must necessarily get foot-  
ing where we have no sumptuary laws,  
and where every man may be dressed,  
attended, and carried, in what manner  
he pleases. But my tenderness to my  
fellow-subjects will not permit me to let  
this enormity go unobserved.

As the matter now stands, every man  
takes it in his head that he has a liberty  
to spend his money as he pleases. Thus,  
in spite of all order, justice, and de-  
corum, we, the greater number of the  
Queen's loyal subjects, for no reason in  
the world, but because we want money,  
do not share alike in the division of

r. Joshua Barnes's new and accurate edition of all Homer's works, &c.

bet

her Majesty's high road. The horses and slaves of the rich take up the whole street, while we Peripatetics are very glad to watch an opportunity to whisk across a passage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the machine, that carries in it a person neither more handsome, wise, or valiant, than the meanest of us. For this reason, were I to propose a tax, it should certainly be upon coaches and chairs: for no man living can assign a reason why one man should have half a street to carry him at his ease, and perhaps only in pursuit of pleasures, when as good a man as himself wants room for his own person, to pass upon the most necessary and urgent occasion. Until such an acknowledgment is made the public, I shall take upon me to vest certain rights in the scavengers of the cities of London and Westminster, to take the horses and servants of all such as do not become or deserve such distinctions, into their peculiar custody. The offenders themselves I shall allow safe conduct to their places of abode in the carts of the said scavengers; but their horses shall be mounted by their footmen, and sent into the service abroad: and I take this opportunity, in the first place, to recruit the regiment of my good old friend the brave and honest Sylvius, that they may be as well taught as they are fed. It is to me most miraculous, so unreasonable an usurpation as this I am speaking of, should so long have been tolerated. We hang a poor fellow for taking any trifle from us on the road, and bear with the rich for robbing us of the road itself. Such a tax as this would be of great satisfaction to us who walk on foot; and since the distinction of riding in a coach is not to be appointed according to a man's merit or service to his country, nor that liberty given as a reward for some eminent virtue, we should be highly contented to see them pay something for the insult they do us, in the state they take upon them while they are drawn by us.

Until they have made us some reparation of this kind, we the Peripatetics of Great Britain cannot think ourselves well treated, while every one that is able is allowed to set up an equipage.

As for my part, I cannot but admire how persons, conscious to themselves of no manner of superiority above others,

can out of mere pride or laziness expose themselves at this rate to public view, and put us all upon pronouncing those three terrible syllables—'Who is that?' When it comes to that question, our method is to consider the mien and air of the passenger, and comfort ourselves for being dirty to the ankles, by laughing at his figure and appearance who overlooks us. I must confess, were it not for the solid injustice of the thing, there is nothing could afford a discerning eye greater occasion for mirth, than this licentious hurdle of quantities and characters in the equipages about this town. The overseers of the highways and constables have so little skill or power to rectify this matter, that you may often see the equipage of a fellow whom all the town know to deserve hanging, make a stop that shall interrupt the Lord High Chancellor, and all the judges, in their way to Westminster.

For the better understanding of things and persons in this general confusion, I have given directions to all the coach-makers and coach-painters in town, to bring me in lists of their several customers; and doubt not, but with comparing the orders of each man, in his placing his arms on the door of his chariot, as well as the words, devices, and cyphers to be fixed upon them, to make a collection which shall let us into the nature, if not the history of mankind, more usefully than the curiosities of any medalist in Europe.

But this evil of vanity in our figure, with many others, proceeds from a certain gaiety of heart, which has crept into men's very thoughts and complexions. The passions and adventures of heroes, when they enter the lists for the tournament in romances, are not more easily distinguishable by their palfreys, and their armour, than the secret springs and affections of the several pretenders to shew amongst us are known by their equipages in ordinary life. The young bridegroom, with his gilded Cupids, and winged angels, has some excuse in the joy of his heart to launch out into something that may be significant of his present happiness: but to see men, for no reason upon earth but that they are rich, ascend triumphant chariots, and ride through the people, has at the bottom nothing else in it but an insolent transport, arising only from the distinction of fortune.

Therefore high time that I call coaches as are in their embellishment improper for the character of us. But if I find I am not rein, and that I cannot pull these equipages already erected, I take upon me to prevent the use of this evil for the future, by entering into the pretensions of the person. I shall hereafter attempt to make tries with ornaments and decorations of their own appointment. If no one believed he had the hand in this kingdom, should take to adorn so deserving a limb as garter, he would justly be for offending against the most liberal: and, I think, the general opinion of equipage and retinue is due to all distinction, as the

impertinence of one man, if permitted, would certainly be to that illustrious fraternity.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Censor having lately received intelligence that the ancient simplicity in the dress and manners of that part of this island, called Scotland, begins to decay; and that there are at this time, in the good town of Edinburgh, Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs; his late correspondent from that place is desired to send up their names and characters with all expedition, that they may be proceeded against accordingly, and proper officers named to take in their canes, snuff-boxes, and all other useless necessities commonly worn by such offenders.

## 10 CXLV. TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1709.

NESCIO QUIS TENEROS OCVLUS MIHI FASCINAT AGNOS.

VIRG. EC. 3. VER. 103.

AM! WHAT ILL EYES BEWITCH MY TENDER LAMES?

CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAR. 13.

SEVENING was allotted for sitting into consideration a late of two indulgent parents, touch-are of a young daughter, whom to send to a boarding-school, at home, according to my decision; but I am diverted from rest by letters which I have received from several ladies, complaining of a sect of professed enemies to the fair-sex, called Oggers. First, it seems, gentlemen who pay deep attention on one object of amusements, and are ever staring at them in churches. It is urged by correspondents, that they do all possible to keep their eyes off these; but that, by what power they use, both their diversions and desires interrupted by them in such a manner, as that they cannot attend to without stealing looks at the persons whose eyes are fixed upon them. In short, my petitioners say, they themselves grow insensibly less of and in time enamoured of these enemies. What is required of me on this occasion is, that as I love and preserve the better part of man-

kind, the females, I would give them some account of this dangerous way of assault; against which there is so little defence, that it lays ambush for the fight itself, and makes them seeing, knowingly, willingly, and forcibly, go on to their own captivity.

This representation of the present state of affairs between the two sexes gave me very much alarm; and I had no more to do, but to recollect what I had seen at any one assembly for some years last past, to be convinced of the truth and justice of this remonstrance. If there be not a stop put to this evil art, all the modes of address, and the elegant embellishments of life, which arise out of the noble passion of love, will of necessity decay. Who would be at the trouble of rhetoric, or study the *Bon Mien*, when his introduction is so much easier obtained by a sudden reverence in a down-cast look at the meeting the eye of a fair lady, and beginning again to ogle her as soon as she glances another way? I remember very well, when I was last at an opera, I could perceive the eyes of the whole audience cast into particular cross angles one upon another, without any manner of regard to the stage, though King Latinus was himself

himself present when I made that observation. It was then very pleasant to look into the hearts of the whole company; for the balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with. The most ordinary beholder can take notice of any violent agitation in the mind, any pleasing transport, or any inward grief, in the person he looks at; but one of these Oglers can see a studied indifference, a concealed love, or a smothered resentment, in the very glances that are made to hide those dispositions of thought. The naturalists tell us, that the rattle-snake will fix himself under a tree where he sees a squirrel playing; and when he has once got the exchange of a glance from the pretty wanton, will give it such a sudden stroke on it's imagination, that though it may play from bough to bough, and strive to avert it's eyes from it for some time, yet it comes nearer and nearer by little intervals of looking another way, until it drops into the jaws of the animal, which it knew gazed at it for no other reason but to ruin it. I did not believe this piece of philosophy until that night I was just now speaking of; but I then saw the same thing pass between an Ogler and a Coquette. Mirtillo, the most learned of the former, had for some time discontinued to visit Flavia, no less eminent among the latter. They industriously avoided all places where they might probably meet, but chance brought them together to the play-house, and seated them in a direct line over-against each other, she in a front box, he in the pit next the stage. As soon as Flavia had received the looks of the whole crowd below her with that air of insensibility, which is necessary at the first entrance, she began to look round, and saw the vagabond Mirtillo, who had so long absented himself from her circle; and when she first discovered him, she looked upon him with that glance, which, in the language of Oglers, is called the Scornful, but immediately turned her observation another way, and returned upon him with the Indifferent. This gave Mirtillo no small resentment; but he used her accordingly. He took care to be ready for her next glance. She found his eyes full in the indolent, with his lips crumpled up, in the posture of one whistling. Her anger at this usage immediately appeared in every

muscle of her face; and after many emotions, which glistered in her eyes, she cast them round the whole house, and gave them softnesses in the face of every man she had ever seen before. After she thought she had reduced all she saw to her obedience, the play began, and ended their dialogue. As soon as the first act was over, she stood up with a visage full of dissembled alacrity and pleasure, with which she overlooked the audience, and at last came to him; he was then placed in a side way, with his hat slouching over his eyes, and gazing at a wench in the side-box, as talking of that gypsy to the gentleman who sat by him. But as she fixed upon him, he turned suddenly with a full face upon her, and, with all the respect imaginable, made her the most obsequious bow in the presence of the whole theatre. This gave her a pleasure not to be concealed, and she made him the recovering, or second curtsy, with a smile that spoke a perfect reconciliation. Between the ensuing acts, they talked to each other with gestures and glances so significant, that they ridiculed the whole house in their silent speech, and made an appointment that Mirtillo should lead her to her coach.

The peculiar language of one eye, as it differs from another, as much as the tone of one voice from another, and the fascination or enchantment, which is lodged in the optic nerves of the persons concerned in these dialogues, is, I must confess, too nice a subject for one who is not an adept in these speculations; but I shall, for the good and safety of the fair-sex, call my learned friend Sir William Read to my assistance, and, by the help of his observations on this organ, acquaint them when the eye is to be believed, and when distrusted. On the contrary, I shall conceal the true meaning of the looks of ladies, and indulge in them all the art they can acquire in the management of their glances: and which is but too little against creatures who triumph in falsehood, and begin to forswear with their eyes, when their tongues can be longer believed.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A VERY clean well-behaved young gentleman, who is in a very good way in Cornhill, has writ to me the following lines; and seems in some passages of his

letter, which I omit, to lay it very much to heart, that I have not spoken of a supernatural beauty whom he sighs for, and complains too in most elaborate language. 'Alas! What can a monitor do? All mankind live in romance.'

ROYAL EXCHANGE, MARCH II.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

SOME time since, you were pleased to mention the beauties in the New Exchange and Westminster Hall, and

in my judgment were not very impartial; for if you were pleased to allow there was one goddess in the New Exchange, and two shepherdesses in Westminster Hall, you very well might say, there was and is at present one angel in the Royal Exchange: and I humbly beg the favour of you to let justice be done her, by inserting this in your next Tatler; which will make her my good angel, and me your most humble servant,

A. B.

Nº CXLVI. THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1709.

PERMITTES IPSIS EXPENDERE NUMINIBUS, QUID  
CONVENIAT NOBIS, REBUSQUE SIT UTILE NOSTRIS.  
NAM PRO JUCUNDIS APTISSIMA QUÆQUE DABUNT DII.  
CHARIOR EST ILLIS HOMO, QUAM SIBI. NOS ANIMORUM  
IMPULSU, ET CÆCA MAGNAQUE CUPIDINE DUCTI,  
CONJUGUM PETIMUS, PARTUMQUE UXORIS; AT ILLIS  
NOTUM, QUI PUERI, QUALISQUE FUTURA SIT Uxor.

JUV. SAT. IO. VER. 347.

INTRUST THY FORTUNE TO THE POWERS ABOVE;  
LEAVE THEM TO MANAGE FOR THEE, AND TO GRANT  
WHAT THEIR UNERRING WISDOM SEES THEE WANT:  
IN GOODNESS AS IN GREATNESS THEY EXCEL:  
AH! THAT WE LOV'D OURSELVES BUT HALF SO WELL!  
WE, BLINDLY BY OUR HEADSTRONG PASSIONS LED,  
ARE HOT FOR ACTION, AND DESIRE TO WED;  
THEN WISH FOR HEIRS, BUT TO THE GODS ALONE  
OUR FUTURE OFFSPRING AND OUR WIVES ARE KNOWN.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 15.

**A**MONG the various sets of correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their cases from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling stream, where he used to ruminate in solitude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia prefaces as much for consolation on the other side; and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philander, that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon the account of a greyhound, that,

after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another, who I believe is serious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshot Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him, if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and houses, sheep and oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a scarf, or a tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who had buried five children, and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into

a fit by a neglect at a ball or an assembly? Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities: many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot: and many an hero cast into a fit of melancholy, because the rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. Theron places all his happiness in a running horse, Sufferus in a gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue string, and Florio in a tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with Blessings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of Nature with the presiding deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The stars offered up their influences; the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the Destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right-hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age,

poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right-hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroad the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falshood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravations of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the Destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three Sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them to be much more difficult than they imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel: whereas, to their great surprize, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power, with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age: wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits

fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, until they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprize to the three Sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures: such are drefs, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The Destinies, finding themselves in

so great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly; the eldest sister presenting herself before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done:

'O Jupiter,' says she, 'we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none besides thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.'

Nº CXLVII. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1709.

—UT AMERIS, AMABILIS ESTO.

OVID.

—BE LOVELY, THAT YOU MAY BE LOV'D.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 17.

**R**EADING is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make use of it only as the means of health; so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to

lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correspondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he had conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in ambrosia; which gave her person all it's beauty, and diffused so divine an odour, as refreshed all nature, and sweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the poet describes at length, and which the goddess chose out as the most



proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to Venus, the deity who presides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. 'For,' says the goddess, 'I would make use of them to reconcile the two deities who took care of me in my infancy, and who at present are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed.' Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the Cestus which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom until she had accomplished her intention. This cestus was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were, Love, Desire, Fondness of Speech, and Conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency, which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came, as by accident, into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her embraces, without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him until that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that, without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan according to Juno's direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in lotuses, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman, who has a mind to preserve or recal the affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the ces-

tus, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensibly necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the cestus in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, fullen silence, or exasperating language.

SHEER-LANE, MARCH 17.

UPON my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste of two hundred and sixteen hogheads, which are to be put to sale at twenty pounds a hoghead, at Gairaway's Coffee-house in Exchange Alley, on the twenty-second instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in Major Long's Vaults from the twentieth instant until the time of sale. This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a jury of men of nice palates, and strong heads, who being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict until three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able—'Extra-ordinary French Claret.' For my own part, as I love to consult my pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen  
bottles

it. I must, at the same time, the justice to let the world at I have resisted great temptations of this kind; as it is well known her in Clare Market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen of marrow-bones. I had a bribe sent me by a fishmonger, of a collar of brawn, and a mutton; but not finding them

excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up, without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will recommend the best and most wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful notices from the sellers; that it may not be said hereafter, that my readers were better taught than fed.

CXLVIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1709.

GUSTUS ELEMENTA PER OMNIA QUÆRUNT,  
NUNQUAM ANIMO PRETIIS OBSTANTIBUS.

JUV. SAT. II. VER. 14.

THEY RANSACK EV'RY ELEMENT FOR CHOICE  
OF EV'RY FISH AND FOWL, AT ANY PRICE. CONGREVE.

OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 20.

ING intimated in my last paper, that I design to take under the Diet of this great hall begin with a very earnest exhortation to all my well-readers, that they would receive food of their forefathers, and themselves to beef and mutton. the diet that bred that hardy mortals who won the fields of Agincourt. I need not go as the history of Guy Earl of Warwick, who is well known to have a dun cow of his own killing. owned King Arthur is genealogized upon as the first who ever roasted a whole ox, which is only the best way to preserve it; and it is further added, that knights sit about it at his table, and usually consumed it to bones before they would enter debate of moment. The Black was a professed lover of the not to mention the history of beef, or the institution of the office-eaters; which are all so many undeniable marks of the pest which our warlike predecessors paid to this excellent food. of the ancient gentry of this are covered thrice a day with beef; and I am credibly informed by an antiquary who has searched in which the bills of fare are recorded, that instead of bread and butter, which have

prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant countrymen; but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word Sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do Beef-eater in a respectful and honourable sense. As for the flesh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome remark of Daniel the historian, who takes notice, that in all taxes upon provisions, during the reigns of several of our kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for slaughter. The common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors; and it is to this that we, in a great measure, owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricassees and ragouts.

For this reason, we at present see the florid complexion, the strong limb, and the hale constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild gentry who have been educated among the woods or mountains.

tains: whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the athletic constitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families, to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it; as physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to fevers. I look upon a French ragoût to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young lady swallow all the instigations of high soups, seasoned sauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false delicacies are to be as contradictory as they can be to Nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare dishes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their senses, but what would offend those of their inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and, as the phrase is, 'eats well.' At our sitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myself. That which stood before me, I took to be a roasted porcupine, however did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over several hatches, which I do not know the names of to this day; and, hearing that they were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties, I saw some-

thing like a pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it; but, to my great surprize, my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the house said, with great civility—'I am sure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death.' I must confess, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died so tragical a death. I was now in great hunger and confusion, when methought I smelled the agreeable flavour of roast beef; but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head, I saw a noble sirloin on the side-table, smoking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see, without some indignation, that substantial English dish banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for French kick-shaws.

The desert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plumbs, disposed like so many heaps of hail-stones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them; and was half angry with the rest of the company, that for the sake of a piece of lemon-peel, or a sugar-plumb, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with lumps of ice, which they had just before been burning with salts and peppers.

As soon as this show was over, I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house: for as I in every thing love what is simple and natural, so particularly in my food; two plain dishes, with

two or three good-natured, chear-  
genious friends, would make me  
pleased and vain, than all that  
and luxury can bestow. For it

is my maxim, that he keeps the greatest  
table who has the most valuable com-  
pany at it.

## NO CXLIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1709.

MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 22.

as often been a solid grief to me,  
en I have reflected on this glo-  
riation, which is the scene of pub-  
pines and liberty, that there are  
owds of private tyrants, against  
there neither is any law now in  
nor can there be invented any by  
of man. These cruel men are  
ared husbands. 'The commerce  
conjugal state is so delicate, that  
possible to prescribe rules for the  
it of it, so as to fit ten thou-  
imeless pleasures and disquietudes  
arise to people in that condition.  
is in this as in some other nice  
where touching upon the malady  
y is half way to the cure; and  
re some faults which need only  
bserved, to be amended. I am  
o this way of thinking by a late  
sation, which I am going to give  
unt of.

ade a visit the other day to a fa-  
or which I have a great honour,  
and the father, the mother, and  
three of the younger children,  
off designedly to leave me alone  
e eldest daughter, who was but  
nt there as well as myself, and  
rife of a gentleman of a very fair  
er in the world. As soon as we  
lone, I saw her eyes full of tears,  
thought she had much to say to  
r which she wanted encourage-

'Madam,' said I, 'you know  
h you all as well as any friend  
ave: speak freely what I see you  
ppressed with; and you may be  
if I cannot relieve your distress,  
may at least reap so much present  
age, as safely to give yourself  
ase of uttering it.' She imme-  
assumed the most becoming com-  
of countenance, and spoke as  
: 'It is an aggravation of af-  
in a married life, that there is  
of guilt in communicating it:  
hich reason it is, that a lady of  
and my acquaintance, instead of

'speaking to you herself, desired me,  
'the next time I saw you, as you are a  
'professed friend to our sex, to turn  
'your thoughts upon the reciprocal  
'complaisance which is the duty of a  
'married state.

'My friend was neither in birth, for-  
tune, or education, below the gentle-  
man whom she has married. Her  
person, her age, and her character, are  
also such as he can make no exception  
to. But so it is, that from the mo-  
ment the marriage ceremony was over,  
the obsequiousness of a lover was  
turned into the haughtiness of a master.  
'All the kind endeavours which she  
uses to please him, are at best but so  
many instances of her duty. This in-  
solence takes away that secret satisf-  
faction, which does not only excite to  
virtue, but also rewards it. It abates the  
fire of a free and generous love, and  
embitters all the pleasures of a social  
'life.' The young lady spoke all this  
with such an air of repentment, as dis-  
covered how nearly she was concerned  
in the distress.

When I observed she had done speak-  
ing—'Madam,' said I, 'the affliction  
'you mention is the greatest that can  
'happen in human life; and I know  
'but one consolation in it, if that be a  
'consolation, that the calamity is a  
'pretty general one. There is nothing  
'so common as for men to enter into  
'marriage, without so much as expect-  
'ing to be happy in it. They seem to  
'propose to themselves a few holidays  
'in the beginning of it; after which  
'they are to return at best to the usual  
'course of their life; and, for aught  
'they know, to constant misery and  
'uneasiness. From this false sense of  
'the state they are going into, proceeds  
'the immediate coldness and indif-  
'ference, or hatred and aversion, which  
'attend ordinary marriages, or rather  
'bargains to cohabit.' Our conversa-  
tion was here interrupted by company  
which came in upon us.

The humour of affecting a superior  
carriage.

carriage, generally rises from a false notion of the weakness of a female understanding in general, or an over-weening opinion that we have of our own; for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedness and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy in which the wife has no opinion of her husband's wisdom; but without offence to so great an authority, I may venture to say, that a sullen wife man is as bad as a good-natured fool. Knowledge, softened with complacency and good-breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant, and unforgiving temper, it creates rather fear than love. I, who am a bachelor, have no other conjugal tenderness, but what I learn from books; and shall therefore produce three letters of Pliny, who was not only one of the greatest, but the most learned man in the whole Roman empire. At the same time I am very much ashamed, that on such occasions I am obliged to have recourse to heathen authors; and shall appeal to my readers, if they would not think it a mark of a narrow education in a man of quality, to write such passionate letters to any woman but a mistress. They were all three written at a time when she was at a distance from him: the first of them puts me in mind of a married friend of mind, who said—'Sickness is itself is pleasant to a man that is attended in it by one whom he dearly loves.'

## PLINY TO CALPURNIA.

**I** Never was so much offended at business, as when it hindered me from going with you into the country, or following you thither: for I more particularly wish to be with you at present, that I might be sensible of the progress you make in the recovery of your strength and health; as also of the entertainment and diversions you can meet with in your retirement. Believe me, it is an anxious state of mind to live in ignorance of what happens to those whom we passionately love. I am not only in pain for your absence, but also for your indisposition. I am afraid of every thing, fancy every thing, and, as it is the nature of men in fear, I fancy those things

most, which I am most afraid of. Let me therefore earnestly desire you to favour me, under these my apprehensions, with one letter every day, or, if possible, with two; for I shall be a little at ease while I am reading your letters, and grow anxious again as soon as I have read them.

## SECOND LETTER.

**Y**OU tell me, that you are very much afflicted at my absence, and that you have no satisfaction in any thing but my writings, which you often lay by you upon my pillow. You oblige me very much in wishing to see me, and making me your comforter in my absence. In return, I must let you know, I am no less pleased with the letters which you writ to me, and read them over a thousand times with new pleasure. If your letters are capable of giving me so much pleasure, what would your conversation do? Let me beg of you to write to me often; though at the same time I must confess, your letters give me anguish whilst they give me pleasure.

## THIRD LETTER.

**I**T is impossible to conceive how much I languish for you in your absence; the tender love I bear you is the chief cause of this my uneasiness; which is still the more insupportable, because absence is wholly a new thing to us. I lie awake most part of the night in thinking of you, and several times of the day go as naturally to your apartment, as if you were there to receive me; but when I miss you, I come away dejected, out of humour, and like a man that had suffered a repulse. There is but one part of the day in which I am relieved from this anxiety, and that is when I am engaged in public affairs.

You may guess at the uneasy condition of one who has no rest but in business, no consolation but in trouble.

I shall conclude this paper with a beautiful passage out of Milton, and leave it as a lecture to those of my own sex, who have a mind to make their conversation agreeable, as well as instructive, to the fair partners who are fallen into their care. Eve having observed, that Adam was entering into some deep disquisitions with the angels,

who was sent to visit him, is described as retiring from their company, with a design of learning what should pass there from her husband.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd

Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which  
Eve

Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat  
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and  
flow'rs.

Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
Adam relating, the sole auditress;  
Her husband the relater she pleas'd  
Before the angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix  
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal caresses; from his lip  
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when  
meet now  
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?

## Nº CL. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1710.

MÆC SUNT JUCUNDI CAUSA, CIBUSQUE MALI.

OVID.

'TIS THIS THAT CAUSES AND FOMENTS THE EVIL,  
AND GIVES US PLEASURE MIXT WITH PAIN—

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 24.

I Have received the following letter upon the subject of my last paper. The writer of it tells me, I there spoke of marriage as one that knows it only by speculation, and for that reason he finds me his sense of it, as drawn from experience.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Have received your paper of this day, and think you have done the nuptial state a great deal of justice in the authority you give us of Pliny, whose letters to his wife you have there translated: but give me leave to tell you, that it is impossible for you, that are a bachelor, to have so just a notion of this way of life, as to touch the affections of your readers in a particular, wherein every man's own heart suggests more than the nicest observer can form to himself without experience. I, therefore, who am an old married man, have sat down to give you an account of the matter from my own knowledge, and the observations which I have made upon the conduct of others in that most agreeable or wretched condition.

It is very commonly observed, that the most smart pangs which we meet with, are in the beginning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance of each other's humour, and want of prudence to make allowances for a change from the most careful respect, to the most unbounded familiarity. Hence it arises,

that trifles are commonly occasions of the greatest anxiety; for contradiction being a thing wholly unusual between a new married couple, the smallest instance of it is taken for the highest injury; and it very seldom happens, that the man is slow enough in assuming the character of a husband, or the woman quick enough in condescending to that of a wife. It immediately follows, that they think they have all the time of their courtship been talking in masks to each other, and therefore begin to act like disappointed people. Philander finds Delia ill-natured and impertinent; and Delia, Philander surly and inconstant.

I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very honey-moon about cutting up a tart: nay, I could name two, who, after having had seven children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbours have not spoke to one another these three days, because they differed in their opinions, whether the clock should stand by the window, or over the chimney. It may seem strange to you, who are not a married man, when I tell you how the least trifle can strike a woman dumb for a week together. But if you ever enter into this state, you will find that the soft sex as often express their anger by an obstinate silence, as by an ungovernable clamour.

Those, indeed, who begin this course of life without jars at their setting out, arrive within few months at a pitch of benevolence and affection, of which the most

most perfect friendship is but a faint resemblance. As in the unfortunate marriage, the most minute and indifferent things are objects of the sharpest resentment; so in an happy one, they are occasions of the most exquisite satisfaction. For what does not oblige in one we love? what does not offend in one we dislike? For these reasons I take it for a rule, that in marriage, the chief business is to acquire a prepossession in favour of each other. They should consider one another's words and actions with a secret indulgence: there should be always an inward fondness pleading for each other, such as may add new beauties to every thing that is excellent, give charms to what is indifferent, and cover every thing that is defective. For want of this kind propensity and bias of mind, the married pair often take things ill of each other, which no one else would take notice of in either of them.

But the most unhappy circumstance of all is, where each party is always laying up fuel for dissension, and gathering together a magazine of provocations to exasperate each other with when they are out of humour. These people, in common discourse, make no scruple to let those who are by know, they are quarrelling with one another; and think they are discreet enough, if they conceal from the company the matters which they are hinting at. About a week ago, I was entertained for a whole dinner with a mysterious conversation of this nature; out of which I could learn no more, than that the husband and wife were angry at one another. We had no sooner sat down, but says the gentleman of the house, in order to raise discourse—'I thought Margarita sung extremely well last night.' Upon this, says the lady, looking as pale as ashes—'I suppose she had cherry-coloured ribbands on.'—'No,' answered the husband with a flush in his face, 'but she had laced shoes.' I look upon it, that a stander-by on such occasions has as much reason to be out of countenance as either of the combatants. To turn off my confusion, and seem regardless of what had passed, I desired the servant who attended to give me the vinegar, which unluckily created a new dialogue of hints; for, as far as I could gather by the subsequent discourse, they had dissented the day before about the preference of elder to wine vinegar. In the midst of their discourse, there ap-

peared a dish of chickens and asparagus, when the husband seemed disposed to lay aside all disputes; and looking upon her with a great deal of good-nature, said—'Pray, my dear, will you help my friend to a wing of the fowl that lies next you, for I think it looks extremely well.' The lady, instead of answering him, addressing herself to me—'Pray, Sir,' said she, 'do you in Surrey reckon the white or the black-legged fowls the best?' I found the husband changed colour at the question; and before I could answer, asked me, whether we did not call hops broom in our country? I quickly found, they did not ask questions so much out of curiosity as anger: for which reason I thought fit to keep my opinion to myself, and, as an honest man ought, when he sees two friends in warmth with each other, I took the first opportunity I could to leave them by themselves.

You see, Sir, I have laid before you only small incidents, which are seemingly frivolous: but take it from a man very well experienced in this state, they are principally evils of this nature which make marriages unhappy. At the same time, that I may do justice to this excellent institution, I must own to you, there are unspeakable pleasures which are as little regarded in the computation of the advantages of marriage, as the others are in the usual survey that is made of it's misfortunes.

Lovemore and his wife live together in the happy possession of each other's hearts, and by that means have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued scene of delight. Their passion for each other communicates a certain satisfaction, like that which they themselves are in, to all that approach them. When she enters the place where he is, you see a pleasure which he cannot conceal, nor he or any one else describe. In so consummate an affection, the very presence of the person beloved has the effect of the most agreeable conversation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleasures of society, and at the same time the freedom of solitude. Their ordinary life is to be preferred to the happiest moments of other lovers. In a word, they have each of them great merit, live in the esteem of all who know them, and seem but to comply with the opinions of their friends, in the just value they have for each other.

N<sup>o</sup> CLI. TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1710.

NI VIS BONI  
IN IPSA INESSET FORMA, HÆC FORMAM EXTINGUERENT. TER.

HERE NOT SOME DIVINE FORCE AND POWER IN BEAUTY, THESE THINGS  
WOULD BE ENOUGH TO EXTINGUISH IT'S LUSTRE.

MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 27.

WHEN artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they set them to show in little cases of velvet. By this means they appear in their true and genuine while there is no colour that can impair their brightness, or give a false the water. When I was at the same other night, the assembly of mourning made me consider the same kind of view. A dress there is so little variety shews in all its natural charms, and none differ from another only as more or less beautiful. Painters are careful of offending against a richness is so essential in all just relations. The chief figure must be the strongest point of light; and not red by any gay colourings, that draw away the attention to any less remarkable part of the picture. The fashion obliges every body to be with propriety, and makes the faces the principal objects of sight. A beautiful person shines out in all excellence with which nature has blessed her; gaudy ribbands and glarours being now out of use, there is no opportunity given them to veil themselves, which they seldom do whenever it lies in their power. A woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously what she is; but endeavours to be as another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so long, that they forget the faces of those which they first sat down to; or whatever it is, they seldom rise to toilet the same women they appear when they began to dress. What is the charming Cleora place in the world, that can please her beholders but as her eyes? the cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty

to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may, indeed, tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley, partly-coloured animal: the pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and shaded furbelow, may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my word for it, and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular. I can assure them, there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture, than any that rise out of the looms of Persia.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with every thing that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any one species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a fardingal. The memory of an old visiting lady is so filled up with gloves, silks, and ribbands, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy-shop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing, that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and taken an air that shewed a secret satisfaction in herself, mixed with a scorn of others. 'I did not know,' says my friend, 'what to make of the carriage of this fantastical girl, until I was informed by her eldest sister, that she had a pair of striped garters on.' This odd turn of mind often makes the sex unhappy, and disposes them to be struck with every thing that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the loss of a wig, and been ruined by



the tapping of a snuff-box. It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder-knot, while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an open waistcoat; and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of red heels. A Grecian hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply when he answered—'No; but I can make a great city of a little one.' Notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any toast in town, whether she would not think the lutenist preferable to the statesman: I do not speak this out of any aversion that I have to the sex; on the contrary, I have always had a tenderness for them; but I must confess it troubles me very much, to see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age, she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper, and

equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, Sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself, that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age, she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a tip-pet, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a white farset hood, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house, had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in cherry-coloured ribbands, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This discourse puts me in mind of an humourist mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus, who, when he designed to do a man a mischief, made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author, when he describes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in with two words, *simplex munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

## Nº CLII. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1710.

DII, QUIBUS IMPERIUM EST ANIMARUM, UMBREQUE SILENTES,  
ET CHAOS, ET PHLEGETHON, LOCA NOCTE SILENTIA LATE,  
SIT MIHI FAS AUDITA LOQUI; SIT NUMINE VESTRO  
PANDERE RES ALTA TERRA ET CALIGINE MERSAS.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. VER. 26.

INFERNAL GODS, WHO RULE THE SHADES BELOW,  
CHAOS AND PHLEGETHON, THE REALMS OF WOE;  
GRANT WHAT I'VE HEARD I MAY TO LIGHT EXPOSE,  
SECRETS WHICH EARTH, AND NIGHT, AND HELL, INCLOSE!

PITT.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 29.

A Man who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studi-

ous and contemplative natures often entertain themselves with the history of past ages, or raise schemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity, which is still to come, rather than

k on that which is already run cause I know I have a real share rest in the one, whereas all that is fast in the other can be only of curiosity to me.

this account, I have been already much delighted with meditation the soul's immortality, and in the several notions which the men, both ancient and modern, entertained on that subject. What notions of the greatest philosophers in, I have several times hinted shall give an account of them as time as occasion requires. likewise be worth while to contrast men of the most exalted and elevated imagination, have of this matter. Among these, stands up as a prodigy of man that looks down upon the rest of creatures as a species beneath him. is the most ancient heathen may guess from his relation, what common opinions in his time of the state of the soul after

quest, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghost of his own mother Anticlea, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitudes of shades that surrounded him; and sits down at a small distance from him by the lake of blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulysses was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing Tiresias, does not reveal himself to his mother, until he had consulted that great prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the empire of the dead. Tiresias, having cautioned him to keep himself and his companions free from the guilt of sacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the gods, promises him a safe return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

as, he tells us, made a voyage regions of the dead, in order to Tiresias how he should return to country, and recommend him the favour of the gods. The scene introduces a single person, who not suggest some useful premisses reader, and designs his descent of the dead for the amendment living.

as, after having made a very plentiful sacrifice, sat him down by the pool of blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of ghosts of all ages and nations, that hovered about the hero, led upon the streams of his oblation. The first he knew was the shade of Elpenor, who, to show the activity it above that of body, is represented arrived there long before Ulysses, withstanding the winds and seas tributed all their force to hasten him thither. This Elpenor, to the reader with a detestation of himself, and at the same time with us care of doing proper honours dead, describes himself as having his neck in a debauch of wine; Ulysses, that for the repose of he would build a monument, and perform funeral rites to him. Ulysses, with great sorrow, promises to fulfil his re-

The poet, having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his reader in suspense, represents his wife Penelope, after the dispatch of his business with Tiresias, as yielding himself up to the call of natural affection, and making himself known to his mother. Her eyes are no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears—'Oh, my son! and enquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses, on the other hand, desires to know what the sickness was that had sent her into those regions, and the condition in which he had left his father, his son, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, they were all three inconsolable for his absence: 'As for myself,' says she, 'that was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my tenderness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my soul from my body.' Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his bosom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occasion to describe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unincorporated soul, in the excuse which the mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her son's embraces.

embraces. 'The soul,' says she, 'is composed neither of bones, flesh, nor sinews; but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burden, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream.'

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a vision as could enter into a man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the mistresses of gods, or mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcemena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and several others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood: 'Each of them,' says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity, 'giving me an account of her birth and family.' This scene of extraordinary women seems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture of morality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours, they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes, who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend wept very bitterly, and without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. 'My wife,' says he, 'has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent: take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know.

If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You, indeed, have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a woman.' The poet, in this and other instances, according to the system of many Heathen as well as Christian philosophers, shews, how anger, revenge, and other habits which the soul had contracted in the body, subsist, and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the poet in the next description assigns to Achilles. 'Achilles,' says the hero, 'came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus.' By which we may see that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles enquired after the welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his behaviour, whilst he lay in the wooden horse. 'Most of the generals,' says he, 'that were with us, either wept or trembled: as for your son, I never saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance: on the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his sword, or grasp his spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans.' He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. The shade of Achilles, says the poet, was so pleased with the account he received of his son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.

This last circumstance, of a deceased father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his son, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows,

and his refusing to speak to Ulysses had won the amour of Achilles him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one who reads it. When Ulysses relates the effects of his deportment, and confesses the greatness of the hero, he exhorts himself with generous and noble sentiments. 'Oh! that I had never had a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles.' The same commendation, which never dwells on truly great minds, and such as would represent that of Ulysses, has been discovered in itself likewise in each which he made to the ghost of Ajax on that occasion. 'Oh Ajax! will you keep your resentments even after death? What destruction hath this fatal armour brought on the Greeks, by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bituminous lamented among us than you. Would not then your death to any but Jupiter, who, out of his antipathy to the Greeks, took you away from among them: let me intreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness

of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you.' Ajax, without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these visions, took a view of those impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such a confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question not but my reader will be pleased with this description of a future state, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

## Nº CLIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1710.

BOMBALIO, CLANGOR, STRIDOR, TARATANTARA, MURMUR-  
FARN. RHET.

SEND WITH TREMENDOUS SOUNDS YOUR EARS ASUNDER,  
WITH GUN, DRUM, TRUMPET, BLUNDERBUSS, AND THUNDER.

POPE.

MY OWN APARTMENT, MAR. 31.

I have heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the school which it was drawn, are represented sitting together in a circle, and engaged in a concert of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous cupola-painter of the Vatican, to shew the grandeur and majesty of his figures, hath a horn in his hand with which he seems to wind with strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought his pictures with the greatest accu-

racy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the whole piece.

I have often, from this hint, imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great city, might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these therefore in their order; and first of the Drum.

Your Drums are the blusters in conversation, that with a loud laugh; unnatural

tural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies; over-bear men of sense; stun their companions; and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good-breeding in it. The Drum notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with ladies who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to it's noise.

The Lute is a character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small consort. It's notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will shew itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The Lutenists therefore are men of fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within it's pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education, and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding. A play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a ring at Hyde Park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet, however, is a necessary instrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a consort, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourish of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satire,

and bear away the upper part in every consort. I cannot however but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other: I mean your Bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the consort, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The Bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense, and unpolished parts; who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a Bass-viol.

As for your rural Wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quickset hedges, fix bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bag-pipe species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious storytellers, the load and burden of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an halfpenny to it's intrusion, or it's welfare. Some have observed, that the northern parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in Bag-pipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them: nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are en-

dowed

with such extraordinary talents, allow them to be Harpsichords, of music which every one knows sort by itself.

or your Passing-bells, who look irth as criminal, and talk of no- uth what is melancholy in itself, rtifying to human nature, I shall ntion them.

ll likewise pass over in silence all ble of mankind, that croud our coffee-houses, feasts, and public

I cannot call their discourse ation, but rather something that rsied in imitation of it. For reason, if I would describe them musical instrument, it should be e modern inventions of the blad- l string, tongs and key, marrow- nd cleaver.

reader will doubtless observe, that only touched here upon male in- sts, having reserved my female to another occasion. If he has to know where these several cha- are to be met with, I could din- to a whole club of Drums; not tion another of Bag-pipes, which before given some account of in- tription of our nightly meetings r Lane. The Lutes may often

with in couples upon the banks rystal stream, or in the retreats of woods, and flowery meadows; for different reasons are likewise at resort of your Hunting-horns. iols are frequently to be found glass of stale beer, and a pipe of ; whereas those who set up for : seldom fail to make their ap- ce at Will's once every evening. ay meet with a Trumpet any on the other side of Charing

t we may draw something for our age in life out of the foregoing fe, I must intreat my reader to narrow search into his life and ation, and upon his leaving any

company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, until having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my conver- sation, as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper; by which mixture of different musics, I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a Tabór and Pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the Lute; but in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess, with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a Bag-pipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the Drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the consort by a noise of so tire- some an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

DEAR ISAAC,

I Intend to have a consort at my house this evening, having by great chance got a Harpsichord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet: let me beg you to put yourself in tune; and believe me

Your very faithful servant,

NICHOLAS HUMDRUM.

N<sup>o</sup> CLIV. TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1710.

OBSCURIS VERA INVOLVENS.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. VER. 100.

INVOLVING TRUTH IN TERMS OBSCURE AND DARK. R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 3.

WE have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall in this paper make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the light of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Æneas is represented as descending into the empire of death, with a prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of death. Of the first kind are the shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; apparitions very terrible to behold: with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to Death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters; and describes in them a huge gloomy elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of dreams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons, who very naturally lie within the shadow of the dream-tree, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and the materials, or, to use Shakespeare's phrase, the stuff of which dreams are made. Such are the shades of the giant with an hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped Centaur and Scylla; the Gorgon with snaky hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons;

the seven-headed Hydra; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the dreams; but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of fancy, which the soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of death.

Thus far Æneas travels in an allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the Heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philosophy. I shall not trouble my reader with a common dull story, that gives an account why the Heathens first of all supposed a ferryman in hell, and his name to be Charon; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much insisted upon in this book, That the souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, until they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the Heathen priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I shall not, however, with the infamous scribblers of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance to run into declamations against priestcraft; but rather look upon it, even in this light, as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of their forefathers, and a desire to recommend themselves to that of posterity; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the soul's immortality. In a word, we may say in defence of the severe opinions relating to the shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by some of our divines in regard to the rigid doctrines concerning the souls of such who die

not being initiated into our religion, supposing they should be, they can do no hurt to the world; it will have a good effect upon them, in making them cautious of such necessary solemnities.

It is no sooner appeased, and the three-headed dog laid asleep, but makes his entrance into the domain of Pluto. There are three persons described, as being in the borders; and I can give you for their being stationed there a particular manner, but because they seem to have had a proper place among the dead, as not in out the whole thread of their finished the term of life that allotted them upon earth. The first are the souls of infants, who are taken away by untimely ends; the second are of those who are put to death unjustly, and by an unjust sentence; the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands on themselves. As for the first,

these, Virgil adds with great authority that Minos, the judge of the dead, employed in giving them a reward and assigning them their several suitable to the parts they acted. The poet, after having mentioned the souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into the exclamation: 'Oh! how would they now live with all its miseries! But the Fates forbid their return to the waters of Styx surround with nine streams that are unpassable.' It is very remarkable, that notwithstanding self-murder was not among the Heathens, and practised by some of the greatest he very age before him, hath esteemed it as so heinous a crime. In this particular he was guided by the lines of his great master Plato; upon this subject, that a man is not in his station of life, like a soldier in a proper post, which he is not to change whatever may happen, until he is ordered off by his commander who knows him in it.

It is another point in the Platonic system, which Virgil has made the work of the greatest part in the world are now examining; having by a wonderful art and beauty made it if I may so call it, a scheme of

abstracted notions, and clothed the most nice refined conceptions of philosophy in sensible images and poetical representations. The Platonist tells us, that the soul, during her residence in the body, contracts many virtuous and vicious habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable; or an angry, malicious, revengeful being: a substance inflamed with lust, avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: that these and the like habits of virtue and vice growing into the very essence of the soul, survive and gather strength in her after her dissolution: that the torments of a vicious soul in a future state arise principally from those importunate passions which are not capable of being gratified without a body; and that on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime speculations, innocent diversions, sociable affections, and all the extasies of passion and rapture which are agreeable to reasonable natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation the poet raises that beautiful description of the secret haunts and walks, which, he tells us, are inhabited by deceased lovers.

Not far from hence, says he, lies a great waste of plains, that are called the Fields of Melancholy. In those there grows a forest of myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the souls of those who pined away with love. The passion, says he, continues with them after death. He then gives a list of this languishing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantic scene with the shade of her first husband Sychæus.

The poet, in the next place, mentions another plain that was peopled with the ghosts of warriors, as still delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the Grecian generals and common soldiers who perished in the siege of Troy, as drawn up in squadrons, and terrified at the approach of Æneas, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards, likewise, upon the same notions, gives a view of the Trojan heroes who lived



in former ages, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, shining spears, and generous steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon earth, and now make up their happiness in Elysium. For the same reason also, he mentions others as singing Pæans, and songs of triumph, amidst a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the concert was the poet Mææus, who stood enclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy spirits, to shew the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a lake of fire, strengthened with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, strike the pious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two classes: the first and blackest catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of injustice between man and man: the greatest number of whom, says the poet, are those who followed the dictates of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through between both here and

hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give his thought likewise a clothing of poetry, describes some spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of philosophers, that the souls of all men exist in a separate state, long before their union with their bodies; and that, upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of pre-existence; so that what we here call knowledge, is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river Lethe, and swallow themselves with the waters of oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchises is represented taking a survey of the long train of heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his son Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but just touched upon in this book; and, as I have consulted no author's thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's translation of it.

## Nº CLV. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1710.

—ALIENA NEGOTIA CURAT,  
EXCUSsus PROPRIIS.

HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 19.

WHEN HE HAD LOST ALL BUSINESS OF HIS OWN,  
HE RAN IN QUEST OF NEWS THRO' ALL THE TOWN,  
INTENT ON THAT OF OTHERS.—

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 5,

**T**HERE lived some years since, in my neighbourhood, an Upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of

his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he ran before

y to read the Postman; and that I take two or three turns to the left of the town before his neighbour up, to see if there were any mails come in. He had a wife and alchiklren; but was much more e to know what passed in Poland in his own family, and was r pain and anxiety of mind for ugultus's welfare than that of it relations. He looked ex-hin in a dearth of news, and oyed himself in a westerly wind. efatigable kind of life was the is shop; for about the time that rite prince left the crown of ae broke and disappeared.

nan and his affairs had been of my mind, until about three as I was walking in St. James's heard somebody at a distance ; after me: and who should it ny old neighbour the Uphol- I saw he was reduced to ex-verty, by certain shabby super-

his dress: for notwithstanding is a very sultry day for the time ar, he wore a loose great coat ff, with a long campaign wig rly; to which he had added the : of a pair of black garters under the knee. Upon his up to me, I was going to en- his present circumstances; but ented by his asking me, with , whether the last letters brought ints that one might rely upon ider? I told him, None that I ; and asked him, whether he married his eldest daughter?

ne, no. 'But pray,' says he, incerely, what are your thoughts King of Sweden?' For though and children were starving, I chief concern at present was great monarch. I told him, ked upon him as one of the es of the age. 'But pray,' 'do you think there is any a the story of his wound?' And ne surprized at the question— says he, 'I only propose it to I answered, that I thought no reason to doubt of it. 'But the heel,' says he, 'more than er part of the body?'—'Be- said I, 'the bullet chanced to ere.'

extraordinary dialogue was no

fooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. 'The Daily Courant,' says he, 'has these words: "We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration." This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us that "There are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light." Now the Postman,' says he, 'who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: "The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation." This certain prince,' says the Upholsterer, 'whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be —' Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to fun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; 'And those,' says he, 'are Prince Menzikoff, and the Dutches of Mirandola.'

He backed his assertions with so many broken

broken down, and in the bow of day, and in the night, we gave ourselves up to sleep and rest.

The business of the day fell upon a point which was a matter of great importance to the world, and was a case of a dispute between the Protestants and the Papists. The Protestants would not be too much in the Pope's debt. This was an argument of great weight. The Protestant first, of whom I was on my right-hand, and, as I said, he was a wise man, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and that, that whenever such a war should break out, he would turn to the point of the West Indies. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from those parts of Europe, where the worth came to the worth, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern crowns held together, and the Czar of Moscow and Russia.

He further told us, for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholder began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace; in which he deputed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the Upholder henned again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compassion to so needy a friend, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the Allies, that they forget their customers.

## Nº CLVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1710.

—SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIVUS AQUIS.

VIRG. ÆN. 2. VER. 724.

AND WITH UNEQUAL STEPS HIS SIRE PURSUES.

R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 7.

**W**E have already described out of Homer the voyage of Ulysses to the infernal shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance published not many years since by the archbishop of Cambray, we may see the son of Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the regions of the dead. The story of Telemachus is formed altogether in the spirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of the great poet's manner of writing, more than any translation of his can possibly

do. As it was written for the instruction of a young prince who may one day sit upon the throne of France, the author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reason, he insinuates very much on the misery of the bad, and the happiness of good kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may however observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned author to copy after the style and sentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running

through the whole relation. He in several places mixes the poet; so that his future life in the mind of Michael Angelo: Judgment, where Charon and the dead are represented as bearing the dreadful solemnities of that

chus; after having passed the dark avenues of death in the company of Mercury, who every day passes a certain tale of ghosts to the man of Styx, is admitted to the bark. Among the company on this voyage is the shade of Nearchus, a king of Babylon, and all the East. Among the pomp and pomps of his funeral, the four slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, attend him among the shades. The poet, having described this most odious colour of pride, and cruelty, tells us, that his shade, instead of serving him after death, is perpetually insulting him, and affronts for his part at they spurned him as he lay on the ground, and forced him to face, which he would fain avoid, as lying under all the shades of guilt and infamy; and in that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the eyes of the dead.

Pluto, upon looking out of the gates, all the strand covered with an immense multitude of shades, who, jumping ashore, immediately

He then pursues his course to the palace of Pluto, who is described on his throne in terrible majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous, who, by the ghastliness of his countenance, and the nature of the apparitions that surround him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are, Doubt, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Immortal frightful Dreams, and Furies, which are all drawn very much in proper actions and postures. The poet, with great beauty, places among the frightful Dreams an assembly of the living, which are often employed in the living, by appearing in the likeness of the dead.

The living hero in the next place surveys of the different kinds of

criminals, that lay in torture among clouds of sulphur and torrents of fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for: to which is added a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these, says the author, are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. These crimes, says he, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telenachus, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revenging Fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those ferocious affections of mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another Fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat upon their respective thrones. She too, says the author, presents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections, in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author, having given us a description of these ghastly spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted

exhausted, leads us into a pleasing scene of groves, filled with the melody of birds, and the odours of a thousand different plants. These groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness, in the midst of an eternal day, and a never-fading spring. This, says the author, was the habitation of those good princes who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among these, Telemachus converses with the shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of it's inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light, which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but, however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the sun-beams pass through crystal. It strengthens the light instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of

the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks it's head, power disappears; pain, poverty, and death, fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

## Nº CLVII. TUESDAY, APRIL II, 1710.

—FACILE EST INVENTIS ADDERE.—

IT IS EASY TO IMPROVE AN INVENTION.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 10.

**I** Was last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I shall only let him know, that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some of his female acquaintance a sight of Mr. Bickerstaff. Upon hearing my name

mentioned, a lady who sat by me, told me, they had brought together a female consort for my entertainment. 'You must know,' says she, 'that we all of us look upon ourselves to be musical instruments, though we do not yet know of what kind; which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us leave to play before you.' This was followed by a general laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary accom-

ing of a female consort. They k up together, and played a r upon two grounds, viz. the the Opera. I could not but ob- t several of their notes were and several more sharp than ver I heard in a male consort; mutt confels, there was not d to time, nor any of those auses which are frequent in ny of the other sex. Besides music was generally full, and ar instrument permitted to by itself.

d so very well pleased with y one said, and smiled with so nplaisance at all their pretty at though I did not put one their discourse, I have the van- k, they looked upon me as a ble company. I then told t if I were to draw the picture charming musicians, it should ne I had seen of the muses, several instruments in their on which the Lady Kettle- d back her head, and cried— pretty smile!' The consort ived; in which, with nods, d approbations, I bore the part one who beats the time, than rmer.

o sooner retired to my lodg- I ran over in my thoughts the tracters of this fair assembly; all give some account of, be- are various in their kind, and of them stand as a sample of ecies.

rson who pleased me most was an instrument that, without compass, hath something ex- sweet and soft in it's sound: it ooths the ear, and fills it with tle kind of melody, as keeps wake without startling it, and oit agreeable passion between ind indolence. In short, the the Flute is the conversation and amiable woman, that has it very elevated, nor, at the , any thing mean or trivial. ere observe, that the Hautboy t perfect of the Flute species, ith all the sweetness of the h a great strength and variety ough at the same time I must hat the Hautboy in one sex is s the *Harpichord* in the other. *Side of the Flute* there sat a

Flagelet; for so I must call a certain young lady, who, fancying herself a wit, despised the music of the Flute as low and insipid, and would be entertaining the company with tart ill-natured observations, pert fancies, and little turns, which she imagined to be full of life and spirit. The Flagelet therefore doth not differ from the Flute so much in the compass of it's notes, as in the shrillness and sharpness of the sound. We must however take notice, that the Flagelets among their own sex are more valued and esteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a Coquette in the consort, that with a great many skit-tish notes, affected squeaks, and studied inconsistencies, distinguished herself from the rest of the company. She did not speak a word during the whole Trial; but I thought she would never have done upon the Opera. One while she would break out upon—' That hideous ' King!' then upon ' The charming ' black-moor!' then, ' O that dear ' lion!' Then would hum over two or three notes; then run to the window to see what coach was coming. The Coquette therefore I must distinguish by that musical instrument which is commonly known by the name of a Kit, that is more jiggish than the Fiddle itself, and never sounds but to a dance.

The fourth person who bore a part in the conversation was a Prude, who stuck to the Trial, and was silent upon the whole Opera. The gravity of her censures, and composure of her voice, which were often attended with supercilious casts of the eye, and a seeming contempt for the lightness of the conversation, put me in mind of that ancient, serious, matron-like instrument, the Virginal.

I must not pass over in silence a Lancashire Hornpipe, by which I would signify a young country lady, who with a great deal of mirth and innocence, diverted the company very agreeably; and, if I am not mistaken, by that time the wildness of her notes is a little softened, and the redundancy of her music retrained by conversation and good company, will be improved into one of the most amiable Flutes about the town. Your romps and boarding-school girls fall likewise under this denomination.

On the right-hand of the Hornpipe sat a Welsh Harp, an instrument which very much delights in the tones of old historical ballads, and in celebrating the

renowned actions and exploits of ancient British heroes. By this instrument I therefore would describe a certain lady, who is one of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some offshoot or other, to almost every great family in England: for which reason, she jars and is out of tune, very often in conversation, for the company's want of due attention and respect to her.

But the most sonorous part of our consort was a She-drum, or, as the vulgar call it, a Kettle-drum, who accompanied her discourse with motions of the body, tosses of the head, and brandishes of the fan. Her music was loud, bold, and masculine. Every thump she gave alarmed the company, and very often set some body or other in it a blushing.

The last I shall mention was a certain romantic instrument called a Dulcimer, who talked of nothing but shady woods, flowery meadows, purling streams, larks and nightingales, with all the beauties of the spring, and the pleasures of a country-life. This instrument hath a fine melancholy sweetness in it, and goes very well with the Flute.

I think most of the conversable part of womankind may be found under one of the foregoing divisions; but it must be confessed that the generality of that sex, notwithstanding they have naturally a great genius for being talkative, are not mistresses of more than one note; with which however, by frequent repetition, they make a greater sound than those who are possessed of the whole Gamut; as may be observed in your Larums or Household-scoolds, and in your Castanets or impertinent Tittle-tattles, who have no other variety in their discourse but that of talking flower or fauer.

Upon communicating this scheme of music to an old friend of mine, who was formerly a man of gallantry, and a rover, he told me, that he believed he had been in love with every instrument in my consort. The first that smit him was a Hornpipe, who lived near his father's house in the country; but upon his failing to meet her at an assize, according to appointment, she cast him off. His next passion was for a Kettle-drum, whom he fell in love with at a play; but when he became acquainted with her, not finding the softness of her

sex in her conversation, he grew cool to her; though at the same time he could not deny but that she behaved herself very much like a gentlewoman. His third mistress was a Dulcimer, who he found took great delight in sighing and languishing, but would go no further than the preface of matrimony; so that she would never let a lover have any more of her than her heart, which after having won, he was forced to leave her, as despairing of any further success.

'I must confess,' says my friend, 'I have often considered her with a great deal of admiration; and I find her pleasure is so much in this first step of an amour, that her life will pass away in dream, solitude, and soliloquy, until her decay of charms makes her snatch at the worst man that ever pretended to her. In the next place,' says my friend, 'I fell in love with a Kit, who led me such a dance through all the varieties of a familiar, cold, fond, and indifferent behaviour, that the world began to grow censorious, though without any cause; for which reason, to recover our reputations, we parted by consent. To mend my hand,' says he, 'I made my next application to a Virginal, who gave me great encouragement, after her cautious manner, until some malicious companion told her of my long passion for the Kit, which made her turn me off as a scandalous fellow. At length, in despair,' says he, 'I betook myself to a Welsh Harp, who rejected me with contempt, after having found that my great grandmother was a brewer's daughter.' I found by the sequel of my friend's discourse, that he had never aspired to a Hautboy; that he had been exasperated by a Flagelet; and that, to this very day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly considered how absolutely necessary it is, that two instruments, which are to play together for life, should be exactly tuned, and go in perfect consort with each other; I would propose matches between the music of both sexes, according to the following table of marriage.

1. Drum and Kettle-drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flagelet.
5. Bass-viol and Kit.

Trumpet and Welsh Harp.  
Hunting-horn and Hornpipe.  
Bagpipe and Caisnet.  
Psalting-bell and Virginal.

r. Bickerstaff, in consideration of  
scent friendship and acquaintance  
Mr. Betterton, and great esteem

for his merit, summons all his disciples,  
whether dead or living, mad or tame,  
Toasts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty-fel-  
lows, Musicians or Scrapers, to make  
their appearance at the play-house in  
the Haymarket on Thursday next, when  
there will be a play acted for the benefit  
of the said Betterton.

## Nº CLVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1710.

FACIUNT NÆ INTELLIGENDØ, UT NINIL INTELLIGANT.

TEE.

IF THEY PRETEND TO KNOW MORE THAN OTHERS, THEY KNOW NOTHING  
IN REALITY.

IN MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 12.

OM Folio is a broker in learn-  
ing, employed to get together good  
ns, and stock the libraries of great

There is not a sale of books be-  
until Tom Folio is seen at the door.  
r is not an auction where his name  
t heard, and that too in the very  
of time, in the critical moment,  
the last decisive stroke of the ham-

There is not a subscription goes  
rd in which Tom is not privy to  
rst rough draught of the proposals;  
catalogue printed, that doth not  
to him wet from the press. He is  
iversal scholar, so far as the title-  
of all authors; knows the manu-  
s in which they were discovered,  
ditions through which they have  
, with the praises or censures which  
ave received from the several mem-  
of the learned world. He has a  
r esteem for Aldus and Elzevir,  
for Virgil and Horace. If you  
f Herodotus, he breaks out into  
egyric upon Harry Stephens. He  
he gives you an account of an  
r, when he tells you the subject he  
of, the name of the editor, and  
ar in which it was printed. Or if  
raw him into further particulars,  
es up the goodness of the paper,  
the diligence of the corrector, and  
nsported with the beauty of the

This he looks upon to be found  
ng, and substantial criticism. As  
ose who talk of the fineness of stile,  
ie justness of thought, or describe  
ightness of any particular passages;  
though they themselves write in  
sius and spirit of the author they

admire, Tom looks upon them as men  
of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from  
this learned ideot, for that is the light  
in which I consider every pedant, when  
I discovered in him some little touches  
of the coxcomb, which I had not before  
observed. Being very full of the figure  
which he makes in the republic of let-  
ters, and wonderfully satisfied with his  
great stock of knowledge, he gave me  
broad intimations, that he did not be-  
lieve in all points as his forefathers had  
done. He then communicated to me a  
thought of a certain author upon a pas-  
sage of Virgil's account of the dead,  
which I made the subject of a late paper.  
This thought hath taken very much  
among men of Tom's pitch and under-  
standing, though universally exploded  
by all that know how to construe Virgil,  
or have any relish of antiquity. Not to  
trouble my reader with it, I found upon  
the whole, that Tom did not believe a fu-  
ture state of rewards and punishments, be-  
cause Æneas, at his leaving the empire of  
the dead, passed through the gate of ivory,  
and not through that of horn. Know-  
ing that Tom had not sense enough to  
give up an opinion which he had once  
received, that I might avoid wrangling,  
I told him, that Virgil possibly had his  
oversights as well as another author.  
'Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, 'you  
' would have another opinion of him, if  
' you would read him in Daniel Hein-  
'sius's edition. I have perused him  
' myself several times in that edition,'  
continued he; 'and after the strictest  
' and most malicious examination, could  
' find but two faults in him; one of  
' them is in the Æneids, where the



'are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third Georgie, where you may find a semicolon turned upside down.'—'Perhaps,' said I, 'these were not Virgil's faults; but those of the transcriber.'—'I do not design it,' says Tom, 'as a reflection on Virgil; on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts declaim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, 'what would a man give to see one simile of Virgil writ in his own hand!' I asked him which was the simile he meant; but was answered—'Any simile in Virgil.' He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class who are professed admirers of Tasso, without understanding a word of Italian; and one in particular, that carries a Pastor Fido in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin; and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the

meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age, for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such trifles of antiquity, as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet, that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors; and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is, that their works sufficiently shew they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind is out of their great learning; and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character.

Un pedant enyvré de sa vaine science,  
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance.  
Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot par mot,  
Dans sa tête entassés n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,  
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote  
La raison ne voit goutte, et le bon sens radote.

#### ENGLISHED.

Brim-full of learning see that pedant stride,  
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride!

A thousand authors he in vain has read,  
And with their maxims stuff'd his empty head;  
And thinks that, without Aristotle's rule,  
Reason is blind, and Common-sense a fool.

R. WYNN.

CLIX. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1710.

NITOR IN ADVERSUM; NEC ME, QUI CÆTERA, VINCIT  
IMPETUS

OVID. MET. LIB. 2. VER. 72.

I STEER AGAINST THEIR MOTIONS; NOR AM I  
BORNE BACK BY ALL THE CURRENT

ADDISON.

OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 14.

Wits of this island, for above 7 years past, instead of correctives of the age, have done all that to inflame them. Marriage one of the common topics of that every itage scribbler hath account it; for whenever there is occasion for a clap, an impertinent matrimony is sure to raise it. I have been attended with very pernicious consequences. Many a country squire upon his setting up for a man of the world, has gone home in the gaiety of heart, and beat his wife. A woman hath been looked upon as a good wife as a domestic comfort for the company or comfort of the Beau Monde. In short, cards, silent tables, and solitary walks have been introduced by your wit and pleasure of the age. I shall always make it my business to combat the torrents of prejudice and shall take particular care to put my father of a family in countenance and endeavour to remove all the faults of that state of life, which is the most happy or most miserable man can be placed in. In order to let us, if you please, consider of us and well-bred persons of our times. I have shewn in another paper Pliny, who was a man of the greatest genius, as well as of the civility of his age, did not think it himself to be a kind husband, and his wife, as a friend, companion, and confessor. I shall give the like of another, who in all respects was much greater man than Pliny, and write a whole book of letters to

They are not so full of turns translated out of the former author writes very much like a mortal are full of that beautiful simplicity which is altogether natural, and distinguishing character of the

best ancient writers. The author I am speaking of, is Cicero; who, in the following passages, which I have taken out of his letters, shews, that he did not think it inconsistent with the politeness of his manners, or the greatness of his wisdom, to stand upon record in his domestic character.

These letters were written in a time when he was banished from his country, by a faction that then prevailed at Rome.

CICERO TO TERENTIA.

I.

I Learn from the letters of my friends, as well as from common report, that you give incredible proofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are indefatigable. How unhappy a man am I, that a woman of your virtue, constancy, honour, and good nature, should fall into so great distresses upon my account! and that my dear Tulliola should be so much afflicted for the sake of a father, with whom she had once so much reason to be pleased! How can I mention little Cicero, whose first knowledge of things began with the sense of his own misery! If all this had happened by the decrees of fate, as you would kindly persuade me, I could have borne it: but, alas! it is all befallen me by my own indiscretion, who thought I was beloved by those that envied me, and did not join with them who sought my friendship. At present, since my friends bid me hope, I shall take care of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of your affectionate services. Plancius hopes we may some time or other come together into Italy. If I ever live to see that day, if I ever return to your dear embraces; in short, if I ever again recover you and myself, I shall think our conjugal piety very well rewarded.—As for what you write to me about selling your estate, consider, my dear Terentia, consider, alast

alas! what would be the event of it. If our present fortune continues to oppress us, what will become of our poor boy! My tears flow so fast, that I am not able to write any further; and I would not willingly make you weep with me. Let us take care not to undo the child that is already undone: if we can leave him any thing, a little virtue will keep him from want, and a little fortune raise him in the world. Mind your health, and let me know frequently what you are doing. Remember me to Tulliola and Cicero.

## II.

**D**O not fancy that I write longer letters to any one than to yourself, unless when I chance to receive a longer letter from another, which I am indispensibly obliged to answer in every particular. The truth of it is, I have no subject for a letter at present; and as my affairs now stand, there is nothing more painful to me than writing. As for you, and our dear Tulliola, I cannot write to you without abundance of tears; for I see both of you miserable, whom I always wished to be happy, and whom I ought to have made so. I must acknowledge, you have done every thing for me with the utmost fortitude, and the utmost affection; nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; though at the same time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I suffer can be relieved only by those which you undergo for my sake. For honest Valerius has written me a letter, which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public procession which you have made for me at Rome. Alas! my dearest life, must then Terentia, the darling of my soul, whose favour and recommendations have been so often sought by others; must my Terentia droop under the weight of sorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of tears, and all this for my sake; for my sake who have undone my family, by consulting the safety of others? As for what you write about selling your house, I am very much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my account may any way reduce you to misery and want. If we can bring about our design, we may indeed recover every thing; but if fortune

persists in persecuting us, how can I think of your sacrificing for me the poor remainder of your possessions? No, my dearest life, let me beg you to let those bear my expences who are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and if you would shew your love to me, do not injure your health, which is already too much impaired. You present yourself before my eyes day and night; I see you labouring amidst innumerable difficulties; I am afraid lest you should sink under them; but I find in you all the qualifications that are necessary to support you: be sure therefore to cherish your health, that you may compass the end of your hopes, and your endeavours.—Farewel, my Terentia, my heart's desire, farewell!

## III.

**A**RISTOCRITUS hath delivered to me three of your letters, which I have almost defaced with my tears. Oh! my Terentia, I am consumed with grief, and feel the weight of your sufferings more than of my own. I am more miserable than you are, notwithstanding you are very much so; and that for this reason, because, though our calamity is common, it is my fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have died rather than have been driven out of the city: I am therefore overwhelmed, not only with grief, but with shame. I am ashamed that I did not do my utmost for the best of wives, and the dearest of children. You are ever present before my eyes in your mourning, your affliction, and your sickness. Amidst all which, there scarce appears to me the least glimmering of hope—However, as long as you hope, I will not despair. I will do what you advise me. I have returned my thanks to those friends whom you mentioned, and have let them know that you have acquainted me with their good offices. I am sensible of Pifo's extraordinary zeal and endeavours to serve me. Oh! would the gods grant that you and I might live together in the enjoyment of such a son-in-law, and of our dear children.—As for what you write of your coming to me, if I desire it, I would rather you should be where you are, because I know you are my principal agent at Rome. If you succeed, I shall come to you: if not—But I need say no more. Be careful of  
you

lth; and be assured, that no-  
or ever was, so dear to me as  
Farewel, my Terentia! Ifancy  
ee you, and therefore cannot  
d my weakness so far as to re-  
m tears.

## IV.

ot write to you as often as I  
t; because, notwithstanding I  
ted at all times, I am quite  
ewith sorrow whilst I am writ-  
ou, or reading any letters that  
: from you. If these evils are  
e removed, I must desire to see  
dearest life, as soon as possible,  
ie in your embraces; since nei-  
gods whom you always reli-  
worshipped, nor the men,  
ood I always promoted, have  
d us according to our deserts.  
dittressed wretch am I! Should  
weak woman, oppressed with  
id sickness, to come and live  
; or shall I not ask her? Can I  
out you? But I find I must.  
be any hopes of my return, help  
rd, and promote it as much as  
able. But if all that is over, as  
is, find out some way or other  
ag to me. This you may be  
that I shall not look upon my-  
uite undone whilst you are with  
ut what will become of Tul-  
ou must look to that; I must

I am entirely at a loss about  
Whatever happens, we must take  
the reputation and marriage of  
r unfortunate girl. As for Ci-  
shall live in my bosom, and in  
s. I cannot write any further,

my sprows will not let me—Support  
yourself, my dear Terentia, as well as  
you are able. We have lived and flou-  
rished together amidst the greatest ho-  
nours: it is not our crimes, but our vir-  
tues, that have distressed us. Take  
more than ordinary care of your health;  
I am more afflicted with your sorrows  
than my own. Farewel, my Terentia,  
thou dearest, faithfullest, and best of  
wives!

Methinks it is a pleasure to see this  
great man in his family, who makes so  
different a figure in the Forum, or Se-  
nate of Rome. Every one admires the  
Orator and the Consul; but for my part,  
I esteem the Husband and the Father.  
His private character, with all the little  
weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable  
as the figure he makes in public is aw-  
ful and majestic. But at the same time  
that I love to surprize so great an author  
in his private walks, and to survey him  
in his most familiar lights, I think it  
would be barbarous to form to our-  
selves any idea of mean-spiritedness  
from those natural openings of his heart,  
and disburdening of his thoughts to a  
wife. He has written several other let-  
ters to the same person, but none with  
so great passion as these of which I  
have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill-nature not to acquaint  
the English reader, that his wife was  
successful in her solicitations for this  
great man; and saw her husband return  
to the honours of which he had been  
deprived, with all the pomp and accla-  
mation that usually attended the greatest  
triumph.

## Nº CLX. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1710.

## TOWN APARTMENT, APRIL 17.

ommon civility to an impertinent  
flow often draws upon one a  
any unforeseen troubles; and if  
h not take particular care, will  
preted by him as an overture of  
ip and intimacy. This I was  
sible of this morning. About  
irs before day, I heard a great  
at my door, which continued  
me, until my maid could get  
eady to go down and see what  
occasion of it. She then brought  
word, that there was a gentle-

man who seemed very much in haste,  
and said he must needs speak with me.  
By the description she gave me of him,  
and by his voice, which I could hear as  
I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be  
my old acquaintance the Upholterer,  
whom I met the other day in St. James's  
Park. For which reason, I bid her tell  
the gentleman, whoever he was, that I  
was indisposed; that I could see nobody;  
and that, if he had any thing to say to  
me, I desired he would leave it in writ-  
ing. My maid, after having delivered  
her message, told me, that the gentle-  
man said he would stay at the next coffee-  
house.

house until I was stirring; and bid her be sure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay was invested. He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day; and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, if her master was yet up; and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home news, which every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning. The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason, I put on my cloaths in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprizing to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a taylor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the Upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it her master as soon as ever he was awake; which I opened and found as follows:

MR. RICKERSTAFF,

I Was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with

upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you, to give you an hundred pounds upon the Great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same condition. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear, as we were walking up the Mall; and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this; my private circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

I have reason to believe that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the last time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you, that they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell until three of the clock to-morrow morning. I am

Your most humble servant, &c.

P.S. The King of Sweden is still at Bender.

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard

I have however ordered my e up the knocker of my door, manner as she would do if I indisposed. By which means escape breaking my morning's

have given this letter to the hall communicate one or two which I have lately received from my correspondents. The fol- from a Coquette, who is very ny having disposed of her in to a Bafs-viol.

KESTAFF,

ht you would never have del from the Censor of Great become a Match-maker. But so severe upon the Kit? Had ews-harp, that is nothing but ou could not have used me If all things, a Bafs-viol is my

Had you married me to a ora Passing-bell, I should have r pleased. Dear father Isaac, se me a better husband, or I nd die a Dulcimer. In hopes ig satisfaction from you, I am ilst

ISABELLA KIT.

tness which this fair lady hath this letter, was one occasion of g her to the Bafs-viol, which ument that wants to be quick- hese little vivacities; as the ss of the Kit ought to be

checked and curbed by the gravity of the Bafs-viol.

My next letter is from Tom Folio; who, it seems, takes it amiss that I have published a character of him so much to his advantage.

SIR,

I Suppose you mean Tom Fool, when you called me Tom Folio in a late trifling paper of your's; for I find it is your design to run down all useful and solid learning. The tobacco-paper on which your own writings are usually printed, as well as the incorrectness of the press, and the scurvy letter, sufficiently shew the extent of your knowledge. I question not but you look upon John Morphew to be as great a man as Elzevir; and Aldus to have been such another as Bernard Lintot. If you would give me my revenge, I would only desire of you to let me publish an account of your library, which, I dare say, would furnish out an extraordinary catalogue.

TOM FOLIO.

It hath always been my way to baf- fle reproach with silence; though I cannot but observe the dilingenuous proceedings of this gentleman, who is not content to asperse my writings, but hath wounded, through my sides, those eminent and worthy citizens, Mr. John Morphew, and Mr. Bernard Lintot.

CLXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1710.

—NUNQUAM LIBERTAS GRATIOR EXSTAT QUAM SUB REGE PIO.—

ES LIBERTY APPEAR MORE AMIABLE THAN UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF A PIOUS AND GOOD PRINCE.

OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 19.

alking two or three days ago in pleasing retirement, and amuse- with the reading of that ancient ful allegory, called 'The Table s.' I was at last so tired with that I sat down to rest myself nch that stood in the midst of le shade. The music of the t filled all the trees about me, sleep before I was aware of as followed by a dream, that

I impute in some measure to the fore- going author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one sum- mit to another, until at last, after hav- ing made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reach-

above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it, than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wildness of those cold, hoary landkips which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the goddess of Liberty; whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously; and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriance and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south-side of the mountain, that, by an infinite number of turnings and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meadows, as unwilling to leave so charming a place, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think it the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made it's progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes it's shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of

them beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to inclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her, and as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left-hand of the goddess sat the Genius of a commonwealth, with the cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood—'The Ides of March.'

On the right-hand of the goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a scepter, like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet: her countenance had in it a very great majesty, without any mixture of terror: her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, and accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking, every thing that stood in it's way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other deities who

who made a very conspicuous this blissful region. The first was seated upon a hill, that had not growing out of it, which the in its own nature capable of it. The other was seated in a valley, that was covered with groves of olives, and orange-trees; and with the products of every climate. The name of the first city, of the second Commerce. She leaned her right-arm upon a rock, and under her left held a huge bowl of which she poured a whole of fruits. The other wore a crown upon her head, and kept fixed upon a compass.

The first wonderfully pleased in ranging this delightful place, and the second because it was not encumbered with inclosures; until at length, methought, I sprung from the rock and pitched upon the top of a mountain, which presented several objects to my view, which I had not before taken notice of.

The winds that passed over the valley plain, and through the tops of the trees which were full of blossoms, came on me in such a continued breeze, that I was wonderfully charmed with the situation. I here saw all the diversities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of trees, which indeed are very frequent in other parts of the Alps. The valleys were inhabited by flocks, and the thicket in great flights from the most remote quarters of the world. Methought I was pleased in my dream to become one of these birds, when, viewing the places to which they made annual visit, they rise in great

flocks so high until they are out of sight, and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of the avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron scepter. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance, with a turban upon her head; and Persecution, holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and an hundred tongues; Confusion, with a misshapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awakened me.

## Nº CLXII. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1710.

TERTIUS E COELO CECIDIT CATO.

JUV. SAT. 2. VER. 40.

SEE! A THIRD CATO FROM THE CLOUDS IS DROPT. R. WYNNER.

TOWN APARTMENT, APRIL 21.

In my younger years I used many endeavours to get a place at court, and continued my pursuits until I arrived at my grand climacteric. At length, altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, or due application, I at

last resolved to erect a new office, and for my encouragement to place myself in it. For this reason, I took upon me the title and dignity of Censor of Great Britain, reserving to myself all such perquisites, profits, and emoluments, as should arise out of the discharge of the said office. These in truth have not been inconsiderable; for, besides those weekly



weekly contributions which I receive from John Morphew, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of wine, stale beer, Hungary water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a twelvemonth, I shall do what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully whether I have discharged my duty, and added up to the character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old Roman Censors, whom I always must regard, not only as my predecessors, but as my patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among posterity than Backstaff?

I find the duty of the Roman Censor was two-fold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great city. I have collected into particular bodies the Dappers and the Smarts, the natural and affected Rakes, the Pretty-fellows, and the very Pretty-fellows. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties your Pedants and Men of Fire, your Gamesters and Politicians. I have separated Cits from Citizens, Free-thinkers from Philosophers, Wits from Snuff-takers, and Duelists from Men of Honour. I have likewise made a calculation of Esquires, not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also that more rugged species that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer

tribe of Lovers, which will cost me a great deal of time before I shall be able to cast them into their several centuries and subdivisions.

The second part of the Roman Censor's office was to look into the manners of the people; and to check any growing luxury, whether in diet, dress, or building. This duty likewise I have endeavoured to discharge, by those wholesome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to beef and mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon ragoûts and fricassées. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of red heels to be seen within ten miles of London; which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the petticoat is not so great: but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it; having lately observed several ware-houses, nay, private shops, that stand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of tin pots shewing themselves, in order to their sale, through a sash window.

I have likewise followed the example of the Roman Censors, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to expel a senator, who had been guilty of great immoralities, out of the senate-house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several worthless men who stand possessed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the nobility, and given them up to the new society of upholders, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the Roman Censors used to punish the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horses from them, I have seized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of Rome, they were generally chastised by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this punishment, when I have degraded one species of men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers; and another into Drums, Bass-violæ, and Bag-pipes; and

in whole packs of delinquents have shut up in kennels, and hospital which I am at present for the reception of those of my men, who give me but little their amendment, on the borders of Moorfields. I shall only observe in last particular, that since some eyes I have taken of this island, think it necessary to enlarge the buildings, which I design in order.

My great predecessor Cato the model for the Censorship of Rome, and several other competitors who themselves; and to get an interest the people, gave them great of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards that office. Cato on the contrary, he presented himself as late, because he knew the age in immorality and corruption; if they would give him their he would promise them to make such a strictness and severity of dis-

cipline, as should recover them out of it. The Roman historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the public spiritedness of that people, who chose Cato for their Censor, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own countrymen upon the same account; who, without any respect to party, or any application from myself, have made such generous subscriptions for the Censor of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I esteem more than I would any post in Europe of an hundred times the value. I shall only add, that upon looking into my catalogue of subscribers, which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my *Lucubrations*, I find the names of the greatest beauties and wits in the whole island of Great Britain; which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the subscription in a very short time.

## Nº CLXIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1710.

IDEM INFICETO EST INFICETIOR RURE,  
SIMUL POEMATATA ATTIGIT; NEQUE IDEM UNQUAM  
NEQUE EST REATUS, AC POEMA CUM SCRIBIT:  
TAM GAUDET IN SE, TAMQUE SE IPSE MIRATUR.  
NIMIRUM IDEM OMNES FALLIMUR; NEQUE EST QUISQUAM  
QUEM NON IN ALIQUA RE VIDERE SUFFENUM  
POSSIS.

CATUL. DE SUFFENO, 20. 14.

HE HAS NO MORE WIT THAN A MERE CLOWN WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO  
E VERSES; AND YET HE IS NEVER HAPPIER THAN WHEN HE IS SCRIB-  
G: SO MUCH DOES HE ADMIRE HIMSELF AND HIS COMPOSITIONS. AND,  
ED, THIS IS THE FOIBLE OF EVERY ONE OF US; FOR THERE IS NO MAN  
NG WHO IS NOT A SUFFENUS IN ONE THING OR OTHER.

'S COFFEE-HOUSE, APRIL 24.

Yesterday came hither about two  
hours before the company general-  
ly their appearance, with a design  
over all the news-papers; but  
by sitting down, I was accosted  
by Softly, who saw me from a  
place in the other end of the room,  
found he had been writing some-  
thing. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, 'I  
have by a late paper of yours, that  
and I are just of a humour; for  
must know, of all impertinencies,  
is nothing which I so much hate  
as, I never read a gazette in

' my life; and never trouble my head  
' about our armies, whether they win  
' or lose; or in what part of the world  
' they lie encamped.' Without giving  
me time to reply, he drew a paper of  
verses out of his pocket, telling me,  
that he had something which would en-  
tertain me more agreeably; and that he  
would desire my judgment upon every  
line, for that we had time enough be-  
fore us until the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and  
a great admirer of easy lines. Waller  
is his favourite; and as that admirable  
writer has the best and worst verses of  
any among our great English poets, Ned  
Softly

Softly has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occasion, to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles; which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in it's natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. 'You must understand,' says Ned, 'that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who shewed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it.' Upon which he began to read as follows:

TO MIRA, ON HER INCOMPARABLE  
POEMS.

I.

WHEN dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,  
And tune your soft melodious notes,  
You seem a sister of the Nine,  
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

I fancy, when your song you sing,  
(Your song you sing with so much art)  
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;  
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Why,' says I, 'this is a little nose-gay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the Dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram, for so I think you critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet.'—'Dear Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, shaking me by the hand, 'every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over R. Common's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it; for

'not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine

'That is,' says he, 'when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses.' To which I replied, 'I know your meaning: A metaphor?'—'The same,' said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious notes,

'Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.'—'Truly,' said I, 'I think it as good as the former.'—'I am very glad to hear you say so,' says he; 'but mind the next.

You seem a sister of the Nine,

'That is,' says he, 'you seem a sister of the Muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them.'—'I remember it very well,' said I: 'but pray proceed.'

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Phœbus,' says he, 'was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, shew a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar—"in petticoats!"

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Let us now,' says I, 'enter upon the second stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.

I fancy when your song you sing,

'It is very right,' says he; 'but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be—"Your song you sing;" or, "You sing your song;" You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing,  
(Your song you sing with so much art)

or,

I fancy when your song you sing,  
(You sing your song with so much art)

ruly,' said I, 'the turn is so natural either way, that you have made almost giddy with it.'—'Dear Sir,' grasping me by the hand, 'you a great deal of patience; but what do you think of the next?'

pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;

'hink!' says I; 'I think you have a Cupid look like a little goose.' 'That was my meaning,' says he: 'the ridicule is well enough hit.'

But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

ray how do you like that Ah! it does not make a pretty figure in place? Ah!—it looks as if I felt

the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For, Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'My friend Dick Easy,' continued he, 'assured me, he would rather have written that Ah! than to have been the author of the *Æneid*.' He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. 'But as to that—' 'Oh! as to that,' says I, 'it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen of critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

## Nº CLXIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1710.

QUI SIBI PROMITTIT CIVES, URBE, SIBI CURÆ,  
IMPERIUM FORÆ, ET ITALIAM, ET DELUBRA DEORUM,  
QUO PATRE SIT NATUS, NUM IGNOTA MATRE INHONESTUS?  
OMNES MORTALES CURARE ET QUÆRERE COGIT.

HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. I. VER. 34.

WHOEVER PROMISES TO GUARD THE STATE,  
THE GODS, THE TEMPLES, AND IMPERIAL SEAT,  
MAKES EVERY MORTAL ASK HIS FATHER'S NAME,  
OR IF HIS MOTHER WAS A SLAVE-BORN DAME?

FRANCIS.

MY OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 26.

I have lately been looking over the many packets of letters which I have received from all quarters of Great Britain as well as from foreign countries, my entering upon the office of Secretary; and indeed am very much surprised to see so great a number of letters, and pleased to think that I have increased the revenue of the office. As this collection will be daily, I have digested it into several bundles, and made proper inferences on each particular letter; it is my design, when I lay down the pen, that I am now engaged in, to send a Paper-office, and give it to the public. I could not but make several observations upon reading over the letters of correspondents: as first of all, on the different tastes that reign in the different parts of this city. I find, by the observations which are given me, that

I am seldom famous on the same days on both sides of Temple Bar; and that when I am in the greatest repute within the liberties, I dwindle at the court-end of the town. Sometimes I sink in both these places at the same time; but for my comfort, my name hath then been up in the districts of Wapping and Rotherhithe. Some of my correspondents desire me to be always serious, and others to be always merry. Some of them intreat me to go to bed and fall into a dream, and like me better when I am asleep than when I am awake. Others advise me to sit all night upon the stars, and be more frequent in my astrological observations; for that a vision is not properly a lucubration. Some of my readers thank me for filling my paper with the flowers of antiquity, others desire news from Flanders. Some approve my criticisms on the dead, and others my censures on the living. For this reason, I once resolved, in the new edition of my works, to range my few

ral papers under distinct heads, according as their principal design was to benefit and instruct the different capacities of my readers; and to follow the example of some very great authors, by writing at the head of each discourse—  
 ‘Ad Aulam, Ad Academiam, Ad  
 ‘Populum, Ad Clerum.’

There is no particular in which my correspondents of all ages, conditions, sexes, and complexions, universally agree, except only in their thirst after scandal. It is impossible to conceive, how many have recommended their neighbours to me upon this account, or how unmercifully I have been abused by several unknown hands, for not publishing the secret histories of cuckoldom that I have received from almost every street in town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many praises and eulogiums, which come post to me from all the corners of the nation, were they not mixed with many checks, reprimands, scurrilities, and reproaches; which several of my good-natured countrymen cannot forbear sending me, though it often costs them two-pence or a groat before they can convey them to my hands: so that sometimes when I am put into the best humour in the world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances, and looked upon myself as a benefactor to the British nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with—‘You old dotting scoundrel!’—  
 ‘Are not you a bad dog?’—Sirrah, you deserve to have your nose slit; and the like ingenious conceits. These little mortifications are necessary to suppress that pride and vanity which naturally arise in the mind of a received author, and enable me to bear the reputation which my courteous readers bestow upon me, without becoming a cockcomb by it. It was for the same reason, that when a Roman general entered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the commonwealth allowed of several little drawbacks to his reputation, by conniving at such of the rabble as repeated libels and lampoons upon him within his hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakness and imperfections, as well as on the merits that advanced him to so great honours. The conqueror, however, was not the less esteemed for being a man in

some particulars, because he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumstance in which my countrymen have dealt very perversely with me; and that is, in searching not only into my own life, but also into the lives of my ancestors. If there has been a blot in my family for these ten generations, it hath been discovered by some or other of my correspondents. In short, I find the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs has suffered very much through the malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my aunt Margery: nay, there are some who have been so disingenuous, as to throw Maud the milk-maid into my dish, notwithstanding I myself was the first who discovered that alliance. I reap, however, many benefits from the malice of these enemies, as they let me see my own faults, and give me a view of myself in the worst light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and self-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the same time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my friends and relations, or value myself upon the antiquity of my family.

But the most formidable part of my correspondents are those, whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated so often after this manner, that not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I several months since made my will, settled my estate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person, giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and at the same time I must confess, I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the same time that I myself was a cadet in the King’s army.

gentleman was taken by the and the two parties were upon ns at that time, that we did not 1 other as prisoners of war, but s and rebels. The poor cor- ring condemned to die, wrote a his wife when under sentence tion. He writ on the Thurs- was to be executed on the Fri- it considering that the letter x come to his wife's hands un- day, the day after execution, g at that time more scrupulous inary in speaking exact truth, d his letter rather according to re of his affairs, when she should than as they stood when he sent gh it must be confessed, there ain perplexity in the stile of it, e reader will easily pardon, con- is circumstances.

WIFE,

[NG you are in good health, am at this present writing; this ou know, that yesterday, be-

tween the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherle's child- ren.

Yours, until death,

W. B.

It so happened, that this honest fel- low was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second hus- band, who lived in the peaceable pos- session of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as know- ing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion.

## ° CLXV. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1710.

OWN APARTMENT, APRIL 28.

always been my endeavour to gush between realities and ap- is, and to separate true merit pretence to it. As it shall ever dy to make discoveries of this human life, and to settle the stinctions between the virtues tions of mankind, and those urs and resemblances of them alike in the eyes of the vulgar; be more particularly careful to o the various merits and pre- the learned world. This is necessary, because there seems eneral combination among the o extol one another's labours, ap one another's parts; while nse, either through that mo- ich is natural to them, or the y have for such trifling com- ns, enjoy their stock of know- s a hidden treasure, with satis- id silence. Pedantry in learn- e hypocrisy in religion, a form dge without the power of it; s the eyes of the common aks out in noise and show;

and finds it's reward not from any in- ward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it re- ceives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceit- ed animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Stile, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye, and dog- matical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. Hedwells altogether in generals. His praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of

universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is not known at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity; and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions, which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face, and music of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged at a friend's of mine in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters; when, in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony. I asked him, where he had been? whether he was out of order? he only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry—'A wicked rogue—An execrable wretch—Was there ever such a monster!' The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself—'To lay the first scene,' says he, 'in St. James's Park, and the last in Northamptonshire!'—'Is that all?' said I: 'then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning.'—'Been!' says he, 'I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, every where; the rogue has led me such a dance.' Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. 'In short, Sir,' says he, 'the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs.' I could not

but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to railly him upon this foolish humour. 'For my part,' says she, 'I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them.'—'How,' Madam!' says he, 'is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste.'—'It is a pretty kind of magic,' says she, 'the poets have, to transport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses; I could travel round the world at such a rate. It is such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage.'—'Your smile, Madam,' says Sir Timothy, 'is by no means just.'—'Pray,' says she, 'let my smiles pass without a criticism. I must confess,' continued she, (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) 'I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with.'—'But,' Madam,' says he, 'you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to show me a single rule that you could laugh by.'—'Ought not to laugh!' says she; 'pray who should hinder me?'—'Madam,' says he, 'there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth.'—'I have heard,' says the young lady, 'that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess,' continued she, 'I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy.'—'Madam,' says Sir Timothy, 'that is not my fault; they should learn the art of writing.'—'For my part,' says the young lady, 'I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please.'—'To please!' says Sir Timothy; and immediately fell a laughing. 'Truly,' says she, 'that is my opinion.'

Upon this he composed his nance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

As that Sir Timothy has not been at his friend's house since this notable evening, to the great satisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprize, how this gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly, and affectation, had made himself capable of suffering such imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

N<sup>o</sup>. CLXVI. TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1710.

— DICENDA, TACENDA LOCUTUS.

HOR. EP. 7. LIB. I. VER. 72.

— HE SAID,

OR RIGHT OR WRONG, WHAT CAME INTO HIS HEAD.

FRANCIS.

MR. CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, MAY 1.

The world is so overgrown with singularities in behaviour, and I of living, that I have no sooner forebore minding the absurdity of one of men, but there starts up to my eye a set of impertinents that had escaped notice. This afternoon, in talking with fine Mrs. Spightster, and desiring admittance upon an extraordinary occasion, it was my business to be spied by Tom Modely riding in his chariot. He did me the honour to stop, and asked, what I did on a Monday? I answered, that business of importance, which I intended to communicate to the lady of the house. Tom is one of those fools, who, upon knowledge of the fashion, is only liberal science; and was he has to tell me, that a well-bred gentleman could as soon call upon a lady, as once a day, at midnight, as on any other day, but that on which she professes to be at home. 'There are rules and customs,' adds he, 'which are never transgressed by those who understand the world; and he who offends against them, ought not to take it ill if he is turned away, even when he sees a person look out at her window, whom he enquires for. Nay,' he said, 'the young lady Dimple is so positive in this, that she takes it for a piece of breeding and distinction to deny herself with her own mouth. Mrs. Modely, the great scholar, insists upon that I myself have heard her assert, that a lady's porter, or a lady's wo-

man, cannot be said to lye in that case, because they act by instruction; and their words are no more their own, than those of a puppet.'

He was going on with his ribaldry, when on a sudden he looked on his watch, and said, he had twenty visits to make, and drove away without further ceremony. I was then at leisure to reflect upon the tasteless manner of life, which a set of idle fellows lead in this town, and spend youth itself with less spirit, than other men do their old age. These expletives in human society, though they are in themselves wholly insignificant, become of some consideration when they are mixed with others. I am very much at a loss how to define, or under what character, distinction, or denomination, to place them; except you give me leave to call them the order of the Insipids. This order is in its extent like that of the Jesuits; and you see of them in every way of life, and in every profession. Tom Modely has long appeared to me at the head of this species. By being habitually in the best company, he knows perfectly well when a coat is well cut, or a periwig well mounted. As soon as you enter the place where he is, he tells the next man to him, who is your taylor, and judges of you more from the choice of your periwig-maker than of your friend. His business in this world is to be well dressed; and the greatest circumstance that is to be recorded in his annals is, that he wears twenty shirts a week. Thus, without ever speaking reason among the men, or passion among the women, he



is every where well received; and without any one man's esteem, he has every man's indulgence.

This order has produced great numbers of tolerable copiers in painting, good rhymers in poetry, and harmless professors in politics. You may see them at first sight grow acquainted by sympathy; inasmuch that one who had not studied nature, and did not know the true cause of their sudden familiarities, would think that they had some secret intimation of each other, like the Free-masons. The other day at Will's I heard Modely, and a critic of the same order, shew their equal talents with great delight. The learned Inipid was commending Racine's turns; the genteel Inipid, Devillier's curls.

These creatures, when they are not forced into any particular employment, for want of ideas in their own imaginations, are the constant plague of all they meet with by enquiries for news and scandal, which makes them the heroes of visiting-days; where they help the design of the meeting, which is to pass away that odious thing called time, in discourses too trivial to raise any reflections which may put well-bred persons to the trouble of thinking.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY. I.

I WAS looking out of the parlour-window this morning, and receiving the honours which Margery, the milk-maid to our lane, was doing me, by dancing before my door with the plate of half her customers on her head, when Mr. Clayton, the author of *Artincè*, made me a visit, and desired me to insert the following advertisement in my ensuing paper.

The pastoral masque, composed by Mr. Clayton, author of *Artincè*, will be performed on Wednesday, the third instant, in the great room at York Buildings. Tickets are to be had at White's Chocolate-house, St. James's Coffee-house in St. James's Street, and Young Man's Coffee-house.

Note; the tickets delivered out for the twenty-seventh of April, will be taken then.

When I granted his request, I made one to him, which was, that the per-

formers should put their instruments in tune before the audience came in; for that I thought the resentment of the Eastern Prince, who, according to the old story, took Tuning for Playing, to be very just and natural. He was so civil, as not only to promise that favour, but also to assure me, that he would order the heels of the performers to be muffled in cotton, that the artists in so polite an age as ours, may not intermix with their harmony a custom, which to nearly resembles the stamping dances of the West Indians or Hottentots.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A BASS-VIOL of Mr. Bickerstaff's acquaintance, whose mind and fortune do not very exactly agree, proposes to set himself to sale by way of lottery. Ten thousand pounds is the sum to be raised, at three-pence a ticket, in consideration that there are more women who are willing to be married, than that can spare a greater sum. He has already made over his person to trustees for the said money to be forth coming, and ready to take to wife the fortunate woman that wins him.

N. B. Tickets are given out by Mr. Charles Lillie, and Mr. John Morphew. Each adventurer must be a virgin, and subscribe her name to her ticket.

Whereas the several churchwardens of most of the parishes within the bills of mortality have in an earnest manner applied themselves by way of petition, and have also made a presentment, of the vain and loose deportment during divine service, of persons of too great figure in all their said parishes for their reproach: and whereas it is therein set forth, that by salutations given each other, hints, shrugs, ogles, playing of fans, fooling with canes at their mouths, and other wanton gesticulations, their whole congregation appears rather a theatrical audience, than an house of devotion; it is hereby ordered that all canes, cravats, bosom-laces, muffs, fans, snuff-boxes, and all other instruments made use of to give persons unbecoming airs, shall be immediately forfeited and sold; and of the sum arising from the sale thereof, a ninth part shall be paid to the poor, and the rest to the overseers.

10 CLXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1710.

SEGNIS IRRITANT ANIMOS DEMISSA PER AUREM,  
QUAM QUÆ SUNT OCULIS SUBMISSA FIDELIBUS.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 180.

WHAT WE HEAR,  
WITH WEAKER PASSION WILL AFFECT THE HEART,  
THAN WHEN THE FAITHFUL EYE BEHOLDS THE FACT.

FRANCIS.

TOWN APARTMENT, MAY 2.

ING received notice, that famous actor Mr. Betterton e interred this evening in the near Westminster Abbey, I loved to walk thither, and see office done to a man whom I had very much admired, and from whom I had received more strong notions of what is great and noble in nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the most charming iad ever read. As the rude thought multitude are no way upon more effectually, than by public punishments and execution of letters and education humanity most forcibly exerted when they attend the obsequies who had arrived at any perfect accomplishment. The notion is to be esteemed as such,

be objected, that we cannot in art which cannot be attained Voice, stature, motion, and ta, must be very bountifully by nature, or labour and ill but push the unhappy endeavour that way the further off his

n actor as Mr. Betterton ought ordered with the same respect as among the Romans. The rator has thought fit to quote ment, and celebrate his life. was the example to all that rm themselves into proper and behaviour. His action was so xted to the sentiments he exat the youth of Rome thought red only to be virtuous, to be al in their appearance, as Roshe imagination took a lovely of what was great and good; who never thought of setting

up for the art of imitation, became themselves inimitable characters.

There is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of a theatre. Tully reports, that the celebrated player of whom I am speaking, used frequently to say — ‘The perfection of an actor is only to become what he is doing.’ Young men, who are too inattentive to receive lectures, are irresistibly taken with performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little relish the gentry of this nation have, at present, for the just and noble representations in some of our tragedies. The operas, which are late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of service beyond the present moment. To sing, and to dance, are accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising; but to speak justly, and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a notion that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton, in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart; and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakespeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences: but a reader that has seen Betterton act it, observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had

had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that while I walked in the cloysters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in: and I began to be extremely affected that Brutus and Cassius had any difference; that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate; and that the mirth and good-humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion, in me who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general; and I could not but regret that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth, in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself, with Macbeth—

To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,  
To the last moment of recorded time!  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
To the eternal night! O, out, short candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more.

The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known any thing, a very great esteem and gratitude for the pleasure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may possibly be of service to the unhappy woman he has left behind him, to have it known that this great tragedian was never in a scene half so moving as

the circumstances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after a cohabitation of forty years in the strictest amity, has long pined away with a sense of his decay, as well in his person as his little fortune; and, in proportion to that, she has herself decayed both in her health and reason. Her husband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatness of her distress has been her relief, by a present deprivation of her senses. This absence of reason is her best defence against age, sorrow, poverty, and sickness. I dwell upon this account so distinctly, in obedience to a certain great spirit, who hides her name, and has by letter applied to me to recommend to her some object of compassion, from whom she may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper occasion for exerting such heroic generosity; and as there is an ingenuous shame in those who have known better fortune, to be reduced to receive obligations, as well as a becoming pain in the truly generous to receive thanks; in this case both those delicacies are preserved; for the person obliged is as incapable of knowing her benefactress, as her benefactress is unwilling to be known by her.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it hath been signified to the Censor, that under the pretence that he has encouraged the Moving Picture, and particularly admired the Walking Statue, some persons within the liberties of Westminster have vended walking pictures, insomuch that the said pictures have, within few days after sales by auction, returned to the habitations of their first proprietors; that matter has been narrowly looked into, and orders are given to Pacolet to take notice of all who are concerned in such frauds, with directions to draw their pictures, that they may be hanged in effigy, *in terrorem* to all auctions for the future.

Nº CLXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 5.

NEVER was man so much teased, or suffered half so much uneasiness, as I have done this evening, between a couple of fellows, with whom

I was unfortunately engaged to sup, where there were also several others in company. One of them is the most invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly absurd. Upon hearing my name, the man of audacity, as he calls himself,

began to assume an awkward  
 serve, by way of ridicule upon  
 Senfor, and said, he must have  
 his behaviour, for there would  
 writ upon all that should pass.

of freedom and ease, for such  
 thinks himself, asked me, whe-  
 sister Jenny was breeding or  
 ter they had done with me,  
 e impertinent to a very smart  
 red man; who stood his ground  
 , and let the company see they  
 it could not, be out of coun-

I look upon such a defence  
 good action; for while he re-  
 air fire, there was a modest and  
 young gentleman sat secure  
 nd a lady of the family at the  
 : guarded against the nauseous  
 y of the one, and the more  
 irth of the other. This con-  
 where there were a thousand  
 d, not worth repeating, made  
 ler with myself how it is that  
 these disagreeable characters  
 great lengths in the world, and  
 il of outtripping men of me-  
 succeed so well, that with a  
 mperfections on their heads,  
 n in opposition to general dis-  
 hile they who are every way  
 errors, languish away their  
 igh possessed of the approba-  
 good-will of all who know

would examine into the secret  
 f action in the impudent and  
 l, we shall find, though they  
 eat resemblance in their beha-  
 at they move upon very dif-  
 niples. The impudent are  
 though they know they are  
 le; the absurd are importu-  
 ause they think they are ac-  
 Impudence is a vice, and Ab-  
 folly. Sir Francis Bacon  
 y agreeably upon the subject  
 ence. He takes notice, that  
 r being asked what was the  
 id, and third requisite to make  
 ker; still answered—'Action.  
 aid he, 'is the very outward  
 speaking; and yet it is what  
 e generality has more force  
 : most consummate abilities.  
 nce is to the rest of mankind  
 same use' which action is to

*th is, the gross of men are go-  
 e by appearances than reali-*

ties; and the impudent man, in his air  
 and behaviour, undertakes for himself  
 that he has ability and merit, while the  
 modest or diffident gives himself up as  
 one who is possessed of neither. For  
 this reason, men of front carry things  
 before them with little opposition; and  
 make so skilful an use of their talent, that  
 they can grow out of humour like men  
 of consequence, and be sour, and make  
 their dissatisfaction do them the same  
 service as desert. This way of think-  
 ing has often furnished me with an apo-  
 logy for great men who confer favours  
 on the impudent. In carrying on the  
 government of mankind, they are not to  
 consider what men they themselves ap-  
 prove in their closets and private con-  
 versations; but what men will ex-  
 tend themselves furthest, and more ge-  
 nerally pass upon the world for such  
 as their patrons want in such and such  
 stations, and consequently take so much  
 work off the hands of those who em-  
 ploy them.

Far be it that I should attempt to  
 lessen the acceptance which men of this  
 character meet with in the world; but I  
 humbly propose only, that they who  
 have merit of a different kind would  
 accomplish themselves in some degree  
 with this quality of which I am now  
 treating. Nay, I allow these gentlemen  
 to press as forward as they please in the  
 advancements of their interests and for-  
 tunes, but not to intrude upon others in  
 conversation also: let them do what they  
 can with the rich and great, as far as  
 they are suffered; but let them not in-  
 terrupt the easy and agreeable. They  
 may be useful as servants in ambition,  
 but never as associates in pleasure.  
 However, as I would still drive at some-  
 thing instructive in every Lucubration, I  
 must recommend it to all men who set  
 in themselves an impulse towards at-  
 tempting laudable actions, to acquire  
 such a degree of assurance, as never to  
 lose the possession of themselves in pub-  
 lic or private, so far as to be incapable  
 of acting with a due decorum on any  
 occasion they are called to. It is a mean  
 want of fortitude in a good man, not to  
 be able to do a virtuous action with as  
 much confidence as an impudent fellow  
 does an ill one. There is no way of  
 mending such false modesty, but by lay-  
 ing it down for a rule, that there is no-  
 thing shameful but what is criminal.  
 The Jesuits, an order whose insinua-

tion is perfectly calculated for making a progress in the world, take care to accomplish their disciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent bashfulness, and accustoming them to a ready performance of all indifferent things. I remember in my travels, when I was once at a public exercise in one of their schools, a young man made a most admirable speech, with all the beauty of action, cadence of voice, and force of argument imaginable, in defence of the love of Glory. We were all enamoured with the grace of the youth, as he came down from the desk where he spoke, to present a copy of his speech to the head of the society. The principal received it in a very obliging manner, and bid him go to the market-place and fetch a joint of meat, for he should dine with him. He bowed, and in a trice the orator returned, full of the sense of glory in this obedience, and with the best shoulder of mutton in the market.

This treatment capacitates them for every scene of life. I therefore recommend it to the consideration of all who have the instruction of youth, which of the two is the more inexcusable, he who does every thing by the mere force of his impudence, or he who performs nothing through the oppression of his modesty? In a word, it is a weakness not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no modesty but in self-denial.

P. S. Upon my coming home, I received the following petition and letter:

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF SARAH  
LATELY,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner has been one of those ladies who has had fine things constantly spoken to her in gene-

ral terms, and lived, during her most blooming years, in daily expectation of declarations of marriage, but never had one made to her.

That she is now in her grand climacteric; which being above the space of four virginities, accounting at fifteen years each;

Your petitioner most humbly prays, that in the lottery for the Bass-viol she may have four tickets, in consideration that her single life has been occasioned by the inconstancy of her lovers, and not through the cruelty or frowardness of your petitioner.

And your petitioner, &c.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, MAY 3, 1710.

ACCORDING to my fancy, you took a much better way to dispose of a Bass-viol in yesterday's paper, than you did in your Table of Marriage. I desire the benefit of a lottery for myself too; the manner of it I leave to your own discretion: only, if you can, allow the tickets at above five farthings apiece. Pray accept of one ticket for your trouble; and I wish you may be the fortunate man that wins your very humble servant until then,

ISABELLA KIT.

I must own the request of the aged petitioner to be founded upon a very undeserved distress; and since she might, had she had justice done her, been mother of many pretenders to this prize, instead of being one herself, I do readily grant her demand; but as for the proposal of Mrs. Isabella Kit, I cannot project a lottery for her, until I have security she will surrender herself to the winner.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1710.

O RUS! QUANDO EGO TE ASPICIAM? QUANDOQUE LICEBIT  
NUNC VETERUM LIBRIS, NUNC SOMNO, ET INERTIBUS MORIS,  
DUCERE SOLICITÆ JUCUNDA OBLIVIA VITÆ?

HOR. SAT. 6. LIB. 2. VER. 60.

— OH WHEN AGAIN  
SHALL I BEHOLD THE RURAL PLAIN?  
AND WHEN WITH BOOKS OF SAGES DEEP,  
SEQUESTER'D EASE, AND GENTLE SLEEP,  
IN SWEET OBLIVION, BLISSFUL BALM!  
THE BUSY CARES OF LIFE BECALM.

FRANCIS.

IN MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 8.

THE summer-season now approaching, several of our family have in-me to pass away a month or two in country; and indeed nothing could be agreeable to me than such a relief. I not consider that I am by no means a worse companion than I was last among my relations: I am admonished by some of our who lately visited Staffordshire, they drink at a greater rate than I did at that time. As every soil produces every fruit or tree, so vice is not the growth of every life; and I have, ever since I think, been astonished that drink should be the vice of the country. It is not possible to add to all our senses, so that of sight by perspectives, would methinks more particularly to improve them in the midst of society of beautiful objects which has produced to entertain us in country; and do we in that place the use of what organs we have? In my part, I cannot but lament the ruination that has been made of the beasts of the field, when I see tracts of earth possessed by men who make no advantage of their being, but lead mere animal lives; and their whole endeavour to kill themselves all they have above beasts, the use of reason, and taste of

It is frequently boasted in the mouths of orators and poets, that it is science and poetry we owe that we are drawn out of woods and solitudes into towns and cities, and from a wild savage being, become acquainted with the laws of humanity and civility. We are obliged to these arts for so much vice, I could wish they were

employed to give us a second turn; that as they have brought us to dwell in society, a blessing which no other creatures know, so they would persuade us, now they have settled us, to lay out all our thoughts in surpassing each other in those faculties in which only we excel other creatures. But it is at present so far otherwise, that the contention seems to be, who shall be most eminent in performances wherein beasts enjoy greater abilities than we have. I will undertake, were the butler and swineherd, at any true esquire's in Great Britain, to keep and compare accounts of what wash is drank up in so many hours in the parlour and pig-stye, it would appear the gentleman of the house gives much more to his friends than his hogs.

This, with many other evils, arises from an error in men's judgments, and not making true distinctions between persons and things. It is usually thought that a few sheets of parchment, made before a male and female of wealthy houses come together, give the heirs and descendants of that marriage possession of lands and tenements; but the truth is, there is no man who can be said to be proprietor of an estate, but he who knows how to enjoy it. Nay, it shall never be allowed that the land is not a waste, when the matter is uncultivated. Therefore, to avoid confusion, it is to be noted, that a peasant with a great estate is but an incumbent, and that he must be a gentleman to be a landlord. A landlord enjoys what he has with his heart, an incumbent with his stomach. Gluttony, drunkenness, and riot, are the entertainments of an incumbent; benevolence, civility, social and human virtues, the accomplishments of a landlord. Who, that has any passion for his native country, does not think it worse than

than conquered, when so large dimensions of it are in the hands of savages, that know no use of property, but to be tyrants; of liberty, but to be unmannerly? A gentleman in a country life enjoys paradise with a temper fit for it; a clown is cursed in it with all the cutting and unruly passion: man could be tormented with when he was expelled from it.

There is no character more deservedly esteemed than that of a country gentleman, who understands the station in which Heaven and Nature have placed him. He is father to his tenants, and patron to his neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower fortune by his benevolence than his possessions. He justly divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other. His life is spent in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend. His counsel and knowledge are a guard to the simplicity and innocence of those of lower talents, and the entertainment and happiness of those of equal. When a man in a country life has this turn, as it is hoped thousands have, he lives in a more happy condition than any that is described in the pastoral descriptions of poets, or the vain-glorious solitudes recorded by philosophers.

To a thinking man it would seem prodigious, that the very situation in a country life does not incline men to a scorn of the mean gratifications some take in it. To stand by a stream, naturally lulls the mind into composure and reverence; to walk in shades diversifies that pleasure; and a bright sunshine makes a man consider all Nature in gladness; and himself the happiest being in it, as he is the most conscious of her gifts and enjoyments. It would be the most impertinent piece of pedantry imaginable to form our pleasures by imitation of others. I will not therefore mention Scipio and Lælius, who are generally produced on this subject as authorities for the charms of a rural life. He that does not feel the force of agreeable views and situations in his own mind, will hardly arrive at the satisfactions they bring from the reflections of others. However, they who have a taste that way, are more particularly inflamed with desire, when they see others in the enjoyment of it, especially when men carry into the country a knowledge of the world as well as of

Nature. The leisure of such persons is endeared and refined by reflection upon cares and inquietudes. The absence of past labours doubles present pleasures, which is still augmented, if the person in solitude has the happiness of being addicted to letters. My cousin Frank Bickerstaff gives me a very good notion of this sort of felicity in the following letter.

SIR,

I Write this to communicate to you the happiness I have in the neighbourhood and conversation of the noble lord, whose health you enquired after in your last. I have bought that little hovel which borders upon his royalty; but am so far from being oppressed by his greatness, that I, who know no envy, and he, who is above pride, mutually recommend ourselves to each other by the difference of our fortunes. He esteems me for being so well pleased with a little, and I admire him for enjoying so handsomely a great deal. He has not the little taste of observing the colour of a tulip, or the edging of a leaf of box; but rejoices in open views, the regularity of this plantation, and the wildness of another, as well as the fall of a river, the rising of a promontory, and all other objects fit to entertain a mind like his, that has been long versed in great and public amusements. The make of the soul is as much seen in leisure as in business. He had long lived in courts, and been admired in assemblies; so that he has added to experience a most charming eloquence, by which he communicates to me the ideas of my own mind upon the objects we meet with so agreeably, that with his company in the fields, I at once enjoy the country, and a landkip of it. He is now altering the course of canals and rivulets, in which he has an eye to his neighbour's satisfaction, as well as his own. He often makes me presents by turning the water into my grounds, and sends me fish by their own streams. To avoid my thanks, he makes Nature the instrument of his bounty, and does all good offices so much with the air of a companion, that his frankness hides his own condescension, as well as my gratitude. Leave the world to itself, and come see us.

Your affectionate cousin,  
FRANCIS BICKERSTAFF.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXX. THURSDAY, MAY II, 1710.

FORTUNA SÆVO LÆTA NEGOTIO, ET  
LUDUM INSOLENTUM LUDERE PERITINAX,  
TRANSMUTAT INCERTOS HONORES,  
NUNC MINUS, NUNC ALII BENIGNA.

HOR. OD. 29. LIB. 3. VER. 49.

BUT FORTUNE, EVER-CHANGING DAME,  
INDULGES HER MALICIOUS JOY,  
AND CONSTANT PLAYS HER HAUGHTY GAME,  
PROUD OF HER OFFICE TO DESTROY;  
TO DAY TO ME HER BOUNTY FLOWS,  
AND NOW TO OTHERS SHE THE BLISS BESTOWS.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 10.

HAVING this morning spent some time in reading on the subject of the vicissitude of human life, I laid aside my book, and began to ruminate on the discourse which raised in me these reflections. I believed it a very good office to the world, to sit down and shew others the road, in which I am experienced by my wanderings and errors. This is Seneca's way of thinking, and he had half convinced me, how dangerous it is to our true happiness and tranquillity, to fix our minds upon any thing which is in the power of fortune. It is excusable only in animals who have not the use of reason, to be caught by hooks and baits. Wealth, glory, and power, which the ordinary people look up at with admiration, the learned and the wise know to be only so many snares laid to enslave them. There is nothing farther to be sought for with earnestness than what will clothe and feed us. If we pamper ourselves in our diet, or give our imaginations a loose in our desires, the body will no longer obey the mind. Let us think no further than to defend ourselves against hunger, thirst, and cold. We are to remember that every thing else is despicable, and not worth our care. To want little is true grandeur, and very few things are great to a great mind. Those who form their thoughts in this manner, and abstract themselves from the world, are out of the way of fortune, and can look with contempt both on her favours and her frowns. At the same time, they who separate themselves from the immediate commerce with the busy part of mankind, are still beneficial to them, while, by

their studies and writings, they recommend to them the small value which ought to be put upon what they pursue with so much labour and disquiet. Whilst such men are thought the most idle, they are the most usefully employed. They have all things, both human and divine, under consideration. To be perfectly free from the insults of fortune, we should arm ourselves with their reflections. We should learn, that none but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own. All things from without are but borrowed. What fortune gives us is not ours; and whatever she gives, she can take away.

It is a common imputation to Seneca, that though he declaimed with so much strength of reason, and a stoical contempt of riches and power, he was at the same time one of the richest and most powerful men in Rome. I know no instance of his being insolent in that fortune, and can therefore read his thoughts on these subjects with the more deference. I will not give philosophy so poor a look as to say it cannot live in courts; but I am of opinion, that it is there in the greatest eminence, when amidst the affluence of all the world can bestow; and the addresses of a crowd who follow him for that reason, a man can think both of himself and those about him, abstracted from these circumstances. Such a philosopher is as much above an Anchorite, as a wise matron, who passes through the world with innocence, is preferable to the nun who locks herself up from it.

Full of these thoughts I left my lodging, and took a walk to the court end of the town; and the hurry and busy faces I met with about Whitehall, made



me form to myself ideas of the different prospects of all I saw, from the turn and cast of their countenances. All, methought, had the same thing in view; but prosecuted their hopes with a different air: some shewed an unbecoming eagerness, some a surly impatience, some a winning deference; but the generality a servile complaisance.

I could not but observe, as I roved about the offices, that all who were still but in expectation, murmured at Fortune; and all who had obtained their wishes, immediately began to say, there was no such being. Each believed it an act of blind chance that any other man was preferred, but owed only to service and merit what he had obtained himself. It is the fault of studious men to appear in public with too contemplative a carriage; and I began to observe, that my figure, age, and dress, made me particular: for which reason, I thought it better to remove a studious countenance from among busy ones, and take a turn with a friend in the Privy-garden.

When my friend was alone with me there—'Isaac,' said he, 'I know you come abroad only to moralize and make observations; and I will carry you hard by, where you shall see all that you have yourself considered or read in authors, or collected from experience, concerning blind Fortune and irresistible destiny, illustrated in real persons and proper mechanisms. The Graces, the Muses, the Fates, all the beings which have a good or ill influence upon human life, are, you will say, very justly figured in the persons of women; and where I am carrying you, you see enough of that sex together, in an employment which will have so important an effect upon those who are to receive their manufacture, as will make them be respectively called Deities or Furies, as their labour shall prove disadvantageous or successful to their votaries.' Without waiting for my answer, he carried me to an apartment contiguous to the Banqueting-house, where there were placed at two long tables a large company of young women, in decent and agreeable habits, making up tickets for the lottery appointed by government. There walked between the tables a person who presided over the work. This gentlewoman seemed an emblem of For-

tune; she commanded, as if unconcerned in their business; and though every thing was performed by her direction, she did not visibly interpose in particulars. She seemed in pain at our near approach to her, and most to approve us when we made her no advances. Her height, her mien, her gesture, her shape, and her countenance, had something that spoke both familiarity and dignity. She therefore appeared to be not only a picture of Fortune, but of Fortune as I liked her; which made me break out in the following words.

'MADAM,

'I AM very glad to see the fate of the many, who now languish in expectation of what will be the event of your labours, in the hands of one who can act with so impartial an indifference. Pardon me, that have often seen you before, and have lost you for want of the respect due to you. Let me beg of you, who have both the furnishing and turning of that wheel of lots, to be unlike the rest of your sex; repulse the forward and the bold, and favour the modest and the humble. I know you fly the importunate; but smile no more on the careless. And not to the coffers of the usurer; but give the power of bestowing to the generous. Continue his wants, who cannot enjoy or communicate plenty; but turn away his poverty, who can bear it with more ease than he can see it in another.'

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Philander signified to Clarinda by letter, bearing date Thursday twelve o'clock, that he had lost his heart by a shot from her eyes, and desired she would condescend to meet him the same day at eight in the evening at Rosamond's Pond; faithfully protesting, that in case she would not do him that honour, she might see the body of the said Philander the next day floating on the said lake of love, and that he desired only three sights upon view of the said body: it is desired, if he has not made away with himself accordingly, that he would forthwith shew himself to the coroner of the city of Westminster; or, Clarinda, being an old offender, will be found guilty of wilful murder.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXI. SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1710.ALTER RIXATUR DE LANA SEPE CAPRINA,  
PROPUGNAT NUGIS ARMATUS.

HOR. EP. 18. LIB. 1. VER. 15.

HE STRIVES FOR TRIFLES, AND FOR TOYS CONTENTS;  
HE IS IN EARNEST, WHAT HE SAYS, DEFENDS.

GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 12.

**I**T hath appeared to be for some days the deliberation at the learnedest board in this house, whence honour and title had it's first original. Timoleon, who is very particular in his opinion; but is thought particular for no other cause, but that he acts against depraved custom by the rules of nature and reason; in a very handsome discourse gave the company to understand, that in those ages which first degenerated from simplicity of life and natural justice, the wise among them thought it necessary to inspire men with the love of virtue, by giving those who adhered to the interests of innocence and truth some distinguishing name to raise them above the common level of mankind. This way of fixing appellations of credit upon eminent merit, was what gave being to titles and terms of honour. 'Such a name,' continued he, 'without the qualities which should give a man pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to jest and ridicule. Should one see another cudgelled, or scurvily treated, do you think a man so used would take it kindly to be called Hector or Alexander? Every thing must bear a proportion with the outward value that is set upon it; or, instead of being long had in veneration, that very term of esteem will become a word of reproach.' When Timoleon had done speaking, Urbanus pursued the same purpose, by giving an account of the manner in which the Indian kings, who were lately in Great Britain, did honour to the person where they lodged. 'They were placed,' said he, 'in a handsome apartment at an upholsterer's in King Street, Covent Garden. The man of the house, it seems, had been very observant of them, and ready in their service. These just and generous princes, who act according to the dictates of natural justice,

thought it proper to confer some dignity upon their landlord before they left his house. One of them had been sick during his residence there, and having never before been in a bed, had a very great veneration for him who made that engine of repose, so useful and so necessary in his distress. It was consulted among the four princes, by what name to dignify his great merit and services. The Emperor of the Mohocks, and the other three kings stood up, and in that posture recounted the civilities they had received; and particularly repeated the care which was taken of their sick brother. This, in their imagination, who are used to know the injuries of weather and the vicissitudes of cold and heat, gave them very great impressions of a skilful upholsterer, whose furniture was so well contrived for their protection on such occasions. It is with these less instructed, I will not say less knowing people, the manner of doing honour, to impose some name significant of the qualities of the person they distinguish, and the good office received from him. It was therefore resolved to call their landlord Cadaroque, which is the name of the strongest fort in their part of the world. When they had agreed upon the name, they sent for their landlord; and, as he entered into their presence, the Emperor of the Mohocks, taking him by the hand, called him Cadaroque. After which, the other three princes repeated the same word and ceremony.'

Timoleon appeared much satisfied with this account; and, having a philosophic turn, began to argue against the modes and manners of those nations which we esteem polite, and express himself with disdain at our usual method of calling such as are strangers to our innovations, barbarous. 'I have,' says he, 'so great a deference for the distinction

'tinction given by these princes, that 'Cadaroque shall be my upholsterer.' He was going on; but the intended discourse was interrupted by Minucio, who sat near him, a small philosopher, who is also somewhat of a politician; one of those who sets up for knowledge by doubting, and has no other way of making himself considerable, but by contradicting all he hears said. He has, besides, great doubt and spirit of contradiction, a constant suspicion as to state affairs. This accomplished gentleman, with a very awful brow, and a countenance full of weight, told Timoleon, that it was a great misfortune men of letters seldom looked into the bottom of things. 'Will any man,' continued he, 'persuade me, that this was not, from the beginning to the end, a concerted affair? Who can convince the world, that four kings shall come over here, and lie at the Two Crowns and Cushion, and one of them fall sick, and the place be called King Street, and all this by mere accident? No, no: to a man of very small penetration it appears, that Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row, Emperor of the Mohocks, was prepared for this adventure beforehand. I do not care to contradict any gentleman in his discourse; but I must say, however Sa Ga Yeath Rua Geth Ton and E Tow Oh Kuoam, might be surprized in this matter; nevertheless, Ho Nec Yeth Taw No Row knew it before he set foot on the English shore.'

Timoleon looked steadfastly at him for some time; then shook his head, paid for his tea, and marched off. Several others, who sat round him, were in their turns attacked by this ready disputant. A gentleman, who was at some distance, happened in discourse to say it was four miles to Hammer-smith. 'I must beg your pardon,' says Minucio, 'when we say a place is so far off, we do not mean exactly from the very spot of earth we are in, but from the town where we are; so that you must begin your account from the end of Piccadilly; and if you do so, I will lay any man ten to one, it is not above three good miles off.' Another, about Minucio's level of understanding, began

to take him up in this important argument; and maintained, that considering the way from Pimlico at the end of St. James's Park, and the crossing from Chelsea by Earl's Court, he would stand to it, that it was full four miles. But Minucio replied with great vehemence, and seemed so much to have the better of the dispute, that his adversary quitted the field, as well as the other. I sat until I saw the table almost all vanished; where, for want of discourse, Minucio asked me, how I did; to which I answered—'Very well.'—'That is very much,' said he; 'I assure you, you look paler than ordinary.'—'Nay,' thought I, 'if he will not allow me to know whether I am well or not, there is no staying for me neither.' Upon which I took my leave, pondering, as I went home, at this strange poverty of imagination, which makes men run into the fault of giving contradiction. They want in their minds entertainment for themselves or their company, and therefore build all they speak upon what is started by others; and since they cannot improve that foundation, they strive to destroy it. The only way of dealing with these people is to answer in monosyllables, or by way of question. When one of them tells you a thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no farther than—'Say you so, Sir? Indeed! Hey-day!' or, 'Is it come to that?' These little rules, which appear but silly in the repetition, have brought me with great tranquillity to this age. And I have made it an observation, that as assent is more agreeable than flattery, so contradiction is more odious than calumny.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickerstaff's aerial messenger has brought him a report of what passed at the auction of pictures, which was in Somerset-house Yard on Monday last, and finds there were no screens present, but all transacted with great justice.

N. B. All false buyers at auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this day forward to be known in Mr. Bickerstaff's writings by the word Screens.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXII. TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1710.QUOD QUISQUE VITENT, NUNQUAM HOMINI SATIS  
CAUTUM EST IN HORAS.

HOR. OD. 13. LIB. 2. VER. 13.

NO MAN CAN TELL THE DANGERS OF EACH HOUR,  
NOR IS PREPAR'D TO MEET THEM

Y OWN APARTMENT, MAY 15.

WHEN a man is in a serious mood, and ponders upon his own make, and prospect to the actions of his life many fatal miscarriages in it, he owes to ungoverned passions, not apt to say to himself, that experience has guarded him against such in the future: but nature often in spite of his best resolutions; and to the very end of our days a difference between our reason and our passions which shall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be avoided by circumspection, and a concern against the first onsets of passions. As this is, in general, a necessity to make a man's life easy and pleasant to himself; so it is more particularly the duty of such as are engaged in friendship, and nearer commerce with others. Those who have their passions also their griefs in proportion; they can extremely exalt or depress their friends. The harsh things, coming from the rest of the world, are loved and repelled with that spirit, every honest man bears for his justification; but unkindness, in their actions among friends, affects the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, so say, can wound us only in inessential parts, maim us in our arms; but the friend can make but at the heart itself. On the whole, the most impotent assistance, the well-wishers of a friend, gives constancy and courage against the prevailing force of his enemies. We only a man enjoys and suffers quick. For this reason, the most necessary behaviour is absolutely necessary in friendship in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. There is a relation of life much more than the most strict and sacred friendship, that is to say, marriage. This

union is of too close and delicate a nature to be easily conceived by those, who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man should, if possible, soften his passions; if not for his own ease, in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am sure, I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this subject; but I must go on to say, that the soul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior qualities to their. The virtues have respectively a masculine and a feminine cast. What we call in men wisdom, is in women prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man, and the scandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this state any thing but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is very proper each of the couple should frequently remember, that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable, nay becoming, when considered as such, but without that reflection must give the quickest pain and vexation. To manage well a great family is as worthy an instance of capacity, as to execute a great employment; and for the generality, as women perform the considerable part of their duties, as well as men do theirs; so in their common behaviour, females of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and, in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating of a snuff-box.

But however I have rambled in this libertine manner of writing by way of essay,

Every day, I now sit down with an intention to recollect to my readers, how pernicious, how sudden, and how fatal sur-prizes of passion are to the mind of man; and that in the more intimate commerces of life they are more liable to arise, even in our most solitary and indolent hours. Occurrences of this kind have had very terrible effects; and when one reflects upon them, we cannot but tremble to consider, what we are capable of being wrought up to against all the ties of nature, love, honour, reason, and religion, though the man who breaks through them all had, an hour before he did so, a lively and virtuous sense of their dictates. When unhappy catastrophes make up part of the history of princes and persons who act in high spheres, or are represented in the moving language, and well-wrought scenes of tragedians, they do not fail of striking us with terrors; but then they affect us only in a transient manner, and pass through our imagination as incidents in which our fortunes are too humble to be concerned, or which writers form for the ostentation of their own force; or, at most, as things fit rather to exercise the powers of our minds, than to create new habits in them. Instead of such high passages, I was thinking it would be of great use, if any body could hit it, to lay before the world such adventures as befall persons not exalted above the common level. This, methought, would better prevail upon the ordinary race of men; who are so pre-possessed with outward appearances, that they mistake fortune for nature, and believe nothing can relate to them, that does not happen to such as live and look like themselves.

The unhappy end of a gentleman, whose story an acquaintance of mine was just now telling me, would be very proper for this end, if it could be related with all the circumstances as I heard it this evening; for it touched me so much, that I cannot forbear entering upon it.

Mr. Eustace, a young gentleman of a good estate near Dublin in Ireland, married a lady of youth, beauty, and modesty, and lived with her, in general, with much ease and tranquillity; but was in his secret temper impatient of rebuke: she was apt to fall into little sallies of passion; yet as suddenly recalled by her own reflections on her fault, and the consideration of her husband's tem-

per. It happened, as he, his wife, and her sister, were at supper together about two months ago, that in the midst of a careless and familiar conversation, the sisters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that sort of men who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous passion on the side of the sister. The person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no restraints from running into vain repetitions of past heats: on which occasion all the aggravations of anger and dislike boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterness of exasperated lovers. The wife, observing her husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every half hour. But it descended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a full silence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her husband soon after followed. When they were in bed, he soon dissembled a sleep; and she, pleased that his thoughts were composed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very distant from the rest of their family, in a lonely country house. He now saw his opportunity, and with a dagger he had brought to bed with him stabbed his wife in the side. She awaked in the highest terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow designed for her husband by ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to awake and rouse him to defend himself. He still pretended himself sleeping, and gave her a second wound.

She now drew open the curtain, and by the help of moon-light, saw his hand lifted up to stab her. The horror disarmed her from further struggling; and he, enraged anew at being discovered, fixed his poniard in her bosom. As soon as he believed he had dispatched her, he attempted to escape out of the window: but she, still alive, called to him not to hurt himself; for she might live. He was so stung with the insupportable reflection upon her goodness, and his own villainy, that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled away. His wife had still strength to go to her sister's apartment, and give an account of this

wonderful



Published at the Act directed by Harrison & Co. Oct. 35. 1785.



ful tragedy; but died the next  
Some weeks after, an officer of  
in attempting to seize the cri-  
fired upon him, as did the cri-

minal upon the officer. Both their balls  
took place, and both immediately ex-  
pired.

Nº CLXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1710.

—SAPIENTIA PRIMA EST  
STULTITIA CARUISSA.—

HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 1. VER. 41.

WHEN FREE FROM FOLLY, WE TO WISDOM RISE.

FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, MAY 17.

WHEN I first began to learn to  
push, this last winter, my master  
reat deal of work upon his hands  
to me unlearn the postures and  
s which I had got, by having in  
nger years practised back-sword,  
little eye to the single falcion.  
down, was the word in the civil  
and we generally added to this  
e knowledge of the Cornish hug,  
as the grapple, to play with hand  
ot. By this means, I was for  
ng my head when the French  
nan was making a full pass at  
som; infomuch, that he told me  
fairly killed seven times in one  
g, without having done my ma-  
y other mischief than one knock  
pate. This was a great misfor-  
me; and I believe I may say,  
t vanity, I am the first who ever  
so erroneously, and yet conquer-  
prejudice of education so well, as  
e my passes so clear, and recover  
nd foot with that agility as I do  
day. The truth of it is, the first  
nts of education are given very  
etly by most parents, as much  
lation to the more important con-  
f the mind, as in the gestures of  
dy. Whatever children are de-  
for, and whatever prospects the  
e or interest of their parents may  
em in their future lives, they are  
miscuously intrusted the same  
and Horace and Virgil must be  
ed by a boy, as well before he  
an apprenticeship, as to the uni-  
. This ridiculous way of treat-  
e under-aged of this island has  
ften raised both my spleen and  
but I think never both at once  
as to-day. A good mother of

our neighbourhood made me a visit with  
her son and heir; a lad somewhat above  
five feet, and wants but little of the  
height and strength of a good musque-  
teer in any regiment in the service. Her  
business was to desire I would examine  
him; for he was far gone in a book,  
the first letters of which she often saw in  
my papers. The youth produced it,  
and I found it was my friend Horace.  
It was very easy to turn to the place  
the boy was learning in, which was the  
fifth ode of the first book to Pyrrha. I  
read it over aloud, as well because I am  
always delighted when I turned to the  
beautiful parts of that author, as also  
to gain time for considering a little how  
to keep up the mother's pleasure in her  
child, which I thought barbarity to in-  
terrupt. In the first place I asked him,  
Who this same Pyrrha was? He an-  
swered very readily, she was the wife of  
Pyrrhus, one of Alexander's captains.  
I lifted up my hands. The mother curt-  
sies—'Nay,' says she, 'I knew you  
' would stand in admiration—I assure  
' you,' continued she, 'for all he looks  
' so tall, he is but very young. Pray  
' ask him some more; never spare him.'  
With that I took the liberty to ask him,  
what was the character of this gentle-  
woman? He read the three first verses;

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
Persus liquidis urget odoribus  
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro!*

HOR. OD. 5. lib. 1. ver. 2.

While liquid odours round him breathe,  
What youth the rosy bower beneath,  
Now courts thee, Pyrrha, to be kind?

FRANCIS.

And very gravely told me, she lived at  
the sign of the Rose in a cellar. I took  
care to be very much astonished at the  
lad's



lady's improvements; but withal advised her, as soon as possible, to take him from school, for he could learn no more there. This very silly dialogue was a lively image of the impertinent method used, in breeding boys without genius or spirit to the reading things for which their heads were never framed. But this is the natural effect of a certain vanity in the minds of parents; who are wonderfully delighted with the thought of breeding their children to accomplishments, which they believe nothing, but want of the same care in their own fathers, prevented them from being masters of. Thus it is, that the part of life most fit for improvement is generally employed in a method against the bent of nature; and a lad of such parts as are fit for an occupation, where there can be no calls out of the beaten path, is two or three years of his time wholly taken up in knowing, how well Ovid's mistress became such a drab; how such a nymph for her cruelty was changed into such an animal; and how it is made generous in *Alceas* to put *Turnus* to death: gallantries that can no more come within the occurrences of the lives of ordinary men, than they can be relished by their imaginations. However, still the humour goes on from one generation to another; and the pastry-cook here in the lane, the other night, told me, he would not yet take away his son from his learning; but has resolved, as soon as he had a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler. These wrong beginnings determine our success in the world; and when our thoughts are originally falsely biased, their agility and force do but carry us the further out of our way, in proportion to our speed. But we are half way our journey, when we have got into the right road. If all our days were usefully employed, and we did not set out impertinently, we should not have so many grotesque professors in all the arts of life; but every man would be in a proper and becoming method of distinguishing or entertaining himself, suitably to what nature designed him. As

they go on now, our parents do not only force us upon what is against our talents, but our teachers are also as injudicious in what they put us to learn. I have hardly ever since suffered so much by the charms of any beauty, as I did before I had a sense of passion, for not apprehending that the smile of *Lalage* was what pleased *Horace*; and I verily believe, the stripes I suffered about *Digitale jertinaci* has given me that irreconcilable aversion, which I shall carry to my grave, against *Coquettes*.

As for the elegant writer of whom I am talking, his excellencies are to be observed as they relate to the different concerns of his life; and he is always to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man of wit. His admirable Odes have numberless instances of his merit in each of these characters. His Epistles and Satires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a court; and what we call good-breeding, most agreeably intermixed with this morality. His addresses to the persons who favoured him, are so inimitably engaging, that *Augustus* complained of him for so seldom writing to him, and asked him, whether he was afraid posterity should read their names together? Now for the generality of men to spend much time in such writings is as pleasant a folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the crowd of scholars may pretend, if their way of life, or their own imaginations, do not lead them to a taste of him, they may read, nay write, fifty volumes upon him, and be just as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great painter say, there are certain faces for certain painters, as well as certain subjects for certain poets. This is as true in the choice of studies; and no one will ever relish an author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit company for that author, had they lived at the same time. All others are mechanics in learning, and take the sentiments of writers like waiting-servants who report what passed at their master's table; but debase every thought and expression, for want of the air with which they were uttered.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXIV. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1710:

QUEM MALA STULTITIA, AUT QUÆCUNQUE INSCITIA VERI,  
CÆCUM AGIT, INSANUM CHRYSIPPI PORTICUS, ET CÆCÆ  
AUTUMAT.

HOR. SAT. 3. LIB. 2. VER. 43.

WHOM VICIOUS PASSIONS, OR WHOM FALSHOOD, BLIND,  
ARE BY THE STOICS HELD OF MADDING KIND.

FRANCIS.

Y OWN APARTMENT. MAY 19.

E learned Scotus, to distinguish the race of mankind, gives every one of that species what he calls a something peculiar to himself, takes him different from all other in the world. This particular makes him either venerable or ridiculous according as he uses his talents, always grow out into faults, or into virtues. In the office I undertake, you are to observe, have hitherto presented only the insignificant and lazy part of mankind the denomination of dead together with the degrees towards sense, in which others can neither live or be defunct; but animals merely dressed up like men differ from each other but as by a little colouring or fluttering wings. Now as our disorder have chiefly regarded the least part of the species, it remains we do justice also upon the truly active and enterprising, these I shall take particular care in safe custody, and have used the diligence to run up my edition of adepts in astrology, can tell to several causes in the planets, the quarter of our great city is the place such persons as either never had, lost the use of reason. It has in many times out of mind, the receptacles as well as Madmen. The information of the former I ascribe to learned men, who have formerly taken up their habitation in the streets; as, among others, to the Dr. Trotter, and my ingenious Mr. Langham. These oracular machines are day and night employed in searches, for the direction of such strays after their lost goods: but they are more particularly serviceable to their country, in foretelling

the fate of such as have chances in the public lottery. Dr. Langham shews a peculiar generosity on this occasion, taking only one half-crown for a prediction, eighteen-pence of which to be paid out of the prizes; which method the doctor is willing to comply with in favour of every adventurer in the whole lottery. Leaving therefore the whole generation of such inquirers to such *Literati* as I have now mentioned, we are to proceed towards peopling our house, which we have erected with the greatest cost and care imaginable.

It is necessary in this place to promise, that the superiority and force of mind which is born with men of great genius, and which, when it falls in with a noble imagination, is called Poetical Fury, does not come under my consideration; but the pretence to such an impulse, without natural warmth, shall be allowed a fit object of this charity; and all the volumes, written by such hands, shall be from time to time placed in proper order upon the rails of the unshod book-sellers within the district of the college, who have long inhabited this quarter, in the same manner as they are already disposed, soon after their publication. I promise myself from these writings my best opiates for those patients, whose high imaginations and hot spirits have awakened them into distraction. Their boiling tempers are not to be wrought upon by my gruels and juleps, but must ever be employed, or appear to be so; or their recovery will be impracticable. I shall therefore make use of such poets as preserve so constant a mediocrity, as never to elevate the mind into joy; or depress it into sadness, yet at the same time keep the faculties of the readers in suspense, though they introduce no ideas of their own. By this means, a disordered mind, like a broken limb, will recover its strength by the sole benefit of being out of use, and lying without motion. But as reading is not an entertainment

tainment that can take up the full time of my patients, I have now in pension a proportionable number of story-tellers, who are by turns to walk about the galleries of the house, and by their narrations second the labours of my pretty good poets. There are among these story-tellers, some that have so earnest countenances, and weighty brows, that they will draw a Madman, even when his fit is just coming on, into a whisper; and by the force of flurys, nods, and busy gestures, make him stand amazed so long, as that we may have time to give him his breath without danger.

But as fortune has the possession of men's minds, a physician may cure all the sick people of ordinary degree in the whole town, and never come into reputation. I shall therefore begin with persons of condition; and the first I shall undertake shall be the Lady Fidget, the general visitant; and Will Voluble, the fine talker. These persons shall be first locked up, for the peace of all whom the one visits, and all whom the other talks to.

The passion, that first touched the brain of both these persons, was envy; which has had such wonderful effects, that to this Lady Fidget owes that she is so courteous; to this, Will Voluble that he is eloquent. Fidget has a restless torment in hearing of any one's prosperity; and cannot know any quiet until she visits her, and is eye-witness of something that lessens it. Thus her life is a continual search after what does not concern her; and her companions speak kindly even of the absent and the unfortunate, to tease her. She was the first that visited Flavia after the small-pox, and has never seen her since because she is not altered. Call a young woman handsome in her company, and she tells you, it is pity she has no fortune: say she is rich, and she is as sorry that she is silly. With all this ill-nature, Fidget is herself, young, rich, and handsome; but loses the pleasure of all these qualities, because she has them in common with others.

To make up her misery, she is well-bred; she hears commendations, until she is ready to faint for want of venting herself in contradictions. This Madness is not expressed by the voice; but is uttered in the eyes and features: it's first symptom is, upon beholding an agreeable object, a sudden approbation immediately checked with dislike.

This lady I shall take the liberty to conduct into a bed of straw and darkness; and have some hopes, that after long absence from the light, the pleasure of seeing at all may reconcile her to what she shall see, though it proves to be never so agreeable.

My physical remarks on the distraction of envy in other persons, and particularly in Will Voluble, is interrupted by a visit from Mr. Kidney, with advices which will bring matter of new disturbance to many possessed with this sort of disorder, which I shall publish to bring out the symptoms more kindly, and lay the distemper more open to my view.

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE, MAY 19.

THIS evening a mail from Holland brought the following advices.

FROM THE CAMP BEFORE DOUAY,  
MAY 26, A. S.

ON the twenty-third the French assembled their army, and encamped with their right near Bouchain, and their left near Crevecoeur. Upon this motion of the enemy, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene made a movement with their army on the twenty-fourth, and encamped from Arlieux to Vitry and Ilez Esquerchien, where they are so advantageously posted, that they not only cover the siege, secure our convoys of provisions, forage, and ammunition, from Lille and Tournay, and the canals and dikes we have made to turn the water of the Scarpe and La Cœne to Bouchain; but are in readiness, by marching from the right, to possess themselves of the field of battle marked out betwixt Vitry and Montigny, or from the left to gain the lines of circumvallation betwixt Fierip and Dechy: so that whatever way the enemy shall approach to attack us, whether by the plains of Lens, or by Bouchain and Valenciennes, we have but a very small movement to make, to possess ourselves of the ground on which it will be most advantageous to receive them. The enemy marched this morning from their left, and are encamped with their right at Oisy, and their left towards Arras, and, according to our advices, will pass the Scarpe to-morrow, and enter on the plains of Lens, though several regiments of horse, the German and Liège troops which are destined to compose part of

my, have not yet joined them. As the Scarp, we shall do the same time, to possess ourself with all possible advantage of the battle: but if they continue they are, we shall not remove, in our present station we suffer from all insults both our convoys.

Monsieur Villars cannot yet go with-  
ches, and it is believed will have  
difficulty to ride. He and the  
of Berwick are to command the  
army, the rest of the marshals  
only to assist in council.

Next night we entirely perfected four  
over the Avant Fossé at both

attacks; and our saps are so far ad-  
vanced, that in three or four days bat-  
teries will be raised on the glacis, to  
batter in breach both the outworks and  
ramparts of the town.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-  
seventh, N. S. say, that the deputies of  
the States of Holland, who set out for  
Gertruydenberg on the twenty-third, to  
renew the conferences with the French  
ministers, returned on the twenty-sixth,  
and had communicated to the States-  
General the new overtures that were  
made on the part of France, which, it is  
believed, if they are in earnest, may  
produce a general treaty.

## Nº CLXXV. TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1710.

MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 22.

The distribution of the apartments  
in the New Bedlam, proper regard  
to the different sexes, and the  
is accommodated accordingly.  
; other necessities, as I have  
t fit to appoint story-tellers to  
the men, so I have allowed tale-  
to indulge the intervals of my  
patients. But before I enter  
disposing of the main of the great  
that wants my assistance, it is ne-  
cessary to consider the human race ab-  
solutely from all other distinctions and  
rations, except that of sex. This  
leads us to a nearer view of their  
necies and imperfections, which  
be accounted, the one or the  
as they are suitable to the design  
which the person so defective or ac-  
cursed came into the world.

To make this enquiry aright, we must  
of the life of people of condition;  
the proportionable applications of  
below them will be easily made, so  
value the whole species by the  
ale. We will begin with the wo-  
man behold her as a virgin in her  
house. This state of her life is  
very more delightful than that of  
other at the same age. While  
entertained with learning melo-  
dies at her spinnet, is led round a  
in the most complaisant manner to  
e, or is entertained with applauses  
beauty and perfection in the or-  
conversation she meets with; the

young man is under the dictates of a  
rigid school-master or instructor, con-  
tradicted in every word he speaks, and  
curbed in all the inclinations he disco-  
vers. Mrs. Elizabeth is the object of  
desire and admiration, looked upon with  
delight, courted with all the powers of  
eloquence and address, approached with  
a certain worship, and defended with a  
certain loyalty. This is her case as to  
the world: in her domestic character, she  
is the companion, the friend, and confi-  
dant of her mother, and the object of a  
pleasure, something like the love be-  
tween angels, to her father. Her youth,  
her beauty, her air, are by him looked  
upon with an ineffable transport beyond  
any other joy in this life, with as much  
purity as can be met with in the next.

Her brother William, at the same  
years, is but in the rudiments of those  
acquisitions which must gain him esteem  
in the world. His heart beats for ap-  
plause among men; yet is he fearful of  
every step towards it. If he proposes  
to himself to make a figure in the world,  
his youth is clamped with a prospect of  
difficulties, dangers, and dishonours;  
and an opposition in all generous at-  
tempts, whether they regard his love or  
his ambition.

In the next stage of life she has little  
else to do but (what she is accomplished  
for by the mere gifts of Nature) to ap-  
pear lovely and agreeable to her hus-  
band, tender to her children, and affa-  
ble to her servants: but a man, when  
he enters into this way, is but in the first

first scene, far from the accomplishment of his design. He is now in all things to act for others as well as himself. He is to have industry and frugality in his private affairs, and integrity and address in public. To these qualities he must add a courage and resolution to support his other abilities, lest he be interrupted in the prosecution of his just endeavours, in which the honour and interest of his posterity are as much concerned as his own personal welfare.

This little sketch may, in some measure, give an idea of the different parts which the sexes have to act, and the advantageous as well as inconvenient terms on which they are to enter upon their several parts of life. This may also be some rule to us in the examination of their conduct. In short, I shall

take it for a maxim, that a woman who resigns the purpose of being pleasing, and the man who gives up the thoughts of being wise, do equally quit their claim to the true causes of living; and are to be allowed the diet and discipline of my charitable structure, to reduce them to reason.

On the other side, the woman who hopes to please by methods which should make her odious, and the man who would be thought wise by a behaviour that renders him ridiculous, are to be taken into custody for their false industry, as justly as they caught for their negligence.

N.B. Mr. Bickerstaff is taken extremely ill with the tooth-ach, and cannot proceed in this discourse.

## Nº CLXXVI. THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1710.

NULLUM NUMEN ABEST, SI SIT PRUDENTIA.

JUV. SAT. IO. VER. 365.

IF PRUDENCE BE THY SOLE UNERRING GUIDE,  
THOU NEED'ST NO GUARDIAN DEITY BESIDE.

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 23.

**T**HIS evening, after a little ease from the raging pain caused by so small an organ as an aching tooth (under which I had behaved myself so ill as to have broke two pipes and my spectacles) I began to reflect with admiration on those heroic spirits, which in the conduct of their lives seem to live so much above the condition of our make, as not only under the agonies of pain to forbear any intemperate word or gesture, but also in their general and ordinary behaviour, to resist the impulses of their very blood and constitution. This watch over a man's self, and the command of his temper, I take to be the greatest of human perfections, and is the effect of a strong and resolute mind. It is not only the most expedient practice for carrying on our own designs; but is also very deservedly the most amiable quality in the sight of others. It is a winning deference to mankind, which creates an immediate imitation of itself wherever it appears; and prevails upon all who have to do with a person endued with it, either through shame or emulation. I do not

know how to express this habit of mind, except you will let me call it Equanimity. It is a virtue which is necessary at every hour, in every place, and in all conversations; and is the effect of a regular and exact prudence. He that will look back upon all the acquaintances he has had in his whole life, will find he has seen more men capable of the greatest employments and performances, than such as could, in the general bent of their carriage, act otherwise than according to their own complexion and humour. But the indulgence of ourselves, is wholly giving way to our natural propensity, is to unjust and improper a licence, that when people take it up, there is but very little difference, with relation to their friends and families, whether they are good or ill-natured men: for he that errs by being wrought upon by what we call the sweetness of his temper, is as guilty as he that offends through the perverseness of it.

It is not therefore to be regarded what men are in themselves, but what they are in their actions. Eucrates is the best-natured of all men; but that natural softness has effects quite contrary to itself; and for want of due bounds to

volence, while he has a will to end to all, he has the power of ch to none. His constant in- to please, makes him never fail; so; though, without being cal- falshood, he is a friend only to so are present; for the same bu- which makes him the best com- renders him the worst corre- t. It is a melancholy thing to ; that the most engaging sort of conversation, are frequently the annical in power, and the least pended upon in friendship. It n this is not to be imputed to n disposition; but he that is to by others, has only good luck not the worst, though in himself , man living. For this reason, no more wholly to indulge our an our ill dispositions. I re- a crafty old cit one day speak- a well-natured young fellow, : up with a good stock in Lom- rect—' I will,' says he, ' lay no money in his hands; for he never d me any thing.' This was a se, but with him a prudential, for breaking off commerce: and quaintance of mine carried this judging so far, that he has often ; he never cared to deal with a liked; for that our affections ver enter into our business. n we look round us in this po- city, and consider how credit and are lodged, you find men have a hare of the former, without the oportion of the latter. He who himself for a beast of prey, looks thers in the same light; and we apt to judge of others by our- that the man who has no mercy, refusal as possible never to want it. it is that in many instances men credit by the very contrary me- y which they do esteem; for wary think every affection of the mind o their cash. what led me into this discourse ' impatience of pain; and I have, great disgrace, seen an instance contrary carriage in so high a that I am out of countenance ver read Seneca. When I look e conduct of others in such oc- es, as well as behold the equani- the general tenor of their life, much abates the self-love, which

is seldom well governed by any sort of men, and least of all by us authors.

The fortitude of a man who brings his will to the obedience of his reason, is conspicuous, and carries with it a dignity in the lowest state imaginable. Poor Martius, who now lies languish- ing in the most violent fever, discovers in the faintest moments of his distem- per such a greatness of mind, that a per- fect stranger, who should now behold him, would indeed see an object of pity, but at the same time, that it was lately an object of veneration. His gallant spirit resigns, but resigns with an air that speaks a resolution which could yield to nothing but fate itself. This is conquest in the philosophic sense; but the empire over ourselves is, methinks, no less laudable in common life, where the whole tenor of a man's carriage is in subservience to his own reason, and in conformity both to the good sense and inclination of other men.

Aristæus is, in my opinion, a perfect matter of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that man can have; and yet is as regular in his behaviour as a mere machine. He is sensible of every passion, but ruffled by none. In con- versation he frequently seems to be less knowing to be more obliging, and chuses to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his ge- nius. In friendship, he is kind with- out profession. In business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all impor- tunity, even that of his own good- nature. He is ever clear in his judg- ment; but in complaisance to his com- pany speaks with doubt; and never shews confidence in argument but to support the sense of another. Were such an equality of mind the general en- deavour of all men, how sweet would be the pleasures of conversation! He that is loud would then understand, that we ought to call a constable; and know that spoiling good company is the most heinous way of breaking the peace. We should then be relieved from those ze- alots in society, who take upon them to be angry for all the company; and quar- rel with the waiters to shew they have no respect for any body else in the room. To be in a rage before you, is in a kind being angry with you. You may

may as well stand naked before company as to use such familiarities; and to be careless of what you say, is the most clownish way of being undressed.

SHEER-LANE, MAY 24.

WHEN I came home this evening, I found the following letters; and because I think one a very good answer to the other, as well as that it is the affair of a young lady, it must be immediately dismissed.

SIR,

I Have a good fortune, partly paternal, and partly acquire'd. My younger years I spent in business; but age coming on, and I having no more children than one daughter, I resolv'd to be a slave no longer: and accordingly I have dispos'd of my effects, plac'd my money in the funds, bought a pretty seat in a pleasant country, am making a garden, and have set up a pack of little beagles. I live in the midst of a good many well bred neighbours, and several well-temper'd clergymen. Against a rainy day, I have a little library; and against the gout in my stomach, a little

good Claret: with all this I am the miserablest man in the world; not that I have lost the relish of any of these pleasures, but am distract'd with such a multiplicity of entertaining objects, that I am lost in the variety. I am in such a hurry of idleness, that I do not know with what diversion to begin. Therefore, Sir, I must beg the favour of you, when your more weighty affairs will permit, to put me in some method of doing nothing; for I find Pliny makes a great difference betwixt *nihil agere* and *agere nihil*; and I fancy, if you would explain him, you would do a very great kindness to many in Great Britain, as well as to your humble servant,  
J. B.

SIR,

THE inclosed is written by my father in one of his pleasant humours. He bids me seal it up, and send you a word or two from myself; which he would not chuse to see until he hears of it from you. Desire him, before he begins his method of doing nothing, to leave nothing to do; that is to say, let him marry off his daughter. I am your gentle reader,

S. B.

Nº CLXXVII. SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1710.

—MALE SI PALFRE, RECALCITRAT UNDIQUE TUTUS.

HOR. SAT. I. LIB. 2. VER. 20.

HE SPURNS THE FLATTERER, AND HIS SAUCY PRAISE. FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, MAY 26.

THE ingenious Mr. Penkethman, the comedian, has lately left here a paper or ticket, to which is affixed a small silver medal, which is to entitle the bearer to see one and twenty plays at his theatre for a guinea. Greenwich is the place where, it seems, he has erected his house; and his time of action is to be so contriv'd, that it is to fall in with going and returning with the tide. Besides that, the bearer of this ticket may carry down with him a particular set of company to the play, striking off for each person to introduced one of his twenty-one times of admittance. In this warrant of his, he has made a high compliment in a facetious distich, by way of dedication of his endeavours, and desires I would recommend them

to the world. I must needs say, I have not for some time seen a properer choice than he has made of a patron: who more fit to publish his work than a Novelist? who to recommend it than a Censor? This honour done me, has made me turn my thoughts upon the nature of Dedications in general, and the abuse of that custom, as well by a long practice of my predecessors, as the continued folly of my contemporary authors.

In ancient times, it was the custom to address their works to some persons eminent for their merit to mankind, or particular patronage of the writers themselves, or knowledge in the matter of which they treated. Under these regards, it was a memorable honour to both parties, and a very agreeable record of their commerce with each other.

Thus

applications were never stuffed with impertinent praises, but were the product of their esteem; which implicitly received, or generally to be due to the patron of the but vain flourishes came into the with other barbarous embellishments and the enumeration of titles and actions, in the patrons themselves or their sires, are as foreign to matter in hand, as the ornaments in a building. This is clapping or persons which have no manner of force; and can for that reason have no other effect than making both justly ridiculous. What presents there in nature for me to write great man, and tell him—'My father, because your Grace is a Duke, your Grace's father before you was a Duke, his Lordship's father was a Duke, and his Lordship's father both a Duke and a rich man: I Isaac Bickerstaff am obliged, and could not possibly forbear addressing to you the foregoing treatise.' Though this is the exposition of all I could possibly say to him with a good conscience, yet by custom his so universally present that my Lord Duke and I must necessarily be particular friends from hence forward; or else I have just cause for being disoblige'd, and may turn my panegyric into a libel. But to his affair still more home; were it that praises in Dedications proper topics, what is it that gives authority to commend, or what gives it a favour to me that he does not me? It is certain, that there is no praise valuable but from the praise-giver. Were it otherwise, blame might as well be in the same hands. Were it not so, all and evil of fame laid upon a man would be a wrong to mankind, the judge on the one side, and the criminal at the bar

on the other, with a just regard to the person whose whole good opinion we wish for; other than whose reputation would be valued according to the number of voices a man has for it, which are not always to be insured on the more virtuous side. But however we pretend to model these nice affairs, true glory will never attend anything but truth; and there is something so peculiar in it, that the very self-same action, done by different men, cannot merit the same degree of applause. The Roman, who was surprized in the enemy's camp before he had accomplished his design, and thrust his bare arm into a flaming pile, telling the general, there were many as determined as himself who, against sense of danger, had conspired his death, wrought in the very enemy an admiration of his fortitude and a dismission with applause. But the condemned slave who represented him in the theatre, and consumed his arms in the same manner, with the same resolution, did not raise in the spectators a great idea of his virtue, but of his weakness; whom he imitated in an action now differing from that of the real Scævola but in the motive to it.

Thus true glory is inseparable from true merit; and whatever you call men they are no more than what they are in themselves; but a romantic sense has crept into the minds of the generality who will ever mistake words and appearances for persons and things.

The simplicity of the ancients was a conspicuous in the address of their writings, as in any other monuments they have left behind them. Cæsar and Augustus were much more high words and respect, when added to occasions fit for their characters to appear in, than an appellations which have ever been since thought of. The latter of these great men had a very pleasant way of dealing



not how to return, for want of better acquaintance with the lady, and consequently being out of a capacity of giving her praise or blame. All therefore that is left for me, according to the foregoing rules, is to lay the picture of a good and evil woman before her eyes, which are but mere words, if they do not concern her. Now you are to ob-

serve, the way in a Dedication is, to make all the rest of the world as little like the person we address to as possible, according to the following epistle:

MADAM,

But M———

—*Memorable nullum*

*Famined in pœdâ est.*——

Nº CLXXVIII. TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1710.

SHEER-LANE, MAY 29.

WHEN we look into the delightful history of the most ingenious Don Quixot of the Mancha, and consider the exercises and manner of life of that renowned gentleman, who cannot but admire the exquisite genius and discerning spirit of Michael Cervantes; who has not only painted his adventurer with great mastery in the conspicuous parts of his story, which relate to love and honour; but also intimated in his ordinary life, in his economy and furniture, the infallible symptoms he gave of his growing phrenzy, before he declared himself a Knight Errant. His hall was furnished with old dances, halibuts, and morions; his food, lentils; his dress, amorous. He slept moderately, rode rarely, and spent his time in hunting. When by watchfulness and exercise he was thus qualified for the hardships of his intended peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to study; and before he should apply himself to the practical part, get into the methods of making love and war by reading books of Knighthood. As for raising tender passions in him, Cervantes reports, that he was wonderfully delighted with a smooth intricate sentence; and when they listened at his study-door, they could frequently hear him read loud—  
 ‘The reason of the unreasonableness,  
 ‘which against my reason is wrought,  
 ‘doth so weaken my reason, as with  
 ‘all reason I do justly complain of your  
 ‘beauty.’ Again, he would pause until he came to another charming sentence, and, with the most pleasing accent imaginable, be loud at a new paragraph—  
 ‘The high heavens, which, with your  
 ‘divinity, do fortify you divinely with  
 ‘the stars, make you deserve of the  
 ‘deserts that your greatness deserves,’

With these and other such passages, says my author, the poor gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his brains day and night to understand and unravel their sense.

As much as the case of this distempered knight is received by all the readers of his history as the most incurable and ridiculous of all phrenzies; it is very certain, we have crowds among us far gone in as visible a madness as his, though they are not observed to be in that condition. As great and useful discoveries are sometimes made by accidental and small beginnings, I came to the knowledge of the most epidemic ill of this sort, by falling into a coffee-house, where I saw my friend the Upholsterer, whose crack towards politics I have heretofore mentioned. This touch in the brain of the British subject, is as certainly owing to the reading newspapers, as is that of the Spanish worthy above-mentioned to the reading works of chivalry. My contemporaries the Novelists have, for the better spinning out paragraphs, and working down to the end of their columns, a most happy art in saying and unsaying, giving hints of intelligence, and interpretations of indifferent actions, to the great disturbance of the brains of ordinary readers. This way of going on in the words, and making no progress in the sense, is more particularly the excellency of my most ingenious and renowned fellow-labourer, the Postman; and it is to this talent in him that I impute the loss of my Upholsterer’s intellects. That unfortunate tradesman has, for years past, been the chief orator in ragged assemblies, and the reader in alley coffee-houses. He was yesterday surrounded by an audience of that sort, among whom I sat unobserved, through the favour of a cloud of tobacco, and saw him with the Est-

man in his hand, and all the other papers safe under his elbow. He was intermixing remarks, and reading the Paris article of May the thirtieth, which says, that it is given out that an express arrived this day with advice, that the armies were so near in the plain of Lens, that they cannonaded each other. 'Ay, ay, here we will have sport.' And that it was highly probable the next express would bring us an account of an engagement. 'They are welcome, as soon as they please.' Though some others say, that the same will be put off until the second or third of June, because the Marshal Villars expects some further reinforcements from Germany, and other parts, before that time. 'What a-pox does he put it off for? Does he think our horse is not marching up at the same time? But let us see what he says further.' They hope that Monsieur Albergotti, being encouraged by the presence of so great an army, will make an extraordinary defence. 'Why, then, I find, Albergotti is one of those that love to have a great many on their side. Nay, I will say that for this paper, he makes the most natural inferences of any of them all. "The Elector of Bavaria, being uneasy to be without any command, has desired leave to come to court, to communicate a certain project to his Majesty. Whatever it be, it is said, that prince is suddenly expected; and then we shall have a more certain account of his projects, if this report has any foundation." Nay, this paper never imposes upon us; he goes upon sure grounds; for he would not be positive the Elector has a project, or that he will come, or if he does come at all; for he doubts, you see, whether the report has any foundation.'

What makes this the more lamentable is, that this way of writing falls in with the imaginations of the cooler and duller part of her Majesty's subjects. The being kept up with one line contradicting another; and the whole, after many sentences of conjecture, vanishing in a doubt whether there is any thing at all in what the person has been reading, puts an ordinary head into a vertigo, which his natural dulness would have secured him from. Next to the labours of the Postman, the Upholsterer took from under his elbow honestcabod Dawkes's Let-

ter; and there, among other speculations, the historian takes upon him to say, that it is discoursed that there will be a battle in Flanders before the armies separate, and many will have it to be tomorrow, the great battle of Ramelies being fought on a Whitsunday. A gentleman, who was a wag in this company, laughed at the expression, and said—'By Mr. Dawkes's favour, I warrant you, if we meet them on Whitsunday or Monday we shall not stand upon the day with them, whether it be before or after the holidays.' An admirer of this gentleman stood up, and told a neighbour at a distant table the conceit; at which indeed we were all very merry. These reflections, in the writers of the transactions of the times, seize the noddles of such as were not born to have thoughts of their own, and consequently lay a weight upon every thing which they read in print. But Mr. Dawkes concluded his paper with a courteous sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole company. 'We wish,' says he, 'all our customers a merry Whitsuntide, and many of them.' Honestcabod is as extraordinary a man as any of our fraternity, and as particular. His style is a dialect between the familiarity of talking and writing, and his letter such as you cannot distinguish whether print or manuscript, which gives us a refreshment of the idea from what has been told us from the press by others. This wishing a good Tide had it its effect upon us, and he was commended for his salutation, as shewing as well the capacity of a bell-man as an historian. My dis-tempered old acquaintance read, in the next place, the account of the affairs abroad in the Courant: but the matter was told so distinctly, that these wanderers thought there was no news in it; this paper differing from the rest as an history from a romance. The tautology, the contradiction, the doubts, and wants of confirmations, are what keep up imaginary entertainments in empty heads, and produce neglect of their own affairs, poverty, and bankruptcy, in many of the shop-statesmen; but turn the imaginations of those of a little higher orb into deliriums of dissatisfaction, which is seen in a continual fret upon all that touches their brains, but more particularly upon any advantage obtained by their country, where they

are considered as lunatics, and therefore tolerate I in their ravings.

What I am now warning the people of is, that the Newspapers of this island are as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry to Spain; and therefore should do all that in me lies, with the utmost care and vigilance imaginable, to prevent these growing evils. A flaming instance of this malady appeared in my old acquaintance at this time, who, after he had long reading all his papers, ended with a thoughtful air—'If we should have a peace, we should then know for certain whether it was the King of Sweden that lately came to Dunkirk.' I whispered him, and desired him to step aside a little with me. When I had opportunity, I deceived him into a coach, in order for his more easy conveyance to Moonfields. The man went very quietly with me; and by that time he had brought the Swede from the defeat by the Czar to the Borzhomies, we were passing by Will's Coffee-house, where the man of the house beckoned to us. We made a full stop, and could hear from above a very loud voice swearing, with some expressions towards treason, that the subject in France was as free as in England. His discomper would not let him

reflect, that his own discourse was an argument of the contrary. They told him, one would speak with him below. He came immediately to our coach-side. I whispered him, that I had an order to carry him to the Bastile. He immediately obeyed with great resignation: for to this sort of lunatic, whose brain is touched for the French, the name of a gaol in that kingdom has a more agreeable sound, than that of a paternal seat in this their own country. It happened a little unluckily bringing these lunatics together, for they immediately fell into a debate concerning the greatness of their respective monarchs; one for the King of Sweden, the other for the Grand Monarch of France. This gentleman from Will's is now next door to the Upholsterer, safe in his apartment in my Bedlam, with proper medicaments, and the Mercure Gallant to soothe his imagination that he is actually in France. If, therefore, he should escape to Covent Garden again, all persons are desired to lay hold of him, and deliver him to Mr. Morphew, my overseer. At the same time, I desire all true subjects to forbear discourse with him, any otherwise than, when he begins to fight a battle for France, to say—'Sir, I hope to see you in England.'

## Nº CLXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1710.

—OR! QUI ME GELIDIS IN VALLIBUS HÆMI  
VITAT, ET IN GENTI RAMORUM PROTEGAT UMBRA?

VIRG. GEORG. 2. VER. 488.

SOME GOD CONDUCT ME TO THE SACRED SHADES,—  
OR LIFT ME HIGH TO HÆMUS' HILLY CROWN!

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, MAY 31.

**I**N this parched season, next to the pleasure of going into the country is that of hearing from it, and partaking the joys of it in description; as in the following letter.

SIR,

**I** Believe you will forgive me, though I write to you a very long epistle; since it relates to the satisfaction of a country life, which I know you would lend, if you could. In the first place I must confess to you, that I am one of

the most luxurious men living; and as I am such, I take care to make my pleasures lasting, by following none but such as are innocent and refined; as well as, in some measure, improving. You have in your labours been so much concerned to represent the actions and passions of mankind, that the whole vegetable world has almost escaped your observation: but sure there are gratifications to be drawn from thence, which deserve to be recommended. For your better information, I wish you would visit your old friend in Cornwall. You would be pleased to see the many alterations

have made about my house, which I have improved my estate by the rents of it.

Winter engrosses with us near portion of the year, the three scissitudes being crowded almost the space of six months, hanging upon which I have been much study and expence, as it means to soften the severe and, if possible, to establish fruitful months about my habitation. In order to this, the charges I put in building and furnishing as I will, perhaps, be thought extravagant by a great many whose revenues exceed mine. I consider, that all men of spirit have their inclinations and when I compute the sums the generality of the men of the number of which I am myself, in riotous eating and equipage and apparel, upon gaming, racing, and hunting upon the balance, that the of my humour comes at a rate.

communicate to you all incidents and trifling, even to the butterfly, that fall out within the compass of my little empire; you hope, be it pleased with the now send you of my little advice, and with an account of amusing myself and others

ingenious Pliny, you know, writes to his friend Galus, in giving him a very particular description, the convenience, recreableness of his villa. In it may remember, I promised you of this kind. Had Pliny northern climate, I doubt not have found a very complaisant among his epistles; and I should have copied his model, building after my own fancy, and been referred to him for of my life exploits in architecture which means my performance should have made a better figure, writing, than they are like to resent.

of my green-house is a hundred long, fifty broad, and the feet high. The wall towards the south is of solid stone. On the fourth side both the ends, the stone-

work rises but three feet from the ground; excepting the pilasters, placed at convenient distances, to strengthen and beautify the building. The immediate spaces are filled up with large fishes of the strongest and most transparent glass. The middle sash, which is wider than any of the other, serves for the entrance; to which you mount by six easy steps, and descend on the inside by as many. This opens and shuts with greater ease, keeps the wind out better, and is at the same time more uniform, than folding-doors.

In the middle of the roof there runs a ceiling thirty feet broad from one end to the other. This is enlivened by a masterly pencil, with all the variety of rural scenes and prospects, which he has peopled with the whole tribe of sylvan deities. Their characters and their stories are so well expressed, that the whole seems a collection of all the most beautiful fables of the ancient poets translated into colours. The remaining spaces of the roof, ten feet on each side of the ceiling, are of the clearest glass, to let in the sky and clouds from above. The buildings point full east and west, so that I enjoy the sun while he is above the horizon. His rays are improved through the glass; and I receive through it what is desirable in a winter sky, without the consequence of the sun, which is a kind of stifling or burning the weather. My greens and flowers are as sensible as I am of this benefit: they flourish and look cheerful as in the spring, while their fellow-creatures abroad are starved to death. I must add, that a moderate expence of fire, over and above the contribution I receive from the sun, serves to keep this snug room in a due temperature; it being sheltered from the cold wind by a hill on the north, and a wood on the east.

The floor, you see, is both agreeable and convenient; and now you shall judge, whether I have laid out the floor to advantage. There goes through the whole length of it a spacious walk of the finest gravel, made to hand and made so firmly that it seems one continued floor; with this advantage, that it is easier to the foot, and better for walking, than if it were what it seems to be. At each end of the walk, on the one end and on the other side of it, lies a square plot of grass of the finest turf, and brightest verdure. What ground remains on both sides between

between these little smooth fields of green, is paved with large quarries of white marble; where the blue veins trace out such a variety of irregular windings, through the clear surface, that these bright plains seem full of rivulets and streaming meanders. This, to my eye, that delights in simplicity, is inexpressibly more beautiful than the chequered floors which are so generally admired by others. Upon the right and upon the left, along the gravel walk, I have ranged interchangeably the bay, the myrtle, the orange, and the lemon-trees, intermixed with painted hollies, silver firs, and pyramids of yew; all so disposed, that every tree receives an additional beauty from it's situation, besides the harmony that rises from the disposition of the whole: no shade cuts too strongly, or breaks in harshly upon the other; but the eye is cheered with a mild rather than gorgeous diversity of greens.

The borders of the four grass-plots are garished with pots of flowers: those delicacies of nature recreate two senses at once; and leave such delightful and gentle impressions upon the brain, that I cannot help thinking them of equal force with the softest airs of music, toward the smoothing of our tempers. In the centre of every plot is a statue. The figures I have made choice of are a Venus, an Adonis, a Diana, and an Apollo; such excellent copies, as to raise the same delight as we should draw from the sight of the ancient originals.

The north wall would have been but a tiresome waste to the eye, if I had not diversified it with the most lively ornaments, suitable to the place. To this intent, I have been at the expence to lead over arches, from a neighbouring hill, a plentiful store of spring-water, which a beautiful Naiad, placed as high as is possible in the centre of the wall, pours out from an urn. This by a fall of above twenty feet, makes a most delightful cascade into a basin, that opens wide within the marble-floor on that side. At a reasonable distance, on either hand of the cascade, the wall is hollowed into two spreading scolops, each of which receives a couch of green velvet, and forms at the same time a canopy over them. Next to them come two large aviaries, which are likewise let into the stone. These are succeeded by two grottos, set off

with all the pleasing rudeness of shells, and mois, and cragged stones, imitating, in miniature, rocks and precipices, the most dreadful and gigantic works of Nature. After the grottos, you have two niches; the one inhabited by Ceres, with her sickle and sheaf of wheat; and the other by Pomona, who, with a countenance full of good cheer, pours a bounteous autumn of fruits out of her horn. Last of all come two colonies of bees, whose stations lying east and west, the one is saluted by the rising, the other by the setting sun. These, all of them being placed at proportioned intervals, furnish out the whole length of the wall; and the spaces that lie between are painted in Fresco, by the same hand that has enriched my ceiling.

Now, Sir, you see my whole contrivance to elude the rigour of the year, to bring a northern climate nearer the sun, and to exempt myself from the common fate of my countrymen. I must detain you a little longer, to tell you that I never enter this delicious retirement, but my spirits are revived, and a sweet complacency diffuses itself over my whole mind. And how can it be otherwise, with a conscience void of offence, where the music of falling waters, the symphony of birds, the gentle humming of bees, the breath of flowers, the fine imagery of painting and sculpture; in a word, the beauties and the charms of nature and of art court all my faculties, refresh the fibres of the brain, and smooth every avenue of thought? What pleasing meditations, what agreeable wanderings of the mind, and what delicious slumbers have I enjoyed here? And when I turn up some masterly writer to my imagination, methinks, here his beauties appear in the most advantageous light, and the rays of his genius shoot upon me with greater force and brightness than ordinary. This place likewise keeps the whole family in good-humour, in a season wherein gloominess of temper prevails universally in this island. My wife does often touch her lute in one of the grottos, and my daughter sings to it; while the ladies with you, amidst all the diversions of the town, and in the most affluent fortunes, are fretting and repining beneath a louring sky for they know not what. In this Green-house we often

re drink tea, we dance country-  
and, what is the chief pleasure  
we entertain our neighbours in  
by this means contribute very

much to mend the climate five or six  
miles about us. I am,

Your most humble servant,  
T. S.

Nº CLXXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1710.

STULTITIAM PATIUNTUR OPES.

HOR. EP. 18. LIB. I. VER. 29.

THEIR FOLLY PLEADS THE PRIVILEGE OF WEALTH.

MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 2.

I received a letter which accuses  
of partiality in the administration  
of seniorship; and says, that I have  
every free with the lower part of  
id, but extremely cautious in re-  
lations of matters which concern  
condition. This correspondent  
upon him also to say, the Uphol-  
was not undone by turning po-  
but became a bankrupt by  
his goods to persons of quai-  
demands of me, that I should  
ce upon such as brought poverty  
treis upon the world below them,  
they themselves were sunk in plea-  
id luxury, supported at the ex-  
of those very persons whom they  
with negligence, as if they did  
ow whether they dealt with them

This is a very heavy accusa-  
on of me, and such as the man  
ed accuses me of tolerating. For  
son, I resolved to take this mat-  
consideration; and upon very  
edication, could call to my me-  
many instances which made this  
int far from being groundless.  
ot of this evil does not always  
l from injustice in the men of  
but often from a false grandeur  
they take upon them in being un-  
ited with their own business; not  
ring how mean a part they act,  
their names and characters are  
ed to the little arts of their ser-  
ind dependants. The overseers  
poor are a people who have no  
putation for the discharge of their  
ut are much less scandalous than  
ricers of the rich. Ask a young  
of great estate, who was that odd  
that spoke to him in a public  
he answers—'One that does my  
eis.' It is, with many, a natural  
ence of being a man of fortune,

that they are not to understand the dis-  
posal of it; and they long to come to  
their estates, only to put themselves un-  
der new guardianship. Nay, I have  
known a young fellow, who was regu-  
larly bred an attorney, and was a very  
expert one until he had an estate fallen  
to him. The moment that happened,  
he, who could prove the next land he  
cast his eye upon, his own; and was so  
sharp, that a man at first sight would  
give him a small sum for a general re-  
ceipt, whether he owed him any thing  
or not: such a one, I say, have I seen,  
upon coming to an estate, forget all his  
diffidence of mankind, and become the  
most manageable thing breathing. He  
immediately wanted a stirring man to  
take upon him his affairs, to receive and  
pay, and do every thing which he him-  
self was now too fine a gentleman to un-  
derstand. It is pleasant to consider, that  
he who would have got an estate, had he  
not come to one, will certainly starve  
because one fell to him; but such con-  
tradictions are we to ourselves, and any  
change of life is insupportable to some  
natures.

It is a mistaken sense of superiority,  
to believe a figure or equipage gives  
men precedence to their neighbours.  
Nothing can create respect from man-  
kind, but laying obligations upon them;  
and it may very reasonably be conclud-  
ed, that if it were put into a due bal-  
ance, according to the true state of the  
account, many who believe themselves  
in possession of a large share of dignity  
in the world, must give place to their  
inferiors. The greatest of all distinc-  
tions in civil life is that of debtor and  
creditor; and there needs no great pro-  
gress in logic to know which, in that  
case, is the advantageous side. He who  
can say to another—'Pray, Master, or  
' pray, my Lord, give me my own  
can as justly tell him—'It is a fanta-

‘cal distinction you take upon you, to pretend to pick up the world for my Master or Lord, when at the same time that I wear your liveries, you owe me wages;’ or, ‘while I wait at your house, you are ashamed to let me undertake to have paid my bill.’

It is not the way among the gentry to be so scrupulous in their pre-eminence over the lower rank, was by their liberality, magnificence, and hospitality; and this is a very unhappy change, if at present, by the activity of their agents, the luxury of the country is supported by the credit of the trader. This is what my correspondent pretends to prove out of his own books, and those of his whole neighbourhood. He has the confidence to say, that there is a manor-house near Long Acre, where you may every evening hear an exact account of distresses on the land. One complains that such a field is flooded; the occasion that his oxen sick, and another appears to long for the free gown; another, that all the furniture of his visiting apartment are now to be sold; then the company display all the proper goods of the distress. Nay, at the lower end of the same table, you may hear a butcher and cool over five, that, at their proper charge, all that family has been maintained since they last came to town.

The free manner, in which people of fashion are disburied on at such meetings, is but a mild reproach of their fallaciousness in this kind; but the melancholy reflection of the great necessity trade-men are driven to, who support their credit in spite of the falshood promises which are made them, and the discontent which they suffer when paid by the exertion of upper servants, is what would stop the most thoughtless man in the career of his pleasures, if rightly represented to him.

If this matter be not very speedily amended, I shall think fit to print exact lists of all persons who are not at their own disposal, though above the age of twenty-one; and as the trader is made bankrupt for absence from his abode, to shew the gentleman for being at home, if, when Mr. Morphew calls, he cannot give him an exact account of what passes in his own family. After this fair warning, no one ought to think himself hardly dealt with, if I take upon me to pronounce him no longer master of his estate, wife, or family, then he

continues to improve, cherish, and maintain them, upon the basis of his own property, without incursions upon his neighbour in any of these particulars.

According to that excellent philosopher Epictetus, we are all but acting parts in a play; and it is not a distinction in itself to be high or low, but to become the parts we are to perform. I am by my office Prompter on this occasion; and shall give those who are a little out in their parts, such soft hints as may help them to proceed, without letting it be known to the audience they were out; but if they run quite out of character, they must be called off the stage, and receive parts more suitable to their genius. Servile complaisance shall degrade a man from his honour and quality, and haughtiness be yet more debased. Fortune shall no longer appropriate distinctions, but Nature direct us in the disposition both of respect and discountenance. As there are tempers made for command, and others for obedience; so there are men born for acquiring possessions, and others incapable of being other than mere lodgers in the houses of their ancestors, and have it not in their very composition to be proprietors of any thing. These men are moved only by the mere effects of impulse: their good-will and dissent are to be regarded equally; for neither is the effect of their judgment. This loose temper is that which makes a man, what Sallust so well remarks to happen frequently in the same person, to be covetous of what is another's, and profuse of what is his own. This sort of man is usually amiable to ordinary eyes; but in the sight of reason, nothing is laudable but what is guided by reason. The covetous prodigal is of all others the worst man in society: if he would but take time to look into himself, he would find his soul all over gashed with broken vows and promises; and his retrospect on his actions would not consist of reflections upon those good resolutions after mature thought, which are the true life of a reasonable creature, but the nauseous memory of imperfect pleasures, idle dreams, and occasional amusements. To follow such dissatisfying pursuits, is it possible to make the ignominy of being unjust? I remember, in Tully's Epistle, in the recommendation of a man to an affair which had no manner of relation

ney, it is said—'You may trust  
for he is a frugal man.' It is  
he who has not a regard to strict  
in the commerce of life, can be  
of no good action in any other  
but he who lives below his in-  
lays up every moment of life  
against a base world, that will  
all his frailties while he is so for-  
and exaggerate them when he is  
and defenceless.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A STAGE-COACH sets out exactly  
at six from Nando's coffee-house to Mr.  
Tiptoe's dancing-school, and returns at  
eleven every evening, for one shilling  
and four-pence.

N. B. Dancing-shoes, not exceeding  
four inches height in the heel, and peri-  
wigs, not exceeding three feet in length,  
are carried in the coach-box gratis.

Nº CLXXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1710.

—DIES, NI FALLOR, ADEST, QUEM SEMPER, ACERBUM,  
SEMPER HONORATUM, SIC DII VOLUISTIS, HARENO.

VIRG. ÆN. 5. VER. 49.

AND NOW THE RISING DAY RENEWS THE YEAR,  
A DAY FOR EVER SAD, FOR EVER DEAR.

DRYDEN.

MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 5.

HERE are those among mankind,  
who can enjoy no relish of their  
except the world is made ac-  
cused with all that relates to them,  
sink every thing lost that passes  
unnoticed; but others find a solid de-  
sire stealing by the crowd, and mo-  
ving their life after such a manner, as  
much above the approbation as the  
rest of the vulgar. Life being too  
short to give instances great enough of  
friendship or good-will, some sages  
thought it pious to preserve a cer-  
vice for the Manes of their de-  
friends; and have withdrawn  
lives from the rest of the world at  
seasons, to commemorate in their  
thoughts such of their acquaint-  
ance who have gone before them out of  
life; and indeed, when we are ad-  
vanced in years, there is not a more  
agreeable entertainment, than to recol-  
lect a gloomy moment the many we  
started with, that have been dear  
agreeable to us, and to cast a me-  
lancholy thought or two after those  
whom, perhaps, we have indulged  
ourselves in whole nights of mirth and  
gaiety. With such inclinations in my  
I went to my closet yesterday in  
evening, and resolved to be sorrow-  
ful upon which occasion I could not  
look with disdain upon myself, that  
in all the reasons which I had to  
set the loss of many of my friends  
was as forcible as at the moment

of their departure, yet did not my heart  
swell with the same sorrow which I felt  
at the time; but I could, without tears,  
reflect upon many pleasing adventures I  
have had with some, who have long been  
blended with common earth. Though  
it is by the benefit of Nature, that length  
of time thus blots out the violence of  
afflictions; yet with tempers too much  
given to pleasure, it is almost necessary  
to revive the old places of grief in our  
memory; and ponder step by step on  
past life, to lead the mind into that so-  
briety of thought which poizes the heart,  
and makes it bear with due time, with-  
out being quickened with desire, or re-  
tarded with despair, from its proper  
and equal motion. When we wind up  
a clock that is out of order, to make it  
go well for the future, we do not imme-  
diately set the hand to the present in-  
stant, but we make it strike the round  
of all its hours, before it can recover  
the regularity of its time. Such, thought  
I, shall be my method this evening; and  
since it is that day of the year which I  
dedicate to the memory of such in ano-  
ther life as I much delighted in when  
living, an hour or two shall be sacred to  
sorrow and their memory, while I run  
over all the melancholy circumstances  
of this kind which have occurred to me  
in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew  
was upon the death of my father, at  
which time I was not quite five years of  
age; but was rather amazed at what all  
the house meant, than possessed with a  
real



real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, where he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insinuated me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety that arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which beset us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved

from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beautiful virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? Oh Death! thou hast right to be bold, to be ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of Death become the pretty trifle! I still behold the smiling earth—A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale, on Thursday next, at Garraway's Coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be gene-

and warming, but with such an s moved us rather to be cheerful rolicksome. It revived the spirits, ut firing the blood. We com- d it until two of the clock this

morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recolle<sup>t</sup> than for- get what had passed the night before.

## N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1710.

SPECTARET POPULUM LUDIS ATTENTIVS IPSIS.

HOR. EP. I. LIB. 2. VER. 197.

THE CROWD WOULD MORE DELIGHT THE LAUGHING SAGE<sup>s</sup>,  
THAN ALL THE FARCE AND FOLLIES OF THE STAGE. FRANCIS.

SHEER-LANE, JUNE 7.

HE town grows so very empty, that the greater number of my gay sters are fled out of my sight into untry. My beaux are now shep- and my belles wood-nymphs. are lolling over rivulets, and co- with shades, while we who remain n hurry through the dust about tinencies, without knowing the nefs of leisure and retirement. To this calamity, even the Actors ing to desert us for a season, and all not shortly have so much as a tip or a forest-scene to refresh our- with in the midst of our fatigues. may not, perhaps, be so sensible a ny other as to me; for I confess ne of my greatest delights to sit erved and unknown in the gal- and entertain myself either with is peronated on the stage, or ob- what appearances present them- in the audience. If there were ner good consequences in a play- , than that so many persons of dif- ranks and conditions are placed in their most pleasing aspects, prospect only would be very far being below the pleasure of a wife . There is not one person you can whom, if you look with an in- ion to be pleased, you may not d something worthy or agreeable. thoughts are in our features; and sage of those in whom love, rage, , jealousy, or envy, have their fre- manfions, carries the traces of passions wherever the amorous, oleric, the jealous, or the envious, leased to make their appearance. ver, the assembly at a play is ly made up of such as have a sense

of some elegance in pleasure; by which means the audience is generally com- posed of those who have gentle affec- tions, or at least of such as, at that time, are in the best humour you can ever find them. This has insensibly a good effect upon our spirits, and the musical airs which are played to us, put the whole company into a participation of the same pleasure, and by consequence, for that time, equal in humour, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience; but if we find, added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and scenes, it is being happy, and seeing others hap- py, for two hours; a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short- lived a creature as man. Why then should not the duty of the player be had in much more esteem than it is at pre- sent? If the merit of a performance is to be valued according to the talents which are necessary to it, the qualifica- tions of a player should raise him much above the arts and ways of life which we call mercenary or mechanic. When we look round a full house, and behold so few that can, though they set them- selves out to shew as much as the per- sons on the stage do, come up to what they would appear even in dumb show, How much does the actor deserve our approbation, who adds to the advantage of looks and motions, the tone of voice, the dignity, the humility, the sorrow, and the triumph, suitable to the charac- ter he peronates?

It may possibly be imagined by severe men, that I am too frequent in the men- tion of the theatrical representations; but who is not excessive in the discourse of what he extremely likes? Eugenio

\* Democritus.

can lead you to a gallery of fine pictures, which collection he is always increasing: Crassus, through woods and forests, to which he designs to add the neighbouring counties. These are great and noble instances of their magnificence. The players are my pictures, and their scenes my territories. By communicating the pleasure I take in them, it may in some measure add to men's gratifications this way; as viewing the choice and wealth of Eugenio and Crassus augments the enjoyments of those whom they entertain, with a prospect of such possessions as would not otherwise fall within the reach of their fortunes.

It is a very good office one man does another, when he tells him the manner of his being pleased; and I have often thought that a comment upon the capacities of the players would very much improve the delight that way, and impart it to those who otherwise have no sense of it.

The first of the present stage are Wilks and Cibber, perfect actors in their different kinds. Wilks has a singular talent in representing the graces of Nature; Cibber the deformity in the affectation of them. Were I a writer of plays, I should never employ either of them in parts which had not their lent this way. This is seen in the inimitable strain and run of good-humour which is kept up in the character of Wildair, and in the nice and delicate abuse of understanding in that of Sir Novelty. Cibber, in another light, hits exquisitely the flat civility of an affected Gentleman-usher, and Wilks the easy frankness of a Gentleman.

If you would observe the force of the same capacities in higher life, can any thing be more ingenuous than the behaviour of Prince Harry, when his father checks him? any thing more exasperating than that of Richard, when he insults his superiors? To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be made to shine with the utmost beauty: to rally pleasantly, to scorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what Cibber would perform with no less excellence.

When actors are considered with a

view to their talents, it is not only the pleasure of that hour of action, which the spectators gain from their performance; but the opposition of right and wrong on the stage, would have it's force in the assistance of our judgments on other occasions. I have at present under my tutelage a young poet, who, I design, shall entertain the town the ensuing winter. And as he does me the honour to let me see his comedy as he writes it, I shall endeavour to make the parts fit the genius of the several actors, as exactly as their habits can their bodies. And because the two I have mentioned are to perform the principal parts, I have prevailed with the house to let the Careless Husband be acted on Tuesday next, that my young author may have a view of the play which is acted to perfection, both by them and all concerned in it; as being born within the walls of the theatre, and written with an exact knowledge of the abilities of the performers. Mr. Wilks will do his best in this play, because it is for his own benefit; and Mr. Cibber, because he writ it. Besides which, all the great beauties we have left in town, or within call of it, will be present, because it is the last play this season. This opportunity will, I hope, inflame my pupil with such generous notions, from seeing the fair assembly as will be then present, that his play may be composed of sentiments and characters proper to be presented to such an audience. His drama at present has only the outlines drawn. There are, I find, to be in it all the reverend offices of life, (such as regard to parents, husbands, and honourable lovers) preserved with the utmost care; and at the same time that agreeableness of behaviour, with the intermixture of pleasing passions which arise from innocence and virtue, interspersed in such a manner, as that to be charming and agreeable, shall appear the natural consequence of being virtuous. This great end is one of those I propose to do in my Centiørship; but if I find a thin house on an occasion when such a work is to be promoted, my pupil shall return to his commons at Oxford, and Sheer-lane and the theatres be no longer correspondents.

CLXXXIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1710.

— FUIT HÆC SAPIENTIA QUONDAM  
PUBLICA PRIVATIS SECERNERE. —

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 396.

OUR SAGE FOREFATHERS WISELY UNDERSTOOD  
TO SEPARATE PRIVATE FROM THE PUBLIC GOOD. R. WYNN.

OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 9.

EN men look into their own  
soms, and consider the gene-  
which are there planted, that  
rightly cultivated, ennobles  
and make their virtue vene-  
rity; how can they, without  
it on the universal degene-  
hat public spirit, which ought  
rit and principal motive of all  
is? In the Grecian and Ro-  
is, they were wise enough to  
is great incentive, and it was  
to be in the fashion without  
triot. All gallantry had it's  
: from hence; and to want a  
r the public welfare, was a  
scandalous, that he who was  
it had no pretence to honour  
od. What makes the de-  
long us, in this behalf, the  
tious and irksome to reflect  
that the contempt of life is  
far amongst us as it could be  
emorable people; and we want  
per application of the quali-  
are frequent among us, to  
thy as they. There is hardly  
be found who will not fight  
occasion which he thinks may  
own honour. Were this mo-  
ing in every thing that regards  
; as it is in this our private  
man would pass his life away  
aving distinguished himself by  
ant instance of his zeal towards  
espective incidents of his life  
sion. But it is so far other-  
there cannot at present be a  
culous animal than one who  
egard the good of others. He,  
se, whose thoughts turn upon  
which may be of general bene-  
et further reflection, is called  
or; and the man whose mind  
ent upon glorious atchieve-  
Knight-errant. The ridicule  
s runs strong against laudable  
ay, in the ordinary course of

things, and the common regards of life,  
negligence of the public is an epidemic  
vice. The brewer in his excise, the  
merchant in his customs, and, for aught  
we know, the soldier in his muster-  
rolls, think never the worse of them-  
selves for being guilty of their respec-  
tive frauds towards the public. This  
evil is come to such a fantastical height,  
that he is a man of a public spirit, and  
heroically affected to his country, who  
can go so far as even to turn usurer with  
all he has in her funds. There is not a  
citizen in whose imagination such a one  
does not appear in the same light of  
glory as Cædus, Scævola, or any other  
great name in old Rome. Were it not  
for the heroes of so much per cent. as  
have regard enough for themselves and  
their nation to trade with her with their  
wealth, the very notion of public love  
would long before now have vanished  
from among us. But however general  
custom may hurry us away in the stream  
of a common error, there is no evil, no  
crime, so great as that of being cold in  
matters which relate to the common  
good. This is in nothing more con-  
spicuous than in a certain willingness  
to receive any thing that tends to the  
diminution of such as have been con-  
spicuous instruments in our service.  
Such inclinations proceed from the most  
low and vile corruption of which the  
soul of man is capable. This efficacy  
not only the practice, but the very ap-  
probation of honour and virtue; and has  
had such an effect, that, to speak freely,  
the very sense of public good has no  
longer a part even in our conversations.  
Can then the most generous motive of  
life, the good of others, be so easily ba-  
nished the breast of man? Is it possible  
to draw all our passions inward? Shall  
the boiling heat of youth be sunk in  
pleasures, the ambition of manhood in  
selfish intrigues? Shall all that is glo-  
rious, all that is worth the pursuit of  
great minds, be so easily rooted out?  
When the universal bent of a people  
seems

seems diverted from the sense of their common good, and common glory, it looks like a fatality, and crisis of impending misfortune.

The generous nations we just now mentioned understood this so very well, that there was hardly an oration ever made which did not turn upon this general sense—that the love of their country was the first and most essential quality in an honest mind. Demosthenes, in a cause wherein his fame, reputation, and fortune, were embarked, puts his all upon this issue: ‘Let the Athenians,’ says he, ‘be benevolent to me, as they think I have been zealous for them.’ This great and discerning orator knew there was nothing else in Nature could bear him up against his adversaries, but this one quality of having shewn himself willing or able to serve his country. This certainly is the test of merit; and the first foundation for deserving goodwill is having it yourself. The adversary of this orator at that time was *Æschines*, a man of wily arts and skill in the world, who could, as occasion served, fall in with a national start of passion, or sullenness of humour; which a whole nation is sometimes taken with as well as a private man, and by that means divert them from their common sense into an aversion for receiving any thing in it’s true light. But when Demosthenes had awaked his audience with that one hint of judging by the general tenor of his life towards them, his services bore down his opponent before him, who fled to the covert of his mean arts, until some more favourable occasion should offer against the superior merit of Demosthenes.

It were to be wished that love of their country were the first principle of action in men of business, even for their own sakes; for when the world begins to examine into their conduct, the generality, who have no share in, or hopes

of, any part in power or riches, but what is the effect of their own labour or property, will judge of them by no other method than that of how profitable their administration has been to the whole? They who are out of the influence of men’s fortune or favour, will let them stand or fall by this one only rule; and men who can bear being tried by it, are always popular in their fall: those who cannot suffer such a scrutiny are contemptible in their advancement.

But I am here running into shreds of maxims from reading Tacitus this morning, that has driven me from my recommendation of public spirit, which was the intended purpose of this *Lucubration*. There is not a more glorious instance of it than in the character of *Regulus*. This same *Regulus* was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and was sent by them to Rome, in order to demand some Punic noblemen, who were prisoners, in exchange for himself; and was bound by an oath that he would return to Carthage, if he failed in his commission. He proposes this to the Senate, who were in suspense upon it; which *Regulus* observing, without having the least notion of putting the care of his own life in competition with the public good, desired them to consider that he was old, and almost useless; that those demanded in exchange were men of daring tempers, and great merit in military affairs; and wondered they would make any doubt of permitting him to go back to the short tortures prepared for him at Carthage, where he should have the advantage of ending a long life both gloriously and usefully. This generous advice was consented to; and he took his leave of his country and his weeping friends, to go to certain death, with that cheerful composure, as a man, after the fatigue of business in a court or a city, retires to the next village for the air.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXIV. TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1710.UNA DE MULTIS FACE NUPTIALI  
DIGNA

HOR. OD. II. LIB. 3. VER. 33.

YET WORTHY OF THE NUPTIAL FLAME—  
OF MANY, ONE UNTAINTED MAID. FRANCIS.

TOWN APARTMENT, JUNE 12.

THERE are certain occasions of  
which give propitious omens  
to good conduct of it, as well  
as which explain our present in-  
tention, according to our behaviour.

Of the latter sort are funerals;  
funerals, weddings. The man-  
ner of carriage when we lose a friend  
try much our temper, in the hu-  
mour of words and actions, and a  
sense of our destitute condition,  
runs through all our deportment.  
We give a solemn testimony of the  
affection we bore our friends,  
we seem to disrelish every thing,  
can no more enjoy them, or see  
recreation in our enjoyments. It is  
generous and humane to put our-  
selves as it were, in their livery after  
death, and wear a habit unsuit-  
able to prosperity, while those we loved  
are mouldering in the dust.

As this is laudable on the for-  
side, so on the other, incidents  
may no less justly be repre-  
sented and acknowledged in our out-  
fit and carriage. Of all such  
things, that great change of a single  
marriage is the most import-  
ant; it is the source of all relations,  
whence all other friendship  
merely do principally arise. The  
intention of both sexes is to dispose  
themselves happily and honourably  
together; and, as all the good qua-  
lities have exerted to make our  
outfit, so the best appearance, with  
their minds, their persons, and  
tunes, at the first entrance into  
us to each other in the married  
well as a compliment to the rest  
of the world. It was an instruction of  
law-giver, that unmarried would  
wear such loose habits, which,  
showing of their garb, should in-  
spire beholders to a desire of their  
company and that the ordinary motion  
of bodies might display the figure

and shape of their limbs in such a man-  
ner as at once to preserve the strictest  
decency, and raise the warmest inclina-  
tions.

This was the economy of the legisla-  
tor for the increase of people, and at the  
same time for the preservation of the ge-  
nial bed. She who was the admiration of  
all who beheld her while unmarried, was  
to bid adieu to the pleasure of shining  
in the eyes of many, as soon as she took  
upon her the wedded condition. How-  
ever, there was a festival of life allowed  
the new-married, a sort of intermediate  
state between celibacy and matrimony,  
which continued certain days. During  
that time, entertainments, equipages,  
and other circumstances of rejoicing,  
were encouraged; and they were per-  
mitted to exceed the common mode of  
living, that the bride and bridegroom  
might learn from such freedoms of con-  
versation to run into a general conduct  
to each other, made out of their past  
and future state, so to temper the cares  
of the man and the wife with the gai-  
eties of the lover and the mistress.

In those wise ages the dignity of life  
was kept up, and on the celebration of  
such solemnities there were no imperti-  
nent whispers, and senseless interpreta-  
tions put upon the unaffected cheerfulness,  
or accidental seriousness of the  
bride; but men turned their thoughts  
upon their general reflections, upon what  
issue might probably be expected from  
such a couple in the succeeding course  
of their life, and solicited them ac-  
cordingly upon such prospects.

I must confess, I cannot, from any  
ancient manuscripts, sculptures, or me-  
dals, deduce the rise of our celebrated  
custom of throwing the stocking; but  
have a faint memory of an account a  
friend gave me of an original picture  
in the palace of Aldobrandini in Rome.  
This seems to shew a sense of this affair  
very different from what is usual among  
us. It is a Grecian wedding, and the  
figures represented are a person offering  
sacrifice.

sacrifice, a beautiful damsel dancing, and another playing on the harp. The Bride is placed in her bed, the Bridegroom sits at the feet of it; with an aspect which intimates his thoughts were not only entertained with the joys with which he was surrounded; but also with a noble gratitude, and divine pleasure in the offering, which was then made to the gods to invoke their influence on his new condition. There appears in the face of the woman a mixture of fear, hope, and modesty; in the bridegroom a well-governed rapture. As you see in great spirits grief, which discovers itself the more by forbearing tears and complaints, you may observe also the highest joy is too big for utterance; the tongue being of all the organs the least capable of expressing such a circumstance. The nuptial torch, the bower, the marriage-song, are all particulars which we meet with in the allusions of the ancient writers; and in every one of them something is to be observed, which denotes their industry to aggrandize and adorn this occasion above all others.

With us all order and decency in this point is perverted, by the insipid mirth of certain animals we usually call Wags. These are a species of all men the most insupportable. One cannot without some reflection say, whether their flat mirth provokes us more to pity or to scorn; but if one considers with how great affectation they utter their frigid conceits, commiseration immediately changes itself into contempt.

A Wag is the last order even of pretenders to wit and good-humour. He has generally his mind prepared to receive some occasion of merriment, but is of himself too empty to draw any out of his own set of thoughts; and therefore laughs at the next thing he meets, not because it is ridiculous, but because he is under a necessity of laughing. A Wag is one that never in it's life saw a beautiful object; but sees, what it does see, in the most low and most inconsiderable light it can be placed. There is a certain ability necessary to behold what is amiable and worthy of our ap-

probation, which little minds want, and attempt to hide by a general disregard to every thing they behold above what they are able to relish. Hence it is that a Wag in an assembly is ever guessing how well such a lady slept last night, and how much a young fellow is pleased with himself. The Wag's gaiety consists in a certain professed ill breeding, as if it were an excuse for committing a fault, that a man knows he does so. Though all public places are full of persons of this order; yet, because I will not allow impertinence and affectation to get the better of native innocence and simplicity of manners, I have, in spite of such little disturbers of public entertainments, persuaded my brother Tranquilus, and his wife my sister Jenny, in favour of Mr. Wilks, to be at the play to-morrow evening.

They, as they have so much good sense as to act naturally, without regard to the observation of others, will not, I hope, be discomposed, if any of the fry of Wags should take upon them to make themselves merry upon the occasion of their coming, as they intend, in their wedding cloaths. My brother is a plain, worthy, and honest man; and as it is natural for men of that turn to be mightily taken with sprightly and airy women, my sister has a vivacity which may perhaps give hopes to impertinents, but will be esteemed the effect of innocence among wise men. They design to sit with me in the box, which the house have been so complaisant as to offer me, whenever I think fit to come thither is my public character.

I do not in the least doubt, but the true figure of conjugal affection will appear in their looks and gestures. My sister does not affect to be gorgeous in her dress; and thinks the happiness of a wife is more visible in a cheerful look than a gay apparel. It is a hard task to speak of persons so nearly related to one with decency; but I may say, all who shall be at the play will allow him to have the mien of a worthy English gentleman; her, that of a notable and deserving wife.

## THE TATLER.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 15.

NOTITIAM PRIMOSQUE GRADUS VICINIA FECIT;  
TEMPORIS CREVIT AMOR; TÆDÆ QUOQUE FORTE COISSEN-  
SED VETUERE PATRES, QUOD NON POTUERE VETARE.  
EX æQUO CAPTIS ARDEBANT MENTIBUS AMBO.

OVID. DE PYR. ET THIS. MET. LIB. 4.

ACQUAINTANCE GREW, TH' ACQUAINTANCE THEY IMPROV'D  
TO FRIENDSHIP, FRIENDSHIP RIPEN'D INTO LOVE:  
LOVE HAD BEEN CROWN'D, BUT IMPOTENTLY MAD,  
WHAT PARENTS COULD NOT HINDER, THEY FORBOD.  
FOR WITH FIERCE FLAMES YOUNG PYRAMUS STILL BURN'D;  
AND GRATEFUL THISSE FLAMES AS FIERCE RETURN'D.

EUSEB.

IN MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 14.

AS soon as I was up this morning, my man gave me the following letter; which, since it leads to a subject that may prove of common use to the world, I shall take notice of with as much expedition as my fair petitioner could desire.

haps, have some weight with you who is one of your admirer's humble servant,

P. S. You are desired to inform since my father daily presseth me to accept of, what he calls, an offer.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

WHEN you have so often declared yourself a patron of the distressed, I shall acquaint you, that I am daughter to a country gentleman of good sense, and may expect three or four thousand pounds for my fortune. I love and am loved by Philander, a young gentleman who has an estate of five hundred pounds per annum, and is our next neighbour in the country every summer. My father, though he has been a long time acquainted with it, constantly refuses to comply with our mutual inclinations; but what most of all torments me is, that if ever I speak in commendation of my lover, he is much louder in his praises than myself; and I professes, it is out of pure love and esteem for Philander, as well as his daughter, that he can never consent we should marry each other; when, as he terms it, we may both do so much better. It is indeed he confesses, that two gentlemen of considerable fortunes made addresses to me last winter, and my father, as I have since learned, was to have a young heiress with fifteen thousand pounds; but it seems we could neither of us think, that accepting those offers would be doing better than resigning constant to our first passion. I thought upon the whole may, per-

There is no calamity in the heavier upon human nature than an appointment in love; especially happens between two people whose hearts are mutually engaged. It is this distress which gives occasion to some of the finest that were ever written, and has made the world with melancholy phrenzy, sickness, despair, &c. I have often admired at the parents, who so frequently oppose their authority in this graceful life. I would fain ask by what authority he thinks he can be so much in favour on his daughter, than in a way to live happily? What of Philander's character, worth five hundred pounds per annum, is likely to contribute to the happiness of many a young fellow whom he has in his thoughts with so much reason. Whether he can make as much of his daughter by any increase of the loss of that happiness she has herself in her Philander? O that my father should compound with her to be miserable, though she get twenty thousand pounds for her gain? I suppose he would not do so with esteem on his daughter's death: and does he think this the best method to make her



as often as she thinks on the loss of her Philander, she must at the same time remember him as the cruel cause of it? Any transient ill humour is soon forgotten; but the reflection of such a cruelty must continue to raise resentments as long as life itself; and by this one piece of barbarity, an indulgent father loses the merit of all his past kindnesses. It is not impossible, but she may deceive herself in the happiness which she proposes from Philander; but as in such a case she can have no one to blame but herself, she will bear the disappointment with greater patience; but if she never makes the experiment, however happier she may be with another, she will still think she might have been happier with Philander. There is a kind of sympathy in souls that fits them for each other; and we may be assured, when we see two persons engaged in the warmth of a mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a resemblance to one another. A generous and constant passion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall the person beloved; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I shall conclude this with a celebrated instance of a father's indulgence in this particular; which, though carried to an extravagance, has something in it so tender and amiable, as may justly reproach the harshness of temper that is to be met with in many a British father.

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young Queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a son to the old King Seleucus his father. The prince,

finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick; and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance, whensoever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old king's tenderness for his son, when he one morning enquired of his health, he told him, that the Prince's distemper was love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The king, surprized at his account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable—'Why,' 'Sir,' replied Erasistratus, 'because he is in love with the person I am married to.'

The old king immediately conjured him by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor. 'Sir,' said Erasistratus, 'would your Majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would see the unreasonableness of what you desire.'—'Heaven is my witness,' said Seleucus, 'I could resign even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus.' At this, the tears ran down his cheeks; which when the physician saw, taking him by the hand—'Sir,' says he, 'if these are your real sentiments, the prince's life is out of danger; it is Stratonice for whom he dies.' Seleucus immediately gave orders for solemnizing the marriage; and the young queen, to shew her obedience, very generously exchanged the father for the son.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1710.

EMITTIT SOLA VIRTUTE POTESTAS.

CLAUD.

VIRTUE ALONE ENNOBLES HUMAN KIND,

AND POWER SHOULD ON HER GLORIOUS FOOTSTEPS WAIT.

R. WYNN.

SHEER-LANE, JUNE 16.

AS it has been the endeavours of these our labours to extirpate, from among the polite or busy part of mankind, all such as are either prejudicial or insignificant to society; so it

ought to be no less our study to supply the havock we have made, by an exact care of the growing generation. But when we begin to inculcate proper precepts to the children of this island, except we could take them out of their nurses arms, we see an amendment is

it impracticable; for we find the species of our youth, and grown is incorrigibly prepossessed with y, pride, and ambition, according to the respective pursuits to which they devote themselves: by which means the mind is infatuated with the love of appearances instead of things. Thus the man takes praise for honour; the d man, ceremony for respect; the d man, power for glory. These characters are indeed of very near resemblance, but differently received by kind. Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride, odious; and ambition, terrible. The foundation of all which is, they are grounded upon falshood: men, instead of studying to appear desirable, were in their own hearts desirous of the requisites for esteem, the stance they otherwise unfortunately at would be as inseparable from, as approbation is from truth it.

By this means they would have a rule to walk by; and they may be assured, that a good cause of action will certainly receive a suitable effect.

It may be an useful hint in such a case for a man to ask of himself, whether he really is what he has a mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety. What the world say? is the common question in matters of difficulty; as if the man lay wholly in the sense which others, and not we ourselves, shall have in our actions. From this one source all the impostors in every art and profession, in all places, among all persons in conversation, as well as in business. Hence it is, that a vain fellow is twice as much pains to be ridiculous as would make him sincerely agree-

in any one he better fashioned, better bred, or has any one more goodly, than Damasippus? But the whole of his looks and actions tends so immediately to gain the good opinion of the converses with, that he loses it for only reason. As it is the nature of vanity to impose false shews for truth, so it also turns real possessions into imaginary ones. Damasippus, by ascribing to himself what he has not, robs himself of what he has.

There is nothing more necessary to lose reputation, than to suspend the judgment of it. He that cannot bear *silence of merit with silence*, must of

necessity destroy it: for Fame being the general mistress of mankind, whoever gives it to himself insults all to whom he relates any circumstances to his own advantage. He is considered as an open ravisher of that beauty, for whom all others pine in silence. But some minds are so incapable of any temperance in this particular, that on every second in their discourse, you may observe an earnestness in their eyes, which shews they wait for your approbation; and perhaps the next instant cast an eye on a glass, to see how they like themselves. Walking the other day in a neighbouring Inn of Court, I saw a more happy and more graceful orator than I ever before had heard, or read of. A youth, of about nineteen years of age, was, in an Indian night-gown and laced cap, pleading a cause before a glass: the young fellow had a very good air, and seemed to hold his brief in his hand rather to help his action, than that he wanted notes for his further information. When I first began to observe him, I feared he would soon be alarmed; but he was so zealous for his client, and so favourably received by the court, that he went on with great fluency to inform the bench, that he humbly hoped they would not let the merit of the cause suffer by the youth and inexperience of the pleader; that in all things he submitted to their candour; and modestly desired they would not conclude, but that strength of argument, and force of reason, may be consistent with grace of action, and comeliness of person.

To me (who see people every day in the midst of crowds, whomsoever they seem to address to, talk only to themselves, and of themselves) this orator was not so extravagant a man as perhaps another would have thought him: but I took part in his success, and was very glad to find he had, in his favour, judgment, and costs, without any manner of opposition.

The effects of pride and vanity are of consequence only to the proud and the vain; and tend to no further ill than what is personal to themselves, in preventing their progress in any thing that is worthy and laudable, and creating envy instead of emulation of superior virtue. These ill qualities are to be found only in such as have so little minds, as to circumscribe their thoughts and designs within what properly relates to the value,

value, which they think due to their dear and amiable selves; but ambition, which is the third great impediment to honour and virtue, is a fault of such as think themselves born for moving in an higher orb, and prefer being powerful and ambitious, to being virtuous and obscure. The parent of this mischief in life, so far as to regulate it into schemes, and make it possess a man's whole heart without his believing himself a demon, is Machiavel. He first taught, that a man must necessarily appear weak, to be honest. Hence it gains upon the imagination, that a great is not so despicable as a little villain; and men are infensibly led to a belief, that the aggravation of crimes is the diminution of them. Hence the impicity of thinking one thing, and speaking another. In pursuance of this empty and unsatisfying dream, to betray, to undermine, to kill in themselves

all natural sentiments of love to friends or country, is the willing practice of such as are thirsty of power for any other reason, than that of being useful and acceptable to mankind.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Mr. Bickerstaff has lately received a letter out of Ireland, dated June the ninth, importing, that he is grown very dull, for the postage of which Mr. Morphew charges one shilling; and another without date of place or time, for which he, the said Morphew, charges two pence: it is desired, that for the future, his courteous and uncourteous readers will go a little further in expressing their good and ill-will, and pay for the carriage of their letters; otherwise the intended pleasure or pain, which is designed for Mr. Bickerstaff, will be wholly disappointed.

Nº CLXXXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1710.

—PUDET HÆC OPPROBRIA NOBIS  
ET DILI POTUISSE, ET NON POTUISSE REFELLI.

OVID. MET. LIB. 2. VER. 759.

TO HEAR AN OPEN SLANDER IS A CURSE;  
BUT NOT TO FIND AN ANSWER IS A WORSE.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 19.

VASSAL OF ROME TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF OF LONDON.

HIS Holiness is gone to Castel Gandolfo, much discomfited at some late accounts from the missionaries in your Islands for a committee of cardinals, which lately sit for the revising the force of some obsolete doctrines, and drawing up amendments to certain points of faith, have represented the church of Rome to be in great danger, from a tract written by a learned Englishman, which carries up spiritual power much higher than we could have dared to have attempted before. His book is called, 'An Epitolarial Discourse, proving from the Scriptures, and the first Fathers, that the Soul is a principle naturally mortal; wherein is proved, that none have the power of giving this divine immortalizing Spirit, since the Apostles, but the Bishops. By Henry Dodwell, A. M.' The assertion appeared to our *Literati* so short and ef-

fectual a method of subjecting the laity, that it is feared auricular confession and absolution will not be capable of keeping the clergy of Rome in any degree of greatness, in competition with such teachers, whose flocks shall receive this opinion. What gives the greater jealousy here is, that in the catalogue of treatises which have been lately burnt within the British territories, there is no mention made of this learned work; which circumstance is a sort of implication, that the tenet is not held erroneous, but that the doctrine is received among you as orthodox. The youth of this place are very much divided in opinion, whether a very memorable quotation which the author repeats out of Tertullian, be not rather of the style and manner of Meursius?—*In illo ipso voluptatis ultima æstu, quo genitalis virus expellitur, nomine aliquid de anima quoque sentimus exire, atque adeo marcescimus et devigescimus cum lucis detrimento?* This piece of Latin goes no farther than to tell us how our fathers begot us; so that we are still as a

we afterwards commence eternally allude only to flesh and blood, as the former. Your readers in some of whom have very much the warmth with which you attacked Free thinkers, Atheists, enemies to religion and virtue, much disturbed, that you have them no account of this remark: and I am employed by desire you would, with all expedition, send me over the ceremony of the creation of souls, as well as of all the mortal and immortal thin the dominions of Great Britain. When you have done me this favour, must trouble you for other to your kindness; and particularly you would let me have the religious kerechief, which is of late so worn in England, for I have promised to make a present of it to a court French minister.

rs from the frontiers of France us, that a young gentleman, who have been created a cardinal on promotion, has put off his departing to Rome so soon as was desired; having, at it is said, received from Great Britain, wherein settlement of that island have desired suspend his resolutions towards the life, until the British grants shall publish their explication words Indefeazable and Revolu- According as these two hard are made to fit the mouths of the this gentleman takes his measure his journey hither.

r New Bedlam has been read and red by some of your countrymen us; and one gentleman, who is as a traveller, says, your design is admissible; for that there can be so large enough to contain the of your lunatics. He advises therefore, to name the ambient sea boundary of your hospital. If he says he true, I do not see how I think of any other inclosure: according to his discourse, the whole are taken with a vertigo; great oper actions are received with is and discontent; ill news hoped in impatience; heroes in your service treated with calumny, while

criminals pass through your towns with acclamations.

This Englishman went on to say, you seemed at present to flag under a satiety of success, as if you wanted misfortune as a necessary vicissitude. 'Yet, alas! though men have but a cold relish of prosperity, quick is the anguish of the contrary fortune.' He proceeded to make comparisons of times, seasons, and great incidents. After which he grew too learned for my understanding, and talked of Hanno the Carthaginian, and his irreconcilable hatred to the glorious commander Hannibal. 'Hannibal,' said he, 'was able to march to Rome itself, and brought that ambitious people, who designed no less than the empire of the world, to sue for peace in the most abject and servile manner; when faction at home detracted from the glory of his actions, and, after many artifices, at last prevailed with the senate to recal him from the midst of his victories, in the very instant when he was to reap the benefit of all his toils, by reducing the then common enemy of all nations which had liberty, to reason. When Hannibal heard the message of the Carthaginian senators, who were sent to recal him, he was moved with a generous and disdainful sorrow; and is reported to have said—"Hannibal then must be conquered, not by the arms of the Romans, whom he has often put to flight, but by the envy and detraction of his countrymen. Nor shall Scipio triumph so much in his fall, as Hanno, who will smile to have purchased the ruin of Hannibal, though attended with the fall of Carthage."

I am, Sir, &c.

PASQUIN.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 19.

THERE is a sensible satisfaction in observing the countenance and action of the people on some occasions. To gratify myself in this pleasure, I came hither with all speed this evening with an account of the surrender of Douay. As soon as the battle-critics heard it, they immediately drew some comfort, in that it must have cost us a great number of men. Others were so negligent of the glory of their country, that they went on in their discourse on the full house

house which is to be at Othello on Thursday, and the curiosity they should go with, to see Wilks play a part so very different from what he had ever before appeared in, together with the expectation that was raised in the gay part of the town on that occasion.

This universal indolence and inattention among us to things that concern the public, made me look back with the highest reverence on the glorious instances in antiquity, of a contrary behaviour in the like circumstances. Harry English, upon observing the room so little roused on the news, fell into the

same way of thinking. 'How unlike,' said he, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, are we to the old Romans? There was not a subject of their state, but thought himself as much concerned in the honour of his country, as the first officer of the commonwealth. How do I admire the messenger, who ran with a thorn in his foot to tell the news of a victory to the senate! He had not leisure for his private pain, until he had expressed his public joy; nor could he suffer as a man, until he had triumphed as a Roman.'

## Nº CLXXXVIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1710.

QUÆ REGIO IN TERRIS NOSTRI NON PLENA LABORIS?

VIRG. ÆN. 1. VER. 464.

WHAT CLIME, WHAT REGION, SO REMOTE AND STRANGE,  
WHERE THESE OUR LABOURS ARE NOT KNOWN—

R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 21.

I Was this morning looking over my letters, that I have lately received from my several correspondents; some of which, referring to my late papers, I have laid aside, with an intent to give my reader a sight of them. The first criticises upon my Green-house, and is as follows:

SOUTH-WALES, JUNE 7.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

THIS letter comes to you from my orangery, which I intend to reform as much as I can, according to your ingenious model; and shall only beg of you to communicate to me your secret of preserving grafts-plots in a covered room; for in the climate where my country-seat lies, they require rain and dews as well as sun and fresh air, and cannot live upon such fine food as your Sifted Weather. I must likewise desire you to write over your Green-house the following motto:

*Hic ver perpetuum, atque alienis mensibus æstat,*

Here vernal bloom, and summer's genial warmth,  
Beign all the year—

R. WYNN.

Instead of your—

*O! quis me gelidis sub vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?*

VIRG. GEOR. 2. VER. 442.

Some god, convey me to the cooling shades  
Of dewy Hæmus!—

R. WYNN.

Which, under favour, is the panting of one in summer after cool shades, and not of one in winter after a summer-house. The rest of your plan is very beautiful; and that your friend, who has so well described it, may enjoy it many winters, is the hearty wish of

His and your unknown, &c.

This oversight of a grafts-plot in my friend's Greenhouse, puts me in mind of a like inconsistency in a celebrated picture; where Moses is represented as striking a rock, and the children of Israel quenching their thirst at the waters that flow from it, and run through a beautiful landscape of groves and meadows, which could not flourish in a place where water was to have been found only by a miracle.

The next letter comes to me from a Kentish Yeoman, who is very angry with me for my advice to parents, occasioned by the amours of Sylvia and

Philander.

r, as related in my paper, XXXV.

#### BE NICKERSTAFF,

I know by what chance one of Tatlers is got into my family, almost turned the brains of my daughter Winifred; who has been foolish as to fall in love of her own and tells me a foolish heathen that she has read in your paper, to me to give my consent. I am to let children have their own a business like marriage. It is in which neither I myself, nor y kindred, were ever humoured. and I never pretended to love her like your Sylvias and Philips; and yet, if you saw our fire, I would be satisfied we are not squabbling. For my part, I at where man and woman come by their own good liking, there ch fondling and fooling, that it young people from minding sinels. I must therefore desire hange ybur note; and instead of us old folks, who perhaps have t than yourself, to let Sylvia hat she ought to act like a duti-hter, and marry the man that not care for. Our great grand- were all bid to marry first, and old come afterwards; and I do y their daughters should follow n inventions. I am resolved d shall not. Yours, &c.

letter is a natural picture of on-tracts, and of the sentiments: minds that lie under a kind of ial rusticity. This trifling oc-ade me run over in my imagi-he many scenes I have observed arried condition, wherein the nees of pleasure and pain are rel-, as they accompany that state, ther. It is certain, there are ousands like the above-men-oman and his wife, who are ghly pleased or distressed in their res; but when we consider the formed part of mankind, and in their behaviour, it then ap- it very little of their time is in-, but generally spent in the most vexation, or the highest satis- Shakespeare has admirably re- both the aspects of this state in excellent tragedy of Othello.

In the character of Desdemona, he runs through all the sentiments of a virtuous maid, and a tender wife. She is captivated by his virtue, and faithful to him as well from that motive, as regard to her own honour. Othello is a great and noble spirit, misled by the villainy of a false friend to suspect her innocence; and repents it accordingly. When, after the many instances of passion, the wife is told her husband is jealous; her simplicity makes her incapable of believing it, and say, after such circumstances as would drive another woman into distraction—

—I think the sun where he was born  
Drew all such humours from him.

This opinion of him is so just, that his noble and tender heart bears itself to pieces, before he can affront her with the mention of his jealousy; and he owns, this suspicion has blotted out all the sense of glory and happiness which before it was possessed with, when he laments himself in the warm allusions of a mind accustomed to entertainments, so very different from the pangs of jealousy and revenge. How moving is his sorrow, when he cries out as follows!

I had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. Oh now! for ever  
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!  
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewe!  
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill  
trump,

The spirit-fluting drum, th' ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious  
war!

And, oh, ye mortal engines! whose rude throats  
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counter-  
feit,

Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone.

I believe I may venture to say, there is not in any other part of Shakespeare's works more strong and lively pictures of Nature than in this. I shall therefore steal *incognito* to see it, out of curiosity to observe how Wilks and Cibber touch those places, where Betterton and Sandford so very highly excelled. But now I am got into discourse of acting, with which I am so professedly pleased, I shall conclude this paper with a note I have just received from the two ingenious friends, Mr. Penkethman and Mr. Bullock.

SIR,  
**FINDING** by your Paper, N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXII. that you are drawing parallels between the greatest actors of the age; as you have already begun with Mr. Wilks and Mr. Cibber, we desire you would do the same justice to your humble servants,

WILLIAM BULLOCK and  
 WILLIAM PENKETHMAN.

For the information of posterity, I shall comply with this letter, and set these two great men in such a light as Sallust has placed his Cato and Cæsar.

Mr. William Bullock and Mr. Wil-

liam Penkethman, are of the same age, profession, and sex. They both distinguish themselves in a very particular manner under the discipline of the crab-tree, with this only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the more agreeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful thrug. Penkethman devours a cold chick with great applause; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in asparagus. Penkethman is very dextrous at conveying himself under a table; Bullock is no less active at jumping over a stick. Mr. Penkethman has a great deal of money; but Mr. Bullock is the taller man.

## N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXIX. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1710.

EST IN JUVENCIS, EST IN EQUIS PATRUM  
 VIRTUS; NEC IMBELLEM FEROCES  
 PROGENERANT AQUILÆ COLUMBAM.

HOR. OD. 4. LIB. 4. VER. 30.

IN STEERS LABORIOUS, AND IN GENEROUS STEEDS,  
 WE TRACE THEIR SIRE, NOR CAN THE BIRD OF JOVE  
 INTREPID, FIERCE, BEGET TH' UNWARLIKE DOVE.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 23.

**H**AVING lately turned my thoughts upon the considerations of the behaviour of parents to children in the great affair of marriage, I took much delight in turning over a bundle of letters, which a gentleman's steward in the country had sent me some time ago. This parcel is a collection of letters written by the children of the family, to which he belongs, to their father; and contains all the little passages of their lives, and the new ideas they received as their years advanced. There is in them an account of their diversions as well as their exercises; and what I thought very remarkable is, that two sons of the family, who now make considerable figures in the world, gave omens of that sort of character which they now bear, in the first rudiments of thought which they threw in their letters. Were one to point out a method of education, one could not, methinks, frame one more pleasing or improving than this; where the children get an habit of communicating their thoughts and inclinations to their best friend with so much freedom, that he can form schemes

for their future life and conduct from an observation of their tempers; and by that means be early enough in chusing their way of life, and to make them forward in some art or science at an age when others have not determined what profession to follow. As to the persons concerned in this packet I am speaking of, they have given great proofs of the force of this conduct of their father is the effect it has upon their lives and manners. The elder, who is a scholar, shewed from his infancy a propensity to polite studies, and has made a suitable progress in literature; but his learning is so well woven into his mind, that from the impressions of it, he seems rather to have contracted an habit of life, than manner of discourse. To his books he seems to owe a good oeconomy in his affairs, and a complacency in his manners, though in others that way of education has commonly a quite different effect. The epistles of the other son are full of accounts of what he thought most remarkable in his reading. He sends his father for news the last noble story he had read. I observe, he is particularly touched with the conduct of Cato, who plotted his own death, because the

said, if he were not killed, the should prevail over his country. ther incidents in his little letters ens of a soul capable of generous kings; and what makes it the rticular is, that this gentleman the present war, the honour and se of doing an action, for which as worth coming into the world. ather is the most intimate friend re; and they always consult him an any other, when any error pened in their conduct through nd inadvertency. The beha- this gentleman to his sons has life pass away with the pleasures ond youth; for as the vexations nen receive from their children en approach of age, and double e of years; so the comforts ey reap from them, are balm her sorrows, and disappoint the of time. Parents of children eir lives in their offspring; and eern for them is so near, that l all their sufferings and enjoy- s much as if they regarded their per persons. But it is generally urtherwhile, that the common race ires in this kingdom use their persons that are waiting only for incrais, and spies upon their id happiness; as indeed they are, own making them such. In ere a man takes the liberty after nner to reprehend others, it is ily said—'Let him look at home.' ry to own it; but there is one of the house of the Bickerstuffs, e been as erroneous in their cons way as any other family what- The head of this branch is now , and has brought up with him and daughter, who are all the he has, in order to be put some o the world, and see fashions. e both very ill-bred cubs; and lived together from their in- without knowledge of the dis- and decencies that are proper aid to each other's sex, they e like two brothers. The fame of those who knows no bet- that all pleasure is debauchery, agines, when he sees a man his estate, that he will certainly . This branch are a people who id among them one man eminent or good or ill; however, have all pt their heads just above water,

not by a prudent and regular economy, but by expedients in the matches they have made in their house. When one of the family has, in the pursuit of foxes, and in the entertainment of clowns, run out the third part of the value of his estate, such a spendthrift has dressed up his eldest son, and married what they call a good fortune; who has supported the father as a tyrant over them, during his life, in the same house or neighbourhood. The son, in succession, has just taken the same method to keep up his dignity, until the mortgages, he has eat and drank himself into, have reduced him to the necessity of sacrificing his son also, in imitation of his progenitor. This had been, for many generations, the whole that had happened in the family of Sam Bickerstaff, until the time of my present cousin Samuel, the father of the young people we have just now spoken of.

Samuel Bickerstaff, Esquire, is so happy, as that by several legacies from distant relations, deaths of maiden sisters, and other instances of good fortune, he has, besides his real estate, a great sum of ready-money. His son at the same time knows he has a good fortune, which the father cannot alienate; though he strives to make him believe, he depends only on his will for maintenance. Tom is now in his nineteenth year, Mrs. Mary in her fifteenth. Cousin Samuel, who understands no one point of good behaviour as it regards all the rest of the world, is an exact critic in the dress, the motion, the looks, and gestures of his children. What adds to their misery is, that he is excessively fond of them, and the greatest part of their time is spent in the presence of this nice observer. Their life is one continued constraint. The girl never turns her head, but she is warned not to follow the proud minxes of the town. The boy is not to turn sop, or be quarrelsome; at the same time, not to take an affront. I had the good fortune to dine with him to-day, and heard his fatherly table-talk as we sat at dinner, which, if my memory does not fail me, for the benefit of the world, I shall set down as he spoke it; which was much as follows, and may be of great use to those parents who seem to make it a rule, that their children's turn to enjoy the world is not to commence until they themselves have left it.



' Now, Tom, I have bought you  
' chambers in the Inns of Court. I  
' allow you to take a walk once or twice  
' a day round the garden. If you mind  
' your business, you need not study to  
' be as great a lawyer as Coke upon  
' Littleton. I have that that will keep  
' you; but be sure you keep an exact  
' account of your linen. Write down  
' what you give out to your laundress,  
' and what she brings home again. Go  
' as little as possible to the other end of  
' the town; but if you do, come home  
' early. I believe I was as sharp as

' you for your years; and I had my hat  
' snatched off my head coming home  
' late at a stop by St. Clement's church,  
' and I do not know from that day to  
' this who took it. I do not care if you  
' learn to fence a little; for I would not  
' have you be made a fool of. Let me  
' have an account of every thing, every  
' post; I am willing to be at that charge,  
' and I think you need not spare your  
' pains.—As for you, daughter Molly,  
' do not mind one word that is said to  
' you in London; for it is only for your  
' money.'

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX.

FROM THE NOVEL AT HAMPTON-WICK  
APRIL 7, 1711.

MY LORD,

WHEN I first resolv'd upon doing myself this honour, I could not but indulge a certain vanity in dating from this little covert, where I have frequently had the honour of your Lordship's company, and received from you very many obligations. The elegant solitude of this place, and the greatest pleasures of it, I owe to it's being so near those beautiful manors wherein you sometimes reside: it is not retiring from the world, but enjoying it's most valuable blessings, when a man is permitted to share in your Lordship's conversations in the country. All the bright images which the wits of past ages have left behind them in their writings, the noble plans which the greatest statesmen have laid down for administration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your Lordship above all the illustrious personages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have from your example fallen into a new æra. Your patronage has produced the arts, which before shunn'd the commerce of the world, into the service of life; and it is to you we owe, that the man of wit has turned himself to be a man of business. The false delicacy of men of genius, and the objections which others were apt to insinuate against their abilities for entering into affairs, have equally vanish'd. An experience has shewn, that men of letters are not only qualified with a greater capacity, but also a greater integrity in the dispatch of business. Your own studies have been diverted from being the high ornament, to the highest use to mankind; and the capacities which would have rendered you the greatest poet of your age, have to the advantage of Great Britain been employed in pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiass'd patriot. A vigorous imagination, an extensive apprehension, and a ready judgment, have distinguished you in all the illustrious parts of administration, in a reign attended with such difficulties, that the same talents without the same quickness in the possession of them, would have been incapable of conquering. The natural success of such abilities, has advanced you to a seat in that illustrious house, where you were received by a crowd of your relations. Great as you are in your honours, and personal qualities, I know you will forgive an humble neighbour, the vanity of pretending to a place in your friendship, and subscribing himself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most devoted servant,

RICHARD STEELE



THE  
P R E F A C E.

the last Tatler I promised some explanation of passages and persons mentioned in this work, as well as some account of the assistance I have had in the performance. I shall do this in very few words; for a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a deal in a very narrow compass. I have, in the dedication of this volume made my acknowledgments to Doctor Swift, whose writings, in the name of Bickerstaff, created an inclination in town towards any thing that could appear in the same disguise. I acknowledge also, that at my first entering upon this work, a very uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one whose imagination was to be continually employed on obvious and common subjects, though at the same time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verses on the Lower in Town, and the Description of the Morning, are instances of the happiness of that genius, which could raise such pleasures upon occasions so barren to an ordinary invention.

When I am upon the house of Bickerstaff, I must not forget that copy of the family sent to me by the post, and written, as I since find, by Mr. Twisden, who died at the battle of Mons, and is now a monument in Westminster Abbey, suitable to the respect which is due to his wit and his valour. There are through the course of the work very many incidents which were written by unknown correspondents. Of this kind is the tale in the second Tatler, and the story from Mr. Downes the prompter, with others which were very well received by the public. But I have only one gentleman, whose name is nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining of this nature. This good office he performed with such force and vigour, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed person, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone without an auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.

The same hand writ the distinguishing characters of men and women, under the names of Musical Instruments, the Distress of the writers, the Inventory of the Play-house, and the Description of the Thermometer, which I cannot but look upon as the greatest embellishments of this work.

As far as I thought necessary to say relating to the great hands that have been concerned in these volumes, with relation to the manner and genius of the work; and am far from pretending to modesty in

## P R E F A C E.

in making this acknowledgment. What a man obtains from the good opinion and friendship of worthy men, is a much greater honour than he can possibly reap from any accomplishments of his own. But all the credit of wit which was given by the gentlemen above-mentioned, with whom I have now accounted, has not been able to atone for the exceptions made against me for some raillery in behalf of that learned advocate for the episcopacy of the church, and the liberty of the people, Mr. Hoadley. I mentioned this only to defend myself against the imputation of being moved rather by party than opinion; and I think it is apparent, I have with the utmost frankness allowed merit wherever I found it, though joined in interests different from those for which I have declared myself. When my Favonius is acknowledged to be Dr. Smalridge, and the amiable character of the Dean in the sixty-sixth Tatler, drawn for Doctor Atterbury; I hope I need say no more as to my impartiality.

I really have acted in these cases with honesty, and am concerned it should be thought otherwise: for wit, if a man had it, unless it be directed to some useful end, is but a wanton frivolous quality; all that one should value himself upon in this kind is, that he had some honourable intention in it.

As for this point, never hero in romance was carried away with a more furious ambition to conquer giants and tyrants, than I have been in extirpating gamesters and duellists. And indeed, like one of those knights too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the thing that first disturbed me is presented to my imagination. I shall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with windmills no more: only shall be so arrogant as to say of myself, that in spite of all the force of fashion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious; while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters, through a false sense of justice; and to the demands of duellists, through a false sense of honour. As to the first of these orders of men, I have not one word more to say of them: as to the latter, I shall conclude all I have more to offer against them, with respect to their being prompted by the fear of shame, by applying to the duellist, what I think Doctor South says somewhere of the liar—'He is a coward to man, and a brave to God.'

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THE  
T A T L E R.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

N<sup>o</sup> CXC. TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1710.

—TIMEO. DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES.

VIRG. ÆN. LIB. 2. VER. 484

I FEAR THE GRECIANS WHEN THEY PRESENTS BRING.

SHEER-LANE, JUNE 26.

**T**HERE are some occasions in life, wherein regard to a man's self is the most pitiful and contemptible of all passions; and such a time certainly is, when the true public spirit of a nation is run into a faction against their friends and benefactors. I have hinted heretofore some things which discover the real sorrow I am in at the observation, that it is now very much so in Great Britain, and have had the honour to be pelted with several epistles to expostulate with me on that subject. Among others, one from a person of the number of those they call Quakers, who seems to admonish me out of pure zeal and good-will. But as there is no character so unjust as that of talking in party upon all occasions, without respect to merit or worth on the contrary side; so there is no part we can act so justifiable as to speak our mind when we see things urged to extremity, against all that is praise-worthy or valuable in life, upon general and groundless suggestions. But if I have talked too frankly upon such reflections, my correspondent has laid before me, after his way, the error of it in a manner that makes me indeed thankful for his kindness, but the more inclinable to repeat the imprudence from the necessity of the circumstance.

THE 23d OF THE 6th MONTH,  
WHICH IS THE MONTH JUNE.

FRIEND ISAAC,

**F**ORASMUCH as I love thee, I cannot any longer refrain declaring my mind unto thee concerning some things.

Thou didst thyself indite the epistle in one of thy late Lucubrations, as thou wouldst have us call them: for verily thy friend of stone, and I speak according to knowledge, hath no fingers; and though he hath a mouth, yet speaketh he not therewith; nor yet did that epistle at all come unto thee from the mansion-house of the scarlet whore. It is plain therefore that the truth is not in thee: but since thou wouldst lye, couldst thou not lye with more discretion? Wherefore should thou insult over the afflicted, or add sorrow unto the heavy of heart? Truly this gall proceedeth not from the spirit of meekness. I tell thee moreover, the people of this land be marvellously given to change; insomuch that it may likely come to pass, that before thou art many years nearer to thy dissolution, thou mayest behold him sitting on a high place whom thou now laughest to scorn: and then how wilt thou be glad to humble thyself to the ground, and lick the dust of his feet, that thou mayest find favour in his sight? If thou didst meditate as much upon the word, as thou dost upon the profane scribblings of the wise ones of this generation, thou wouldst have remembered what happened unto Shimei, the son of Gera the Benjamite, who cursed the good man David in his distress. David pardoned his transgression, yet was he afterwards taken as in a snare by the words of his own mouth, and fell by the sword of Solomon the chief ruler. Furthermore, I do not remember to have heard in the days of my youth and vanity, when, like thine, my conversation was

war with the Gentiles, that the men of Ream, which is this, forever fix unto the men of Carthage for tranquillity, as thou dost ever; neither was Hannibal, the son of Hamilcar, called home by his countrymen until these saw the sword of their enemies at their gates; and then was it not time for him, thanked thou, to return? It argueth therefore that thou dost properly speak words; thou dost row one way and look another; and indeed in all things art thou too much a time-server, yet deniest thou not to consider what a day may bring forth. Think of this, and take tobacco.

Thy friend,

AMINADAB.

If the zealous writer of the above letter has any meaning, it is of too high a nature to be the subject of my Lucubrations. I shall therefore wave such high points, and be as useful as I can to persons of less moment than any he hints at. When a man runs into a little fame in the world, as he meets with a great deal of reproach which he does not deserve, so does he also a great deal of esteem to which he has in himself no pretensions. Were it otherwise, I am sure no one would offer to put a law-casé to me; but because I am an adept in physic and astrology, they will needs persuade me that I am no less a proficient in all other sciences. However, the point mentioned in the following letter is so plain a one, that I think I need not trouble myself to cast a figure to be able to discuss it.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

IT is some years ago since the entail of the estate of our family was altered, by passing a fine in favour of me, who now am in possession of it, after some others deceased. The heirs-general who lived beyond sea, were excluded by this settlement, and the whole estate is to pass in a new channel after me and my heirs. But several tenants of the lordship persuade me to let me as hereafter hold their lands of me according to the old customs of the barony, and not oblige them to act by the limitations of the last settlement. This, they say, will make me more popular among my dependents, and the ancient vassals of the estate, to whom any deviation from the line of succession is always indigest.

Yours, &c.

SIR,

SHEER-LANE, JUNE 24th

YOU have by the fine a plain right, in which none else of your family can be your competitor; for which reason, by all means demand vassalage upon that title. The contrary advice can be given for no other purpose in nature but to betray you, and favour other pretenders, by making you place a right which is in you only, upon a level with a right which you have in common with others. I am, Sir, your most faithful servant until death,

I. B.

There is nothing so dangerous or so pleasing, as compliments made to us by our enemies: and my correspondent tells me, that though he knows several of those who give him this counsel were at first against passing the fine in favour of him; yet he is so touched with their homage to him, that he can hardly believe they have a mind to set it aside, in order to introduce the heirs-general into his estate.

These are great evils; but since there is no proceeding with success in this world, without complying with the arts of it, I shall use the same method as my correspondent's tenants did with him, in relation to one whom I never had a kindness for; but shall, notwithstanding, presume to give him my advice.

ISAAC RICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, OF GREAT BRITAIN, TO LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH OF FRANCE.

SIR,

YOUR Majesty will pardon me while I take the liberty to acquaint you, that some passages written from your side of the water do very much obstruct your interest. We take it very unkindly that the prints of Paris are so very partial in favour of one set of men among us, and treat the others as irreconcilable to your interests. Your writers are very large in recounting any thing which relates to the figure and power of one party, but are dumb when they should represent the actions of the other. This is a trifling circumstance which may here be apt to lay some stress upon; therefore I thought fit to offer it to your consideration before you dispatch the next courier.

I. B.

N<sup>o</sup> CXCI. THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1710.

PROPTER VITAM VIVENDI PERDERE CAUSAS.

JUV. SAT. 8. VER. 84.

EASELY THEY

THE SACRED CAUSE FOR WHICH THEY'RE BORN, BETRAY,  
WHO GIVE UP VIRTUE FOR A WORTHLESS LIFE.

R. WYNNE.

MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 28.

All the evils under the sun, that of making vice commendable is rated: for it seems to be the basis of society, that applause and contempt should be always given to proper ob-

But in this age we behold things, which we ought to have an abhorrence not only received without disdain, but valued as motives of emulation. It is naturally the destruction of simplicity of manners; openness of heart, generosity of temper. When a person values himself the liberty to range unover in his thoughts the dissimulations of men which he meets in the world, one cannot but observe, that the use of dissimulation, which is used among men, does not proceed so much from a degeneracy in nature, as an affectation of appearing to be of consequence by such practices. This means it is that a cunning man far from being ashamed of being so, is rather such, that he secretly rejoices

It has been a sort of maxim, that the greatest art is to conceal art; and I know not how, among some people meet with, that greatest cunning appears cunning. There is Polypragmon makes it the whole business of life to be thought a cunning fellow, and thinks it a much greater character terrible than agreeable. When it once entered into a man's head to have ambition to be thought crafty, the evils are necessary consequences. Polypragmon receives the immediate endeavour to be who is proud of the capacity of it. It is certain, Polypragmon will do all the ill he possibly can, but pretends to much more than he performs. He is contented in his own thoughts, hugs himself in his closet, that though he is locked up there and doing nothing, the world does not know but he is doing mischief. To favour suspicion, he gives half looks and in his general behaviour, to give

you to understand that you do not know what he means. He is also wonderfully adverbial in his expressions, and breaks off with a 'Perhaps,' and a nod of the head, upon matters of the most indifferent nature. It is a mighty practice with men of this genius to avoid frequent appearance in public, and to be as mysterious as possible when they do come into company. There is nothing to be done, according to them, in the common way; and let the matter in hand be what it will, it must be carried with an air of importance, and transacted, if we may so speak, with an ostentatious secrecy. These are your persons of long heads, who would fain make the world believe their thoughts and ideas very much superior to their neighbours; and do not value what these their neighbours think of them, provided they do not reckon them fools. These have such a romantic touch in business, that they hate to perform any thing like other men. Were it in their choice, they had rather bring their purposes to bear by over-reaching the persons they deal with, than by a plain and simple manner. They make difficulties for the honour of surmounting them. Polypragmon is eternally busied after this manner, with no other prospect than that he is in hopes to be thought the most cunning of all men, and fears the imputation of the want of understanding much more than that of the abuse of it. But, alas! how contemptible is such an ambition; which is the very reverse of all that is truly laudable, and the very contradiction to the only means to a just reputation, simplicity of manners! Cunning can in no circumstance imaginable be a quality worthy a man, except in his own defence, and merely to conceal himself from such as are so; and in such case, it is no longer craft, but wisdom. The monstrous affectation of being thought artful immediately kills all thoughts of humanity and goodness; and gives men a sense of the soft affections and impulses



of the mind, which are imprinted in us for our mutual advantage and succour, as of mere weakness and follies. According to the men of cunning, you are to put off the nature of a man as fast as you can, and acquire that of a demon; as if it were a more eligible character to be a powerful enemy, than an able friend. But it ought to be a mortification to men affected this way, that there wants but little more than instinct to be considerable in it; for when a man has arrived at being very bad in his inclination, he has not much more to do but to conceal himself, and he may revenge, cheat, and deceive, without much employment for understanding, and go on with great clearfulness with the high applause of being a prodigious cunning fellow. But indeed, when we arrive at that pitch of false taste, as not to think Cunning a contemptible quality, it is, methinks, a very great injustice that pickpockets are had in so little veneration; who must be admirably well turned, not only for the rhetoric, but also the practical behaviour of cunning fellows. After all the endeavours of this family of men whom we call Cunning, their whole work falls to pieces, if others will lay down all esteem for such artifices; and treat it as an unmanly quality, which they forbear to practise only because they abhor it. When the spider is ranging in the different apartments of his web, it is true, that he only can weave so fine a thread; but it is in the power of the merest drone that has wings to fly through and destroy it.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JUNE 28.

THOUGH the taste of wit and pleasure is at present but very low in this town, yet there are some that preserve their relish undebauched with common impressions, and can distinguish between reality and imposture. A gentleman was saying here this evening, that he would go to the play to-morrow night to see heroism, as it has been represented by some of our tragedians, represented in burlesque. It seems, the play of Alexander is to be then turned into ridicule for its bombast, and other false ornaments in the thoughts as well as the language. The bluster Alexander makes is as much inconsistent with the character of an hero, as the roughness of Ciytus, an instance of the

sincerity of a bold artless soldier. To be plain is not to be rude, but rather inclines a man to civility and deference; not indeed to shew it in the gestures of the body, but in the sentiments of the mind. It is, among other things, from the impertinent figures unskilful dramatists draw of the characters of men, that youth are bewildered and prejudiced in their sense of the world, of which they have no notions but what they draw from books and such representations. Thus talk to a very young man, let him be of never so good sense, and he shall smile when you speak of sincerity in a courtier, good sense in a soldier, or honesty in a politician. The reason of this is, that you hardly see one play, wherein each of these ways of life is not drawn by hands that know nothing of any one of them; and the truth is so far of the opposite side to what they paint, that it is more impracticable to live in esteem in courts than any where else, without sincerity. Good sense is the great requisite in a soldier, and honesty the only thing that can support a politician. This way of thinking made the gentleman, of whom I was just now speaking, say, he was glad any one had taken upon him to depreciate such unnatural fustian as the tragedy of Alexander. The character of that prince indeed was, that he was unequal, and given to intemperance; but in his sober moments, when he had the precepts of his great instructor warm in his imagination, he was a pattern of generous thoughts and dispositions, in opposition to the strongest desires which are incident to a youth and conqueror. But instead of representing that hero in the glorious character of generosity and chastity, in his treatment of the beautiful family of Darins, he is drawn all along as a monster of lust, or of cruelty; as if the way to raise him to the degree of an hero, were to make his character as little like that of a worthy man as possible. Such rude and indigested draughts of things are the proper objects of ridicule and contempt; and depreciating Alexander, as we have him drawn, is the only way of restoring him to what he was in himself. It is well contrived of the players to let this part be followed by a true picture of life, in the comely called *The Chances*, wherein Don John and Constantia are acted to the utmost perfection. There need

be a greater instance of the force of  
than in many incidents of this  
where indifferent passages, and such  
induce only to the tacking of the  
together, are enlivened with such

an agreeable gesture and behaviour, as  
apparently shews what a play might be,  
though it is not wholly what a play  
should be.

## Nº CXCH. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1710.

TECUM VIVERE AMEM, TECUM OREAM LIBENS.

HOR. OD. 9. LIB. 3. VER. ULT.

GLADLY I

WITH THEE WOULD LIVE, WITH THEE WOULD DIE. FRANCIS.

IN MY OWN APARTMENT, JUNE 30.

SEVEN years since I was engaged  
with a coach-full of friends to take  
journey as far as the Land's End.  
We were very well pleased with one  
another the first day; every one endeavouring  
to recommend himself by his  
humour, and complaisance to the  
rest of the company. This good cor-  
respondence did not last long; one of  
our party was soured the very first even-  
ing by a plate of butter, which had not  
melted to his mind, and which  
ruined his temper to such a degree, that  
he continued upon the fret to the end of  
his journey. A second fell off from  
good-humour the next morning, for  
this reason, that I could imagine,  
because I chanced to step into the  
coach before him, and place myself on  
the shady side. This, however, was  
my own private guess; for he did  
not mention a word of it, nor indeed of  
anything else, for three days following.  
The rest of our company held out very  
half the way, when on a sudden  
Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of  
endeavouring to divert and oblige us,  
he had hitherto done, carried himself  
as an unconcerned, careless, drowsy  
person, until he came to our last  
stop. There were three of us who still  
kept up our heads, and did all we could  
to make our journey agreeable; but, to  
shame be it spoken, about three  
miles on this side Exeter, I was taken  
with an unaccountable fit of sullenness,  
hung upon me for above threescore  
years; whether it were for want of re-  
freshment, or from an accidental tread upon  
my foot, or from a foolish maid's call-  
ing me the old gentleman, I cannot tell.  
In short, there was but one who kept  
good-humour to the Land's End.  
There were another coach that went

along with us, in which I likewise ob-  
served, that there were many secret jea-  
lousies, heart-burnings, and animosi-  
ties: for when we joined companies at  
night, I could not but take notice that  
the passengers neglected their own com-  
pany, and studied how to make them-  
selves esteemed by us, who were alto-  
gether strangers to them; until at length  
they grew so well acquainted with us,  
that they liked us as little as they did  
one another. When I reflect upon this  
journey, I often fancy it to be a picture  
of human life, in respect to the several  
friendships, contracts, and alliances,  
that are made and dissolved in the several  
periods of it. The most delightful and  
most lasting engagements are generally  
those which pass between man and wo-  
man; and yet upon what trifles are they  
weakened, or entirely broken? Some-  
times the parties fly asunder even in the  
midst of courtship, and sometimes grow  
cool in the very honey-month. Some  
separate before the first child, and some  
after the fifth; others continue good until  
thirty, others until forty; while some  
few, whose souls are of a happier make,  
and better fitted to one another, travel  
on together to the end of their journey  
in a continual intercourse of kind of-  
fices and mutual endearments.

When we therefore chuse our com-  
panions for life, if we hope to keep both  
them and ourselves in good-humour to  
the last stage of it, we must be extreme-  
ly careful in the choice we make, as  
well as in the conduct on our part.  
When the persons to whom we join  
ourselves can stand an examination, and  
bear the scrutiny; when they mend upon  
our acquaintance with them, and dis-  
cover new beauties, the more we search  
into their characters; our love will nat-  
urally rise in proportion to their per-  
fections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others, which are indispensably necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions; and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence, and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union on which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents, which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story, that is very well known in the north of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had several passengers on board, was cast away upon a rock, and

in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could; though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged for their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife, than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmoſt compassion for his wife, told her, that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair, who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and, what was remarkable, the husband, whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both defects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without Constancy there is neither love, friendship, or virtue, in the world.



*C. A. Harvey del.*

*James Taylor sculp.*



N<sup>o</sup> CXCH. TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1710.

QUI DIDICIT PATRIÆ QUID DEBEAT, ET QUID AMICIS;  
 QUO SIT AMORE PARENS, QUO FRATER AMANDUS ET HOSPES—  
 REDDERE PERSONÆ ECIT CONVENIENTIA CUIQUE.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 312.

THE POET, WHO WITH NICE DISCRETION KNOWS  
 WHAT TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS FRIENDS HE OWES;  
 HOW VARIOUS NATURE WARMS THE HUMAN BREAST,  
 TO LOVE THE PARENT, BROTHER, FRIEND, OR GUEST—  
 HE SURELY KNOWS, WITH NICE, WELL-JUDGING ART,  
 THE STROKES PECULIAR TO EACH DIFFERENT PART. FRANCIS.

L'S COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 3.

I of late received many epistles, wherein the writers treat me as a private person, for some little hinting matters which, they think, I did not have touched upon but for considerations. It is apparent my motive could not be of that for when a man declares himself on one side, that party will take notice of him, because he is not the fit of men whom he designeth, for the same reason, are against him. Thus it is folly in a dealer to expect that either men will reward him, or his enemies forgive him. For which reason, might it was the shortest way to idleness, to put myself beyond surmises or fears, by declaring myself a time when the dispute is not persons and parties, but things useful. To relieve myself from the in which naturally attends such persons, I came hither this evening: my thoughts quite a new turn, converse with men of pleasure and not those of business and care. I had hardly entered the room I was accosted by Mr. Thomas T, who desired my favour in relation to the play which was to be acted benefit on Thursday. He pleased saying it was *The Old Bachelor*, a comedy there is a necessary assistance observed by the author, most other poets either overlook or not understand, that is to say, the notion of characters. It is very ordinary with writers to indulge a certain way of believing all men as witty as themselves, and making all the persons play speak the sentiments of the poet, without any manner of respect

to the age, fortune, or quality of him that is on the stage. Ladies talk like rakes, and footmen make smiles: but this writer knows men; which makes his plays reasonable entertainments, while the scenes of most others are like the tunes between the acts. They are perhaps agreeable sounds; but they have no ideas annexed to them. Dogget thanked me for my visit to him in the winter; and, after his comic manner, spoke his request with so arch a leer, that I promised the droll I would speak to all my acquaintance to be at this play.

Whatever the world may think of the actors, whether it be that their parts have an effect on their lives, or whatever it is, you see a wonderful benevolence among them towards the interests and necessities of each other. Dogget, therefore would not let me go, without delivering me a letter from poor old Downs, the prompter, wherein that retainer to the theatre desires my advice and assistance in a matter of concern to him. I have sent him my private opinion for his conduct; but the stage and state affairs being so much canvassed by parties and factions, I shall for some time hereafter take leave of subjects which relate to either of them; and employ my cares in the consideration of matters which regard that part of mankind who live without interesting themselves with the troubles or pleasures of either. However, for a mere notion of the present posture of the stage, I shall give you the letter at large, as follows:

HONOURED SIR, JULY 1, 1710.

FINDING, by divers of your late papers, that you are a friend to the profession of which I was many years an unworthy member, I the rather make bold to crave your advice touching a proposal

known to the nobility and gentry; that a gentleman of the Inns of Court, and a deep intriguer, had some time since worked himself into the sole management and direction of the theatre. Nor is it less notorious, that his restless ambition, and subtle machinations, did manifestly tend to the extirpation of the good old British actors, and the introduction of foreign pretenders; such as Harlequins, French dancers, and Roman singers; who, though they impoverished the proprietors, and imposed on the audience, were for some time tolerated, by reason of his dextrous insinuations; which prevailed upon a few deluded women, especially the Vizard Masks, to believe that the stage was in danger. But his schemes were soon exposed; and the great ones that supported him withdrawing their favour, he made his exit, and remained for a season in obscurity. During this retreat the Machiavilian was not idle; but secretly fomented divisions, and wrought over to his side some of the inferior actors, reserving a trap-door to himself, to which he only had a key. This entrance secured, this cunning person, to compleat his company, bethought himself of calling in the most eminent strollers from all parts of the kingdom. I have seen them all ranged together behind the scenes; but they are many of them persons that never trod the stage before, and so very awkward and ungainly, that it is impossible to believe the audience

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N<sup>o</sup> CXCIV. THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1710.

MILITAT OMNIS AMANS.

OVID. AMOR. EL. 9. VER. 1.

THE TOILS OF LOVE REQUIRE A WARRIOR'S ART,  
AND EVERY LOVER PLAYS THE SOLDIER'S PART.

R. WYNN.

Y OWN APARTMENT, JULY 5.

this morning reading the tenth o in the fourth book of Spenser, h Sir Scudamore relates the pro-his courtship to Amoret under beautiful allegory, which is one iost natural and unmix'd of any most excellent author. I shall se it, to use Mr. Bayes's term, benefit of many English lovers, re, by frequent letters, desired y down some rules for the con-their virtuous amours; and shall mise, that by the Shield of Love it a generous, constant passion person beloved.

hen the fame,' says he, ' of this ated beauty first flew abroad, I in pursuit of her to the Temple ove. This temple,' continues ore the name of the godless Ve-und was seated in a most fruitful, walled by Nature against all ers. There was a single bridge ed into the island, and before it le garisoned by twenty knights. the castle was an open plain, in the midst of it a pillar, on i was hung the Shield of Love; nderneath it, in letters of gold, his inscription:

he man who well can use his bliss;  
ver be the shield, fair Amoret be his.

y heart panted upon reading the ption: I struck upon the shield my spear. Immediately issued a knight well mounted, and leatly arm'd, who, without speak-ran fiercely at me. I received is well as I could, and by good ne threw him out of the saddle. ountered the whole twenty suc-ely, and, leaving them all ex-d on the plain, carried off the l in token of victory. Having vanquish'd my rivals, I pass'd ithout impediment, until I came e utmost gate of the bridge,

which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called; but could get no answer. At last I saw one on the other side of the gate, who stood peeping through a small crevice. This was the porter; he had a double face resembling a Janus, and was continually looking about him, as if he mistrusted some sudden danger. His name, as I afterwards learned, was Doubt. Overagainst him sat Delay, who entertained passengers with some idle story, while they lost such opportunities as were never to be recovered. As soon as the porter saw my shield, he opened the gate; but upon my entering, Delay caught hold of me, and would fain have made me listen to her fooleries. However, I shook her off, and pass'd forward until I came to the second gate, the Gate of Good Desert, which always stood wide open, but in the porch was an hideous giant, that stopped the entrance; his name was Danger. Many warriors of good reputation, not able to bear the sternness of his look, went back again. Cowards fled at the first sight of him; except some few, who, watching their opportunity, slip'd by him unobserved. I prepared to assault him; but upon the first sight of my shield, he immediately gave way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder parts much more deformed and terrible than his face; Hatred, Murder, Treason, Envy, and Detraction, living in ambush behind him, to fall upon the heedless and unwary.

I now entered the Island of Love, which appear'd in all the beauties of Art and Nature, and feasted every sense with the most agreeable objects. Amidst a pleasing variety of walks and alleys, shady seats, and flowery banks, sunny hills, and gloomy valleys, were thousands of lovers sitting, or walking together in pairs, and singing hymns to the deity of the place.

I could

‘ I could not forbear crying this  
 ‘ happy people, who were already in  
 ‘ possession of all they could desire.  
 ‘ With I went forward to the temple,  
 ‘ the entrance was beautiful beyond  
 ‘ imagination. The gate stood open.  
 ‘ In the entrance sat a most amiable wo-  
 ‘ man, whose name was Concord.

‘ On either side of her stood two  
 ‘ young men, both strongly armed, as  
 ‘ if afraid of each other. As I after-  
 ‘ wards learned, they were both her  
 ‘ sons, but begotten of her by two dif-  
 ‘ ferent fathers; their names Love and  
 ‘ Hatred.

‘ The lady so well temper’d and re-  
 ‘ concilied them both, that she forced  
 ‘ them to join hands: though I could  
 ‘ not but observe, that Hatred turned  
 ‘ aside his face, as not able to endure  
 ‘ the sight of his younger brother.

‘ I at length entered the inmost tem-  
 ‘ ple, the roof of which was raised upon  
 ‘ an hundred marble pillars, decked  
 ‘ with crowns, chains, and garlands.  
 ‘ The ground was strewed with flowers.  
 ‘ An hundred altars, at each of which  
 ‘ stood a virgin priestess clothed in  
 ‘ white, blazed all at once with the fa-  
 ‘ cificence of lovers, who were perpetu-  
 ‘ ally sending their vows to Heaven in  
 ‘ clouds of incense.

‘ In the midst stood the goddess her-  
 ‘ self upon an altar whose substance was  
 ‘ neither gold nor stone, but infinitely  
 ‘ more precious than either. About  
 ‘ her neck flew numberless flocks of lit-  
 ‘ tle Loves, Joys, and Graces; and all  
 ‘ about her altar lay scattered heaps of  
 ‘ lovers, complaining of the disdain,  
 ‘ pride, or treachery of their mistresses.  
 ‘ One among the rest, no longer able  
 ‘ to contain his griefs, broke out into  
 ‘ the following prayer:

“ Venus, queen of grace and beau-  
 ‘ ty, joy of gods and men, who with a  
 ‘ smile becalmest the seas, and renewest  
 ‘ all nature; goddess, whom all the  
 ‘ different species in the universe obey  
 ‘ with joy and pleasure, grant I may  
 ‘ at last be in the object of my vows.”

‘ The impatient lover pronounced  
 ‘ this with great vehemence; but I, in  
 ‘ a soft manner, besought the goddess  
 ‘ to lend me her assistance. While I  
 ‘ was thus praying, I chanced to cast  
 ‘ my eye on a company of ladies, who  
 ‘ were assembled together in a corner  
 ‘ of the temple waiting for the anthem.

‘ The foremost seemed something  
 ‘ older, and of a more composed coun-  
 ‘ tenance than the rest, who all appear-  
 ‘ ed to be under her direction. Her  
 ‘ name was Womanhood. On one  
 ‘ side of her sat Shamefacedness, with  
 ‘ blushes rising in her cheeks, and her  
 ‘ eyes fixed on the ground: on the other  
 ‘ was Cheerfulness, with a smiling  
 ‘ look, that infused a secret pleasure  
 ‘ into the hearts of all that saw her.  
 ‘ With these sat Modesty, holding her  
 ‘ hand on her heart: Courtesy, with a  
 ‘ graceful aspect, and obliging beha-  
 ‘ viour: and the two sisters, who were  
 ‘ always linked together, and resem-  
 ‘ bled each other, Silence and Obedi-  
 ‘ ence.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,  
 And in the midst of them a goodly maid,  
 Ev’n in the lap of Womanhood there sat,  
 The which was all in lily-white array’d;  
 Where silver streams among the linen flow’d,  
 Like to the morn, when first her shining face,  
 Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray’d.  
 That Yame was fairest Amoret in place,  
 Shining with beauty a light, and heavenly  
 virtue’s grace.

‘ As soon as I beheld the charming  
 ‘ Amoret, my heart throbb’d with hopes.  
 ‘ I stepped to her, and seized her hand;  
 ‘ when Womanhood, immediately ris-  
 ‘ ing up, sharply rebuked me for offer-  
 ‘ ing in so rude a manner to lay hold  
 ‘ on a virgin. I excus’d myself as mo-  
 ‘ destly as I could, and at the same time  
 ‘ displayed my shield: upon which, as  
 ‘ soon as she beheld the god emblazon-  
 ‘ ed with his bow and shafts, she was  
 ‘ struck mute, and instantly retired.

‘ I still held fast fair Amoret; and  
 ‘ turning my eyes towards the goddess  
 ‘ of the place, saw that she favoured  
 ‘ my pretensions with a smile, which  
 ‘ so emboldened me, that I carried off  
 ‘ my prize.

‘ The maid, sometimes with tears,  
 ‘ sometimes with smiles, intreated me  
 ‘ to let her go: but I led her through  
 ‘ the temple-gate, where the goddess  
 ‘ Concord, who had favoured my es-  
 ‘ tance, befriended my retreat.

This allegory is so natural, that it  
 explains itself. The persons in it are  
 very artfully described, and disposed in  
 proper places. The posts assigned to  
 Doubt, Delay, and Danger, are ad-  
 mirable. The gate of Good Deeds has  
 been

ing noble and instructive in it. But I am most pleased with the beau-  
coupe of figures in the corner of the  
Among these Womanhood is  
like what the philosophers call an

Universal Nature, and is attended with  
beautiful representatives of all those vir-  
tues that are the ornaments of the fe-  
male sex, considered in it's natural per-  
fection and innocence.

## Nº CXCIV. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1710.

TAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 7.

The learned world are very much  
offended at many of my ratioci-  
- and have but a very mean opi-  
- as a politician. The reason  
is, that some erroneously con-  
- talent for politics to consist in  
ard to a man's own interest; but  
quite another mind, and think  
it an essential quality towards  
a statesman is to have a public  
- One of the gentlemen, who are  
- humour with me, imputes my  
into a way, wherein I am so  
- toward, to a barrenness of inven-  
- and has the charity to lay new  
before me for the future. He is  
bottom my friend; but is at a loss  
- whether I am a fool or a phy-  
- and is pleased to expostulate with  
- relation to the latter. He falls  
upon licentiates, and seems to  
more particularly at us who are  
ularly of the faculty. But since  
been so civil to me, as to meddle  
with those who are employed no  
than about men's lives, and not  
ed upon me as of the astrological  
who concern ourselves about lives  
- times also, I am not so much  
- to stile any part of his fond

afraid there is something in the  
- sions of some people, that you  
to be short of matter for your  
- rations. Though several of them  
- and then did appear somewhat dull  
- siped to me, I was always cha-  
- inclined to believe the fault lay  
- self, and that I wanted the true  
- to decypher your mysteries; and  
- ber your advertisement upon this  
- it. But since I have seen you fall  
- n unpardonable error, yea, with  
- ple; I mean, since I have seen you  
- politician in the present unhappy  
- ions, I have begun to stagger,  
- ould not chuse but lessen the great

value I had for the Censor of our isle.  
How is it possible that a man, whom  
interest did naturally lead to constant  
impartiality in these matters; and who  
hath wit enough to judge that his opi-  
- nion was not like to make many pro-  
- felytes; how is it possible, I say, that  
a little passion, for I have still too good  
an opinion of you to think you was  
bribed by the staggering party, could  
blind you so far as to offend the very  
better half of the nation, and to lessen  
off so much the number of your friends?  
Mr. Morphew will not have cause to  
thank you, unless you give over, and  
endeavour to regain what you have lost.  
There are still a great many themes you  
have left untouched: such as the ill ma-  
- nagement of matters relating to law and  
- physic; the setting down rules for know-  
- ing the quacks in both professions. What  
a large field is there left in discovering  
the abuses of the college, who had a  
charter and privileges granted them to  
hinder the creeping in and prevailing of  
quacks and pretenders; and yet grant  
licences to barbers, and write letters of  
recommendation in the country towns,  
out of the reach of their practice, in fa-  
- vour of mere boys; valuing the health  
and lives of their countrymen no farther  
than they get money by them. You  
have said very little or nothing about  
the dispensation of justice in town and  
country, where clerks are the counsel-  
- lers to their masters.

But as I cannot expect that the Cen-  
- sor of Great Britain should publish a  
letter, wherein he is censured with too  
much reason himself; yet I hope you  
will be the better for it, and think upon  
the themes I have mentioned, which  
must certainly be of greater service to  
the world, yourself, and Mr. Morphew,  
than to let us know whether you are a  
Whig or a Tory. I am still your ad-  
- mirer and servant,

CATO JUNIOR.

This gentleman and I differ about  
the words Staggering and Better Party;  
but instead of answering to the particu-  
- lars

culars of this epistle, I shall only acquaint my correspondent, that I am at present forming my thoughts upon the foundation of Sir Scudamore's progress in Spenser, which has led me from all other amusements, to consider the state of love in this island; and from the corruptions in the government of that, to deduce the chief evils of life. In the mean time that I am thus employed, I have given positive orders to Don Saltero of Chelsea, the tooth-drawer, and Doctor Thomas Smith the corn-cutter, of King Street, Westminster, who have the modesty to confine their pretensions to manual operations, to bring me in, with all convenient speed, compleat lists of all who are but of equal learning with themselves, and yet administer physic beyond the feet and gums. These advices I shall reserve for my future leisure; but have now taken a resolution to dedicate the remaining part of this instant July to the service of the fair-sex, and have almost finished a scheme for settling the whole remainder of that sex who are unmarried and above the age of twenty-five.

In order to this good and public service, I shall consider the passion of love in it's full extent, as it is attended both with joys and inquietudes; and lay down, for the conduct of my lovers, such rules as shall banish the cares, and heighten the pleasures, which flow from that amiable spring of life and happiness. There is no less than an absolute necessity that some provision be made to take off the dead stock of women in city, town, and country. Let there happen but the least disorder in the streets, and in an instant you see the inequality of the numbers of males and females. Besides that the feminine crowd on such occasions is more numerous in the open way, you may observe them also to the very garrets huddled together, four at least at a casement. Add to this, that

by an exact calculation of all that have come to town by stage-coach or waggon for this twelvemonth last, three times in four the treated persons have been males. This over-stock of beauty, for which there are so few bidders, calls for an immediate supply of lovers and husbands; and I am the studious knight-errant, who have suffered long nocturnal contemplations to find out methods for the relief of all British females, who at present seem to be devoted to involuntary virginity. The scheme, upon which I design to act, I have communicated to none but a beautiful young lady, who has for some time left the town, in the following letter:

TO AMANDA IN KENT.

MADAM,

I Send, with this, my discourse of ways and means for encouraging marriage, and repopling the island. You will soon observe, that according to these rules, the mean considerations, which make beauty and merit cease to be the objects of love and courtship, will be fully exploded. I have unanswerably proved, that jointures and settlements are the bane of happiness; and not only so, but the ruin even of their fortunes who enter into them. I beg of you therefore to come to town upon the receipt of this, where I promise you, you shall have as many lovers as suitors; for there needed nothing but to make men's interests fall in with their inclinations, to render you the most courted of your sex. As many as love you will now be willing to marry you; hasten, then, and be the honourable mistress of mankind. Cassander, and many others, stand in the gate of Good Desert to receive you. I am, Madam, your most obedient, most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

N<sup>o</sup> CXCVI. TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1710.DULCIS INEXPERTO CULTURA POTENTIS AMICI,  
EXPERTUS METUIT.

HOR. EP. 18. LIB. 2. VER. 86.

UNTRY'D, NOW SWEET A COURT ATTENDANCE!  
WHEN TRY'D, NOW DREADFUL THE DEPENDANCE!

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 10.

THE intended course of my studies was altered this evening by a visit from an old acquaintance, who complained to me, mentioning one upon whom he had long depended, that he found his labour and perseverance in his patron's service and interests wholly ineffectual; and he thought now, after his best years were spent in a professed adherence to him and his fortunes, he should in the end be forced to break with him, and give over all further expectations from him. He sighed, and ended his discourse, by saying—'You, Mr. Censor, some time ago, gave us your thoughts of the behaviour of great men to their creditors. This sort of demand upon them, for what they invite men to expect, is a debt of honour; which, according to custom, they ought to be most careful of paying, and would be a very worthy subject for a Lucubration.'

Of all men living, I think, I am the most proper to treat of this matter; because in the character and employment of Censor, I have had encouragement so infinitely above my desert, that what I say cannot possibly be supposed to arise from peevishness, or any disappointment in that kind, which I myself have met with. When we consider Patrons and their Clients, those who receive addresses, and those who are addressed to, it must not be understood that the dependants are such as are worthless in their natures, abandoned to any vice or dishonour, or such as without a call thrust themselves upon men in power; nor when we say Patrons, do we mean such as have it not in their power, or have no obligation to assist their friends; but we speak of such leagues where there are power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other. Were we to

be very particular on this subject, I take it, that the division of Patron and Client may include a third part of your nation. The want of merit and real worth will strike out about ninety-nine in the hundred of these; and want of ability in the Patron will dispose of as many of that order. He, who out of mere vanity to be applied to, will take up another's time and fortune in his service, where he has no prospect of returning it, is as much more unjust, as those who took up my friend the Upholder's goods without paying him for them; I say, he is as much more unjust, as our life and time is more valuable than our goods and moveables. Among many whom you see about the great, there is a contented well pleased set, who seem to like the attendance for it's own sake, and are early at the abodes of the powerful, out of mere fashion. This sort of vanity is as well grounded, as if a man should lay aside his own plain suit, and dress himself up in a gay livery of another.

There are many of this species who exclude others of just expectation, and make those proper dependants appear impatient, because they are not so cheerful as those who expect nothing. I have made use of the penny post for the instruction of these voluntary slaves, and informed them, that they will never be provided for; but they double their diligence upon admonition. Will After-day has told his friends, that he was to have the next thing, these ten years; and Harry Linger has been fourteen, within a month of a considerable office. However, the fantastic complaisance which is paid to them, may blind the great from seeing themselves in a just light; they must needs, if they in the least reflect, at some times, have a sense of the injustice they do in raising in others a false expectation. But this is so common a practice in all the stages of power,

power, that there are not more cripples come out of the wars, than from the attendance of Patrons. You see in one a settled melancholy, in another a bridled rage; a third has lost his memory, and a fourth his whole constitution and humour. In a word, when you see a particular cast of mind or body, which looks a little upon the distracted, you may be sure the poor gentleman has formerly had great friends. For this reason, I have thought it a prudent thing to take a nephew of mine out of a lady's service, where he was a page, and have bound him to a shoemaker.

But what, of all the humours under the sun, is the most pleasant to consider is, that you see some men lay, as it were, a bet of acquaintance by them, to converse with when they are out of employment, who had no effect of their power when they were in. Here Patrons and Clients both make the most fantastical figure imaginable. Friendship indeed is most manifested in adversity; but I do not know how to behave myself to a man, who thinks me his friend at no other time but this. Dick Reptile of our club had this in his head the other night, when he said I am afraid of ill times, when I am visited by any of my old friends. These Patrons are a little like some fine gentlemen, who spend all their hours of gaiety with their wenches, but when they fall sick will let no one come near them but their wives. It is thus, truth and honour are companions too sober for prosperity. It is certainly the most black ingratitude, to accept of a man's best endeavours to be pleasing to you, and to turn it with indifference.

I am so much of this mind, that Dick Faircourt the comedian, for coming one night to our club, though he laughed at us all the time he was there, shall have our company at his play on Thursday. A man of talents is to be favoured, or never admitted. Let the ordinary world truck for money and wares;

but men of spirit and conversation should in every kind do others as much pleasure as they receive from them. Be men are so taken up with outward forms, that they do not consider their actions; else how should it be, that a man shall deny that to the entreaties, and almost tears of an old friend, which he shall solicit a new one to accept of? I remember, when I first came out of Staffordshire, I had an intimacy with a man of quality, in whose gift there fell a very good employment. All the town cried — 'There's a thing for Mr. Bickerstaff!' When, to my great astonishment, I found my Patron had been forced upon twenty artifices to surprise a man with it, who never thought of it: but sure, it is a degree of murder to amuse men with vain hopes. If a man takes away another's life, where is the difference, whether he does it by taking away the minutes of his time, or the drops of his blood? But indeed, such as have hearts barren of kindness are served accordingly by those whom they employ; and pass their lives away with an empty show of civility for love, and an insipid intercourse of a commerce in which their affections are no way concerned. But on the other side, how beautiful is the life of a Patron who performs his duty to his inferiors? A warrior, merchant, who employs a crowd of artificers? A great lord, who is generous and merciful to the several necessities of his tenants? A courtier, who uses his credit and power for the welfare of his friends? These have in their several stations a quick relish of the exquisite pleasure of doing good. In a word, good Patrons are like the guardian angels of Plato, who are ever busy, though unseen, in the care of their wards; but ill Patrons are like the deities of Epicurus, supine, indolent, and unconcerned, though they see mortals in storms and tempests even while they are offering incense to their power.

N<sup>o</sup> CXCVII. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1710.

SEMPER EGO AUDITOR TANTUM? —

JUV. SAT. I. VER. 1.

STILL SHALL I ONLY HEAR?

DRYDEN.

TAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 12.

HEN I came hither this evening, the man of the house demes a book, very finely bound. I received it, I overheard one of us whisper another, and say, it is a fine thing to be a great scholar! pretty book that is! It has in very gay outside, and is dedicated by a very ingenious gentleman who does not put his name to it: he of it, for the work is in Latin, *bissularum Obscurorum Virorum, n. M. Ortuinum Gratium, Volum. II.* &c. 'The Epistles of the re Writers to Ortuinus,' &c. The purpose of the work is signified in the title, in very elegant language, and a raillery. It seems, this is a collection of letters which some profound scholars, who lived before our times, had written in honour of each other, their mutual information in each absurdities. They are mostly of men of man nation, whence from time to time, inundations of writers have been more pernicious to the learned than the swarms of Goths and Vandals to the politic. It is, methinks, a very full, that fellows could be awake, or such incoherent conceptions, never so with great gravity, like men, without the least taste of sense or good sense. It would have cost endless labour to have taken any method of exposing such impertinence, than by an edition of their own where you see their follies, according to the ambition of such virtuosi, it corrects itself.

ing over these accomplished fellows I could not but reflect upon the great load of writings which the vanity of scholars have pushed into the world, and the absurdity of persons who educate crowds to spend their pursuit of such cold and twilight labours to appear in public. It is therefore a fruitless labour, to attempt the correction of the taste of our libraries; except it was in our

power to burn all the senseless labours of our ancestors. There is a secret propensity in nature from generation to generation, in the blockheads of one age to admire those of another; and men of the same imperfections are as great admirers of each other, as those of the same abilities.

This great mischief of voluminous follies proceeds from a misfortune which happens in all ages, that men of barren genius's, but fertile imaginations, are bred scholars. This may at first appear a paradox; but when we consider the talking creatures we meet in public places, it will no longer be such. Ralph Shallow is a young fellow, that has not by nature any the least propensity to strike into what has not been observed and said, every day of his life, by others; but with that inability of speaking any thing that is uncommon, he has a great readiness at what he can speak of, and his imagination runs into all the different views of the subject he treats of in a moment. If Ralph had learning added to the common chit-chat of the town, he would have been a disputant upon all topics that ever were considered by men of his own genius. As for my part, I never am teased by any empty town-fellow, but I bless my stars that he was not bred a scholar. This addition, we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his follies. His being in the wrong would have been protected by suitable arguments; and when he was hedged in by logical terms, and false appearances, you must have owned yourself convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the shame of his triumph had been added to the pain of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the minds of men of wrong sense, which makes them much more insufferable than mere fools, and has the further inconvenience of being attended by an endless loquacity. For which reason, it would be a very proper work, if some well-wisher to human society would consider the terms, upon which people meet



in public places, in order to prevent the unseasonable declamations which we meet with there. I remember, in my youth, it was an humour at the university, when a fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himself a plot to gain all our admiration, or triumph over us with an argument, to either of which he had no manner of call; I say, in either of these cases, it was the humour to shut one eye. This whimsical way of taking notice to him of his absurdity, has prevented many a man from being a coxcomb. If amongst us, on such an occasion each man offered a voluntary Rhetorician some snuff, it would probably produce the same effect. As the matter now stands, whether a man will or no, he is obliged to be informed in whatever another pleases to entertain him with; though the preceptor makes these advances out of vanity, and not to instruct, but insult him.

There is no man will allow him who wants courage to be called a soldier; but men, who want good sense, are very frequently not only allowed to be scholars, but esteemed for being such. At the same time it must be granted, that as courage is the natural parts of a soldier, so is a good understanding of a scholar. Such little minds as these, whose productions are collected in the volume to which I have the honour to be Patron, are the instruments for artful men to work with; and become popular

with the unthinking part of mankind. In courts, they make transparent flatterers; in camps, ostentatious bullies; in colleges, unintelligible pedants; and their faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

When a man who wants judgment is admitted into the conversation of reasonable men, he shall remember such improper circumstances, and draw such groundless conclusions from their discourse, and that with such colour of sense, as would divide the best set of company that can be got together. It is just thus with a fool who has a familiarity with books; he shall quote and recite one author against another in such a manner as shall puzzle the best understanding to refute him; though the most ordinary capacity may observe, that it is only ignorance that makes the intricacy. All the true use of that we call learning is to ennoble and improve our natural faculties, and not to disguise our imperfections. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to conceal itself, by the refuge of learned languages. Literature does but make a man more eminently the thing which Nature made him; and Polyglottes, had he studied less than he has, and writ only in his mother tongue, had been known only in Great Britain for a pedant.

Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Dorinda, and will both answer her letter, and take her advice.

## Nº CXCVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1710.

QUALE SIT ID QUOD AMAS CELERI CIRCUMSPICE MENTE,  
ET TUA LÆSURO SUBSTRANE COLLA JUGO.

OVID. AM. AMOR. LIB. I. VER. 39.

BE CAUTIOUS WHOM YOU LOVE; IN TIME WITHDRAW  
YOUR CAPTIVE-NECK FROM CUPID'S GALLING YOKES.

R. WYATT.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 14.

### THE HISTORY OF CÆLIA.

IT is not necessary to look back into the first years of this young lady, whose story is of consequence only, as her life has lately met with passages very uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year of her age, and owes a strict, but cheerful education, to the care of an

aunt; to whom she was recommended by her dying father, whose death was hastened by an inconsolable affliction for the loss of her mother. As Cælia is the offspring of the most generous passion that has been known in our age, she is adorned with as much beauty and grace as the most celebrated of her sex possess; but her domestic life, moderate fortune, and religious education, gave her but little opportunity, and left her

to be admired in public assembly abode has been for some convenient distance from the of Saint Paul's; where her she chose to reside, for the ad-of that rapturous way of devotion gives extasy to the pleasures mce, and, in some measure, is ediate possession of those heavenlyments for which they are ad-

may trace the usual thoughts in their countenances, there appeared the face of Cælia a cheerful constant companion of unaffectedness, and a gladness, which is arising from true piety. Her look and motion spoke the peaceful, resigning, humble inhabitant animated her beautiful body. discovered her body a mere matter her mind, and not that her were employed in studying and attractions for her person. Cælia, when she was first seen nede at her usual place of work, nede is a young man of twenty, well-fashioned, learned, and discreet; the son and heir of a man of a very great estate, self possessed of a plentiful one ift of an uncle. He became ed with Cælia; and after having her habitation, had address o communicate his passion and nces with such an air of good d integrity, as soon obtained a to visit and profess his inclination towards her. Palamede's pretence and future expectations way prejudicial to his addresses; the lovers had passed some time reable entertainments of a su-courship, Cælia one day took to interrupt Palamede, in the a very pleasing discourse of the s he promised himself in so acted a companion; and, assuming air, told him, there was another to be won before he gained ich was that of his father. Palamede much disturbed at the ; and lamented to her, that his as one of those too provident who only place their thoughts nging riches into their families iages, and are wholly insensible ther considerations. But the of Cælia's rules of life made upon this demand; and the son,

at a proper hour, communicated to his father the circumstances of his love, and the merit of the object. The next day, the father made her a visit. The beauty of her person, the fame of her virtue, and a certain irresistible charm in her whole behaviour, on so tender and delicate an occasion, wrought so much upon him, in spite of all prepossessions, that he hastened the marriage with an impatience equal to that of his son. Their nuptials were celebrated with a privacy suitable to the character and modesty of Cælia; and from that day, until a fatal one last week, they lived together with all the joy and happiness which attend minds entirely united.

It should have been intimated, that Palamede is a student of the Temple, and usually retired thither early in the morning, Cælia still sleeping.

It happened, a few days since, that she followed him thither to communicate to him something she had omitted, in her redundant fondness, to speak of the evening before. When she came to his apartment, the servant there told her, she was coming with a letter to her. While Cælia in an inner room was reading an apology from her husband, that he had been suddenly taken by some of his acquaintance to dine at Brentford, but that he should return in the evening, a country girl, decently clad, asked, if these were not the chambers of Mr. Palamede? She was answered, they were; but that he was not in town. The stranger asked, when he was expected at home? The servant replied, she would go in and ask his wife. The young woman repeated the word Wife, and fainted. This accident raised no less curiosity than amazement in Cælia, who caused her to be removed into the inner room. Upon proper applications to revive her, the unhappy young creature returned to herself; and said to Cælia, with an earnest and beseeching tone—'Are you really Mr. Palamede's wife?' Cælia replies—'I hope I do not look as if I were any other in the condition you see me.' The stranger answered—'No, Madam, he is my husband.' At the same instant, she threw a bundle of letters into Cælia's lap, which confirmed the truth of what she asserted. Their mutual innocence and sorrow made them look at each other as partners, in distress, rather than rivals in love. The superiority of Cælia's understand-

ing and genius gave her an authority to examine into this adventure as if she had been offended against, and the other the delinquent. The stranger spoke in the following manner:

‘Madam, if it shall please you, Mr. Palamede having an uncle of a good estate near Winchester, was bred at the school there, to gain the more his good-will by being in his sight. His uncle died, and left him the estate which my husband now has. When he was a mere youth, he set his affections on me; but when he could not gain his ends he married me; making me and my mother, who is a farmer’s widow, swear we would never tell it upon any account whatsoever; for that it would not look well for him to marry such a one as me; besides that his father would cut him off of the estate. I was glad to have him in an honest way; and he now and then came and stayed a night and away at our house. But very lately he came down to see us with a fine young gentleman, his friend, who stayed behind there with us, pretending to like the place for the summer; but ever since my sister Palamede went, he has attempted to abuse me; and I ran hither to acquaint him with it, and avoid the wicked intentions of his false friend.’

Cælia had no more room for doubts; but left her rival in the same agonies she felt herself. Palamede returns in the evening; and finding his wife at his chambers, learned all that had passed, and hastened to Cælia’s lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine than express the sentiments of either the criminal or the injured, at this encounter.

As soon as Palamede had found way for speech, he confessed his marriage, and his placing his companion on purpose to vitiate his wife, that he might break through a marriage made in his nonage, and devote his riper and knowing years to Cælia. She made him no answer; but retired to her closet. He returned to the Temple, where he soon after received from her the following letter:

STR,  
YOU, who this morning wert the best, are now the worst of men who breathe vital air. I am at once overwhelmed with love, hatred, rage, and disdain. Can infamy and innocence live together? I feel the weight of the one too strong for the comfort of the other. How bitter, Heaven! how bitter is my portion! How much have I to say! but the infant which I bear about the stirrs with my agitation. I am, Palamede, to live in shame, and this creature be heir to it. Farewell for ever!

## Nº CXCIX. TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1710.

WHEN we revolve in our thoughts such catastrophes as that in the history of the unhappy Cælia, there seems to be something too hazardous in the changing a single state of life into that of marriage, that, it may happen, all the precautions imaginable are not sufficient to defend a virgin from ruin by her choice. It seems a wonderful inconsistency in the distribution of public justice, that a man who robs a woman of an ear-ring or a jewel, should be punished with death; but one who by false arts and insinuations should take from her her very self, is only to suffer disgrace. This excellent young woman has nothing to console herself with, but the reflection that her sufferings are not the effect of any guilt or misconduct; and has for her protection the influence of a Power, which, amidst the

universal reproach of all mankind, can give not only patience, but pleasure, to innocence in distress.

As the person who is the criminal against Cælia cannot be sufficiently punished according to our present law; so are there numberless unhappy persons without remedy according to present custom. That great ill which has prevailed among us in these later ages, is the making even beauty and virtue the purchase of money. The generality of parents, and some of those of quality, instead of looking out for introducing health of constitution, frankness of spirit, or dignity of countenance into their families, lay out all their thoughts upon finding out matches for their estates, and not for their children. You shall have one form such a plot for the good of his family, that there shall not be

a in England capable of pretending his daughter. A second shall be son obliged, out of mere discretion for fear of doing any thing below himself, to follow all the drabs in town.

These parents meet; and, as there passes, no courtship between the two, it is no unpleasant observation to behold how they proceed to it. There is ever in the behaviour of him something that denotes his circumstance; and honest Coupler, the connoisseur, says, he can distinguish upon the face of the parties, before they have reached any point of the business, which of the two has the daughter to sell. He is of our club, and I have frequently heard him declaim upon this subject, and assert, that the marriage settlements which are now used, have become fashionable even within his me-

morials to the theatre, in some late reigns, and that his chief support to those scenes were written to put matrimony in countenance, and render that terrible, then it was that pin-money prevailed; and all the other articles were inserted which create a diffidence, and intimate to the young people that they are very soon to be in a state of war with each other; though it seldom happened, except the contrary had been expressed. Coupler tells you also, that jointures were frequent until the age before his, but the women were contented with the third part of the estate the law gave them, and scorned to engage themselves to men whom they thought capable of abusing their children. He has also told me, that those, who were the favourites of the benchers when he came to the bar, told him, the first marriage settlement of considerable length was the son of an old serjeant; who took advantage of the opportunity of two teetotal fathers, who were ever squabbling, to bring about an alliance between their children. These fellows knew each other to be so; and the serjeant took hold of the mutual diffidence, for the benefit of the law, to extend the settlement to six sheets of parchment.

This great benefactor to the profession is owing the present current price of the law to his words. Thus is tenderness the outgrowth of the question, and the question is, what the young couple do when they come to hate each

other? I do not question but from this one humour of settlements might very fairly be deduced, not only our present defection in point of morals, but also our want of people. This has given way to such unreasonable gallantries, that a man is hardly reproachable that deceives an innocent woman, though she has ever so much merit, if she is below him in fortune. The man has no dishonour following his treachery; and her own sex are so debased by force of custom, as to say in the case of the woman—'How could she expect he would marry her?'

By this means the good offices, the pleasures and graces of life, are not put into the balance: the bridegroom has given his estate out of himself; and he has no more left but to follow the blind decree of his fate, whether he shall be succeeded by a fool, or a man of merit, in his fortune. On the other side, a fine woman, who has also a fortune, is set up by way of auction; her first lover has ten to one against him. The very hour after he has opened his heart and his rent-roll, he is made no other use of but to raise her price: she and her friends lose no opportunity of publishing it, to call in new bidders. While the poor lover very innocently waits, until the plenipotentiaries at the inns of court have debated about the alliance, all the partizans of the lady throw difficulties in the way, until other offers come in; and the man who came first is not put in possession, until she has been refused by half the town. If an abhorrence to such mercenary proceedings were well settled in the minds of my fair readers, those of merit would have a way opened to their advancement; nay, those who abound in wealth only would in reality find their account in it. It would not be in the power of their prude acquaintance, their waiters, their nurses, cousins, and whisperers, to persuade them, that there are not above twenty men in a kingdom, and those such as perhaps they may never set eyes on, whom they can think of with discretion. As the case stands now, let any one consider, how the great heiresses, and those to whom they were offered, for no other reason but that they could make them suitable settlements, live together. What can be more insipid, if not loathsome, than for two persons to be at the head of a crowd, who have as little regard

for them as they for each other; and behold one another in an affected sense of prosperity, without the least relish of that exquisite gladness at meeting, that sweet inquietude at parting, together with the charms of voice, look, gesture, and that general benevolence between well-chosen lovers, which makes all things please, and leaves not the least trifle indifferent.

But I am diverted from these sketches for future essays in behalf of my numerous clients of the fair-sex, by a notice sent to my office in Sheer Lane, that a blooming widow in the third year of her widowhood, and twenty-sixth of her

age, designs to take a colonel of twenty-eight. The parties request I would draw up their terms of coming together, as having a regard to my opinion against long and dissident settlements; and I have sent them the following indenture:

' We John ——— and Mary  
' ———, having estates for life,  
' resolve to take each other. I John  
' will venture my life to enrich thee  
' Mary; and I Mary will consult my  
' health to nurse thee John. To which  
' we have interchangeably set our hands,  
' hearts, and seals, this seventeenth of  
' July, 1710.'

## Nº CC. THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 19.

**H**AVING devoted the greater part of my time to the service of the fair-sex, I must ask pardon of my men correspondents if I postpone their commands, when I have any from the ladies which lie unanswered. That which follows is of importance.

SIR,  
**Y**OU cannot think it strange if I, who know little of the world, apply to you for advice in the weighty affair of matrimony; since you yourself have often declared it to be of that consequence as to require the utmost deliberation. Without further preface therefore, give me leave to tell you, that my father at his death left me a fortune sufficient to make me a match for any gentleman. My mother, for she is still alive, is very pressing with me to marry; and I am apt to think, to gratify her, I shall venture upon one of two gentlemen who at this time make their addresses to me. My request is, that you would direct me in my choice; which that you may the better do, I shall give you their characters; and to avoid confusion, desire you to call them by the names of Philander and Silvius. Philander is young, and has a good estate; Silvius is as young, and has a better. The former has had a liberal education, has seen the town, is retired from thence to his estate in the country, is a man of few words, and much given to books. The latter was brought up under his

father's eye, who gave him just learning enough to enable him to keep his accounts; but made him withal very expert in country business, such as ploughing, sowing, buying, selling, and the like. They are both very sober men, neither of their persons is disagreeable, nor did I know which to prefer until I had heard them discourse; when the conversation of Philander so much prevailed, as to give him the advantage with me in all other respects. My mother pleads strongly for Silvius; and uses these arguments: that he not only has the larger estate at present, but by his good husbandry and management increases it daily: that his little knowledge in other affairs will make him easy and tractable; whereas, according to her, men of letters know too much to make good husbands. To part of this, I imagine, I answer effectually, by saying, Philander's estate is large enough; that they who think two thousand pounds a year sufficient, make no difference between that and three. I easily believe him less conversant in those affairs, the knowledge of which the so much commends in Silvius; but I think them neither so necessary or becoming in a gentleman, as the accomplishments of Philander. It is no great character of a man to say he rides in his coach and six, and understands as much as he who follows the plough. Add to this, that the conversation of these sort of men seems so disagreeable to me, that though they make good bailiffs, I can hardly be persuaded they can be good com-

nions. It is possible I may seem to have odd notions, when I say, I am not fond of a man only for being of what is called a thriving temper. To conclude, I own I am at a loss to conceive how good sense should make a man an ill husband, or conversing with books less complaisant.

CÆLIA.

The resolution which this lady is going to take, she may very well say, is founded on reason: for after the necessities of life are served, there is no manner of competition between a man of a liberal education and an illiterate. Men are not altered by their circumstances, but as they give them opportunities of exerting what they are in themselves; and a powerful clown is a tyrant in the most ugly form he can possibly appear. There lies a seeming objection in the thoughtful manner of Philander: but let her consider, which she shall oftener have occasion to wish, that Philander would speak, or Silvius hold his tongue.

The train of my discourse is prevented by the urgent haste of another correspondent.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, JULY 14.

THIS comes to you from one of those virgins of twenty-five years old and upwards, that you, like a patron of the distressed, promise to provide for; who makes it her humble request, that no occasional stories or subjects may, as they have for three or four of your last days, prevent your publishing the scheme you have communicated to Amanda; for every day and hour is of the greatest consequence to damsels of so advanced an age. Be quick then, if you intend to do any service for your admirer,

DIANA FORECAST.

In this important affair I have not neglected the proposals of others. Among them is the following sketch of a lottery for persons. The author of it has proposed very ample encouragement, not only to myself, but also to Charles Lillie and John Morphew. If the matter bears, I shall not be unjust to his merit: I only desire to enlarge his plan; for which purpose I lay it before the town, as well for the improvement as the encouragement of it,

THE AMICABLE CONTRIBUTION  
FOR RAISING THE FORTUNES OF  
TEN YOUNG LADIES.

IMPRIMIS, It is proposed to raise one hundred thousand crowns by way of lots, which will advance for each lady two thousand five hundred pounds; which sum, together with one of the ladies, the gentleman that shall be so happy as to draw a prize, provided they both like, will be entitled to, under such restrictions hereafter mentioned. And in case they do not like, then either party that refuses shall be entitled to one thousand pounds only, and the remainder to him or her that shall be willing to marry, the man being first to declare his mind. But it is provided, that if both parties shall consent to have one another, the gentleman shall, before he receives the money thus raised, settle one thousand pounds of the same in substantial hands; who shall be as trustees for the said ladies, and shall have the whole and sole disposal of it for her use only.

Note, each party shall have three months time to consider, after an interview had, which shall be within ten days after the lots are drawn.

Note also, the name and place of abode of the prize shall be placed on a proper ticket.

Item, they shall be ladies that have had a liberal education, between fifteen and twenty-three; all genteel, witty, and of unblameable characters.

The money to be raised shall be kept in an iron box; and when there shall be two thousand subscriptions, which amounts to five hundred pounds, it shall be taken out and put into the goldsmith's hand, and the note made payable to the proper lady, or her assigns, with a clause therein to hinder her from receiving it, until the fortunate person that draws her shall first sign the note, and so on until the whole sum is subscribed for: and as soon as one hundred thousand subscriptions are completed, and two hundred crowns more to pay the charges, the lottery shall be drawn at a proper place, to be appointed a fortnight before the drawing.

Note; Mr. Bickerstaff objects to the marriageable years here mentioned; and is of opinion they should not commence until after twenty-three. But he appeals to the learned, both of Warwick Lane and Bishopsgate Street, on this subject.

Nº CCI. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1710.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, JULY 21.

**I**T has often been asserted in these papers, that the great source of our wrong pursuits is the impertinent manner with which we treat women both in the common and important circumstances of life. In vain do we say the whole sex would run into England, while the privileges which are allowed them do no way balance the inconveniencies arising from those very immunities. Our women have very much indulged to them in the participation of our fortunes and our liberty; but the errors they commit in the use of either are by no means so impartially considered as the false steps which are made by men. In the commerce of lovers, the man makes the address, assails, and betrays; and yet stands in the same degree of acceptance as he was in before he committed that treachery: the woman, for no other crime but believing one whom she thought loved her, is treated with shyness and indifference at the best, and commonly with reproach and scorn. He that is past the power of beauty may talk of this matter with the same unconcern as of any other subject: therefore I shall take upon me to consider the sex, as they live within rules, and as they transgress them. The ordinary class of the good or the ill have very little influence upon the actions of others; but the eminent, in either kind, are those who lead the world below. The ill are employed in communicating scandal, infamy, and disease, like furies; the good distribute benevolence, friendship, and health, like angels. The ill are damped with pain and anguish at the sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The virtuous are touched with compassion towards the guilty, the disagreeable, and the wretched. There are those who betray the innocent of their own sex, and solicit the lewd of our's. There are those who have abandoned the very memory, not only of innocence, but shame. There are those who never forgive, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are those also who visit the beds of the sick, lull the cares of the sorrowful, and double the joys of the joyful. Such is the destroy-

ing fiend, such the guardian-angel, woman.

The way to have a greater number of the amiable part of womankind, and lessen the crowd of the other sort, is to contribute what we can to the success of well-grounded passions; and therefore I comply with the request of an enamoured man, in inserting the following billet:

MADAM,

**M**R. Bickerstaff you always read, though me you will never hear. I am obliged therefore to his compassion for the opportunity of imploring your's. I sigh for the most accomplished of her sex. That is so just a distinction of her to whom I write, that the owning I think so is no distinction of me, who write. Your good qualities are peculiar to you; my admiration is common with thousands. I shall be present when you read this; but fear every woman will take it for her character sooner than she who deserves it.

If the next letter which presents itself should come from the mistress of this modest lover, and I make them break through the oppression of their passions, I shall expect gloves at their nuptials.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

**Y**OU, that are a philosopher, know very well the make of the mind of women, and can best instruct me in the conduct of an affair which highly concerns me. I never can admit my lover to speak to me of love; yet think him impertinent when he offers to talk of any thing else. What shall I do with a man that always believes me? It is a strange thing, this distance in men of sense! Why do they not always urge their fate? If we are sincere in our severity, you lose nothing by attempting. If we are hypocrites, you certainly succeed.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 24

**B**EFORE I withdraw from business for the night, it is my custom to receive all addresses to me, that others may go

as well as myself, at least as far as contribute to it. When I call now if any would speak with me, I informed that Mr. Mills, the desired to be admitted. He was d with much modesty acquainted s he did other people of note, that t was to be acted on Wednesday or his benefit. I had long want- speak with this person; because I at I could admonish him of many , which would tend to his imment. In the general I observed , that though action was his bu- the way to that action was not y gesture; for the behaviour would the sentiments of the mind.

ion to the player, is what speech n orator. If the matter be well ved, words will flow with ease: the actor is well possessed of the of his part, a proper action will rily follow. He informed me, Wilks was to act Hamlet: I deim to request of him in my name, e would wholly forget Mr. Bet- ; for that he failed in no part of o, but where he had him in view. tor's forming himself by the car- of another, is like the trick among dows, who lament their husbands ir neighbours did theirs, and not ing to their own sentiments of the ed.

re is a fault also in the audience, interrupts their satisfaction very , that is, the figuring to them- the actor in some part wherein ormerly particularly liked him, t attending to the part he is at me performing. Thus, whatever , who is the strictest follower of , is acting, the vulgar spectators heir thoughts upon Sir Harry ir. When I had indulged the ity of an old man for some time, e loose hints, I took my leave of illis, and was told, Mr. Elliot int James's Coffee-house would

speak with me. His business was to desire I would, as I am an astrologer, let him know before-hand, who were to have the benefit tickets in the ensuing lottery; which knowledge he was of opinion he could turn to great account, as he was concerned in news.

I granted his request, upon an oath of secrecy, that he would only make his own use of it, and not let it be publicly known until after they were drawn. I had not done speaking, when he produced me a plan which he had formed of keeping books, with the names of all such adventurers, and the numbers of their tickets, as should come to him; in order to give an hourly account of what tickets shall come up during the whole time of the lottery, the drawing of which is to begin on Wednesday next. I liked his method of disguising the secret I had told him; and pronounced him a thriving man, who could so well watch the motions of things, and profit by a prevailing humour and impatience so aptly, as to make his honest industry agreeable to his customers, as it is to be the messenger of their good fortune.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM THE TRUMPET IN SHEER-LANE,  
JULY 20.

ORDERED, that for the improvement of the pleasures of society, a member of this house, one of the most wakeful of the Soporific assembly beyond Smithfield Bars, and one of the order of Story-tellers in Holborn, may meet and exchange stale matter, and report the same to their principals.

N. B. No man is to tell above one story in the same evening; but has liberty to tell the same the night following.

Mr. Bickerstaff desires his love-correspondents to vary the names they shall assume in their future letters; for that he is overstocked with Philanders.



N<sup>o</sup> CCII. TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1710.

—EST HIC,  
EST ULVERIS, ANIMUS SI TE NON DEFICIT ÆQUUS.  
HOR. EP. II. LIB. I. VER. ULT.

TRUE HAPPINESS IS TO NO SPOT CONFIN'D;  
IF YOU PRESERVE A FIRM AND CONSTANT MIND,  
'TIS HERE, 'TIS EVERY WHERE—

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 24.

THIS afternoon I went to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance at Mile-End; and passing through Stepney church-yard, I could not forbear entertaining myself with the inscriptions on the tombs and graves. Among others, I observed one with this notable memorial:

Here lies the body of 'T. B.'

This fantastical desire of being remembered only by the two first letters of a name, led me into the contemplation of the vanity and imperfect attainments of Ambition in general. When I ran back in my imagination all the men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole life, there are but very few who have not used their faculties in the pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire; or left the possession of what they might have been, at their setting out, makers, to search for it where it was out of their reach. In this thought it was not possible to forget the instance of Pyrrhus, who proposing to himself in discourse with a philosopher, one, and another, and another conquest, was asked, what he would do after all that? 'Then,' says the king, 'we will make merry.' He was well answered—'What hinders your doing that in the condition you are already?' The restless desire of exerting themselves above the common level of mankind is not to be resisted in some tempers; and minds of this make may be observed in every condition of life. Where such men do not make to themselves, or meet with employment, the soil of their constitution runs into tares and weeds. An old friend of mine, who lost a major's post forty years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied maps, encampments, retreats, and countermarches; with no

other design but to feed his spleen and ill-humour, and furnish himself with matter for arguing against all the successful actions of others. He that, at his first setting out in the world, was the gayest man in our regiment; ventured his life with alacrity, and enjoyed it with satisfaction; encouraged men below him, and was courted by men above him; has been ever since the most forward creature breathing. His warm complexion spends itself now only in a general spirit of contradiction; for which he watches all occasions, and is in his conversation still upon centry, treats all men like enemies, with every other impertinence of a speculative warrior.

He, that observes in himself this natural inquietude, should take all imaginable care to put his mind in some method of gratification; or he will soon find himself grow into the condition of this disappointed major. Instead of courting proper occasions to rise above others, he will be ever studious of pulling others down to him: it being the common refuge of disappointed ambition, to ease themselves by detraction. It would be no great argument against ambition, that there are such mortal things in the disappointment of it; but it certainly is a forcible exception, that there can be no solid happiness in the success of it. If we value popular praise, it is in the power of the meanest of the people to disturb us by calumny. If the fame of being happy, we cannot look into a village, but we see crowds in actual possession of what we seek only the appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what malignity in the minds of ordinary men, to oppose you in what they see you fond of; and it is a certain exception against a man's receiving applause, that he visibly courts it. However, this is not only the passion of great and undertaking spirits,

I see it in the lives of such as, one believe, were far enough removed from the ways of Ambition. The rural part of this nation even eat and drink out of vanity. A vain-glorious squire shall entertain half a county, with ostentation of his beef and beer, and the least affection for any of his word about him. He feeds them, and he thinks it a superiority over what he does so; and they devour because they know he treats them out of splendour. This indeed is Ambition in disguise; but may figure to us the ambition of politer men, whose only aim is glory. When the superior acts on a principle of vanity, the desire it will be sure to allow it him; and he knows it destructive of the applause which is courted by the world who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

As every man living has more or less of this incentive, which makes men content of an unactive condition, and men to attempt what may tend to reputation; it is absolutely necessary that should form to themselves an Ambition, which is in every man's power to satisfy. This Ambition would be contented, and would consist only in what, to a man's own mind, appears most great and laudable. It is a desire in the power of every man, and for a regular prosecution of what he himself approves. It is what can be increased by no outward accidents; for men can be robbed of his good income. One of our society of the Spectator therefore started last night at a dinner, which I thought had reason in it. It is, methinks, said he, 'an unreasonable thing, that heroic virtue should, as it seems to be at present, be confined to a certain order of men, and be attainable by none but those whom Fortune has elevated to the most conspicuous stations.' I would have every thing to be esteemed as heroic, which is great and uncommon in the circumstances of the man who performs it. Thus there would be no virtue in human life, which every one of our species would not have a pretence to; and an ardency to exert. Since we are not in our power, let us be able as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a man should be able to be generous? If we measured the quality and not the quantity of it, the particulars which accompany

an action is what should denominate it mean or great. The highest station of human life is to be attained by each man that pretends to it: for every man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the faculties and opportunities which he has from Heaven and Fortune will permit. He that can say to himself—'I do as much good, and am as virtuous as my most earnest endeavours will allow me,' whatever is his station in the world, is to see himself possessed of the highest honour. If Ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind; and the consciousness of its own worth is a reward, which it is not in the power of envy, reproach, or detraction, to take from it. Thus the seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom; and no one can want support who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

P. S. I was going on in my philosophy, when notice was brought me, that there was a great crowd in my antichamber, who expected audience. When they were admitted, I found they all met at my lodgings, each coming upon the same errand, to know whether they were of the fortunate in the lottery, which is now ready to be drawn. I was much at a loss how to extricate myself from their importunity; but observing the assembly made up of both sexes, I signified to them, that in this case it would appear Fortune is not blind, for all the lots would fall upon the wisest and the fairest. This gave so general a satisfaction, that the room was soon emptied, and the company retired with the best air, and the most pleasing grace, I had any where observed. Mr. Elliot of Saint James's Coffee-house now stood alone before me, and signified to me, he had now not only prepared his books, but had received a very great subscription already. His design was to advertise his subscribers at their respective places of abode, within an hour after their number is drawn, whether it was a blank or benefit, if the adventurer lives within the bills of mortality; if he dwells in the country, by the next post. I encouraged the man in his industry, and told him the ready path to good fortune was to believe there was no such thing.

N<sup>o</sup> CCHL. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1710.

UT TU FORTUNAM, SIC NOS TE, CEISE, FEREMUS.

HOR. EP. 8. LIB. 1. VER. ULT.

AS CEISUS BEARS HIS HAPPY LOT, HIS FRIENDS  
WILL BEAR HIS CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 26.

IT is natural for the imaginations of men, who lead their lives in too solitary a manner, to prey upon themselves, and form from their own conceptions, beings and things which have no place in nature. This often makes an adept as much at a loss, when he comes into the world, as a mere savage. To avoid therefore that ineptitude for society, which is frequently the fault of us scholars, and has, to men of understanding and breeding, something much more shocking and untractable than rusticity itself; I take care to visit all public solemnities, and go into assemblies as often as my studies will permit. This being therefore the first day of the drawing of the lottery, I did not neglect spending a considerable time in the crowd: but as much a philosopher as I pretend to be, I could not but look with a sort of veneration upon the two boys who received the tickets from the wheels, as the impartial and equal dispensers of the fortunes which were to be distributed among the crowd, who all stood expecting the same chance. It seems at first thought very wonderful, that one passion should so universally have the pre-eminence of another in the possession of mens minds; as that in this case all in general have a secret hope of the great ticket: and yet fear in another instance, as in going into a battle, shall have so little influence, as that, though each man believes there will be many thousands slain, each is confident he himself shall escape. This certainly proceeds from our vanity; for every man sees abundance in himself that deserves reward, and nothing which should meet with mortification. But of all the adventurers that filled the hall, there was one who stood by me, who I could not but fancy expected the thousand pounds per annum, as a mere justice to his parts and industry. He had his pencil and table-

book; and was, at the drawing of each lot, counting how much a man with seven tickets was now nearer the greater prize, by the striking out another and another competitor. This man was of the most particular constitution I had ever observed; his passions were so active, that he worked in the utmost stretch of hope and fear. When one rival fell before him, you might see a short gleam of triumph in his countenance; which immediately vanished at the approach of another. What added to the particularity of this man was, that he every moment cast a look either upon the commissioners, the wheels, or the boys. I gently whispered him, and asked, when he thought the thousand pounds would come up? 'Pugh!' says he, 'who knows that?' And then looks upon a little list of his own tickets, which were pretty high in their numbers, and said it would not come this ten days. The fellow will have a good chance, though not that which he has put his heart on. The man is mechanically turned, and made for getting. The simplicity and eagerness which he is in argues an attention to his point; though what he is labouring at does not in the least contribute to it. Were it not for such honest fellows as these, the men who govern the rest of their species would have no tools to work with: for the outward show of the world is carried on by such as cannot find out that they are doing nothing. I left my man with great reluctance, seeing the care he took to observe the whole conduct of the persons concerned, and compute the inequality of the chances with his own hands and eyes. 'Dear Sir,' said I, 'they must rise early that cheat you.' — 'Aye,' said he, 'there is nothing like a man's minding his business himself.' — 'It is very true,' said I, 'the master's eye makes the far more.' —

As much the greater number are to go without prizes, it is but very cap-

turn our lecture, to the sentiments on the subject of Fortune said this morning, that the ; he was confident, would fall ne puppy; but this gentleman those wrong tempers, who apply the unhappy, and have a na-judice to the fortunate. But as ain, that there is a great mean-being attached to a man purely 'ortune; there is no less a mean-lifiking him for his happiness. e same perverseness under dis-colours; and both these resent-ife from mere pride.

greatness of mind consists in men apart from their circum-or according to their behaviour

Wealth is a distinction only ; but it must not be allowed as nendation in any other particu-only just as it is applied. It prettily said, that we may learn value of Fortune by the per-whom Heaven is pleased to be-

However, there is not a harder uman life, than becoming wealth itness. He must be very well with merit, who is not willing some superiority over his friends s Fortune; for it is not every t can entertain with the air of a id do good offices with the mien hat receives them.

I confess, I cannot conceive how can place himself in a figure he can so much enjoy his own d, that greatest of pleasures, the robatation of his own actions, as nturer on this occasion, to fit the lots go off without hope or rfectly unconcerned as to him-t taking part in the good For-others.

believe there are happy tempers ; to whom all the good that ar-any of their fellow-creatures pleasure. These live in a course ntial and lasting happiness, and e satisfaction to see all men en-to gratify them. This state of t only lets a man into certain en-s, but relieves him from as ces-tities. If you will not rejoice py men, you must repine at them. eptile alluded to this when he would hate no man out of pure

As for my own part, I look ine quite in another view than

the rest of the world; and, by my know-ledge in futurity, tremble at the ap-proaching prize, which I see coming to a young lady for whom I have much renderness; and have therefore writ her the following letter, to be sent by Mr. Elliot, with the notice of her ticket.

MADAM,

YOU receive, at the instant this comes to your hands, an account of your having, what you only wanted, Fortune; and to admonish you, that you may not now want every thing else. You had yesterday wit, virtue, beauty; but you never heard of them until to-day. They say Fortune is blind; but you will find she has opened the eyes of all your beholders. I beseech you, Madam, make use of the advantages of having been educated without flattery. If you can still be Chloe, Fortune has indeed been kind to you; if you are altered, she has it not in her power to give you an equivalent.

GRACIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, JULY 26.

SOME time ago a virtuosi, my very good friend, sent me a plan of a covered summer-house; which a little after was rallied by another of my correspondents. I cannot therefore defer giving him an opportunity of making his defence to the learned, in his own words.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

JULY 15, 1710.

I Have been this summer upon a ram-ble, to visit several friends and relations; which is the reason I have left you, and our ingenious unknown friend of South Wales, so long in your error concerning the grass-plots in my Green-house. I will not give you the particulars of my gardener's conduct in the management of my covered garden; but content myself with letting you know, that my little fields within doors, though by their novelty they appear too extra-vagant to you to subsist even in a regular imagination, are in effect things that require no conjuration. Your corre-spondent may depend upon it, that under a lashed roof, which lets in the sun at all times, and the air as often as is convenient, he may have grass-plots in

the greatest perfection, if he will be at the pains to water, mow, and roll them. Grass and herbs in general, the less they are exposed to the sun and winds, the livelier is their verdure. They require only warmth and moisture; and if you were to tie my plots, your eye would soon confess, that the howling-green at

Marybone wears not half so bright a livery.

The motto, with which the gentleman has been pleased to furnish you, is so very proper, and pleases me so well, that I design to have it set upon the front of my Green-house in letters of gold. I am, Sir, &c.

Nº CCIV. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1710.

CAUDENT PRÆNOMINE MOLLES  
AURICULA

HOR. SAT. 5. LIB. 2. VER. 33.

HE WITH RAPTURE HEARS  
A TITLE TINGLING IN HIS TENDER EARS.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, JULY 28.

**M**ANY are the inconveniencies which happen from the improper manner of addressees in common speech, between persons of the same or of different quality. Among these errors, there is none greater than that of the impertinent use of *Tide*, and a paraphrased way of saying, *You*. I had the curiosity the other day to follow a crowd of people near Billingsgate, who were conducting a passionate woman that sold fish to a magistrate, in order to explain some words, which were ill taken by one of her own quality and profession in the public market. When she came to make her defence, she was so very full of, *His Worship*, and of, *If it should please his Honour*, that we could, for some time, hardly hear any other apology she made for herself, than that of atoning for the ill language she had been accused of towards her neighbour, by their rent civilities she paid to her judges. But this extravagance in her fear of doing honour was no more to be wondered at, than that her many rings on each finger were worn as insignies of liberty and dress. The vulgar way of using up and liddle terms of respect, and nothing better be expected from them; but for people of rank to repeat appellatives insignificantly, is as folly not to be endured, neither with regard to our time, or our understanding. It is below the dignity of speech to extend it with more words or phrases, than are necessary to explain ourselves with clearness; and it is, methinks, an instance of ignorance, if not of servitude, to be redundant in such expressions.

I waited upon a man of quality some mornings ago: he happened to be dressing; and his shoemaker sitting him, told him, that if his Lordship would please to tread hard, or that if his Lordship would stamp a little, his Lordship would find his Lordship's shoe will fit as easy any piece of work his Lordship should see in England. As soon as my Lord was dressed, a gentleman approached him with a very good air, and told him, he had an affair which had long depended in the lower courts; which, through the inadvertency of his ancestors on the one side, and the ill arts of their adversaries on the other, could not possibly be settled according to the rules of the lower courts; that, therefore, he designed to bring his cause before the House of Lords next session, where he should be glad if his Lordship should happen to be present: for he doubted not but his cause would be approved by all men of justice and honour. In this place the word *Lordship* was gracefully inserted; because it was applied to him in that circumstance wherein his quality was the occasion of the discourse, and wherein it was most useful to the one, and most honourable to the other.

This way is so far from being disrespectful to the honour of nobles, that it is an expedient for using them with greater deference. I would not put *Lordship* to a man's hat, gloves, wig, or cane; but to desire his Lordship's favour, his Lordship's judgment, or his Lordship's patronage, is a manner of speaking which expresses an alliance between his quality and his merit. It is this knowledge which distinguished the discourse of the shoe-maker from

the gentleman. The highest good-breeding, if any one can shew a very nice regard to his dignity, and, with that in art, express your value for the sake of you.

he silly humour to the contrary much prevailed, that the slavish of title enervates discourse, and the application of it almost ridiculous. We writers of diurnals are in our style to that of common in any other writers, by which we use words of respect everywhere unfortunately. The Post-ho is one of the most celebrated fraternity, fell into this misfortune yesterday in his paragraph from of the twenty-sixth of July. Wartembourgh, says he, 'great berlain and chief minister of court, who on Monday last accompanied the King of Prussia to enhurg, was taken so very ill, on Wednesday his life was decided; and we had a report that excellency was dead.'

ably presume that it flattens the nation, to say his Excellency in a speech is common to all men; except it would infer what is not corrected, to wit, that the author decided to say, all wherein he excelled was departed from him.

distinctions used according to the sense of reason and sense, those addressed to men's names would be, as we first intended, significant of worth, and not their persons; so in some cases it might be proper to say The man is dead; but his Excellency will never die. It is, however unjust to laugh at a Quaker, he has taken up a resolution to use with a word, the most expres-

sive of complaisance that can be thought of, and with an air of good-nature and charity calls you Friend. I say, it is very unjust to rally him for this term to a stranger, when you yourselves, in all your phrases of distinction, confound phrases of honour into no use at all.

Tom Courtly, who is the pink of courtesy, is an instance of how little moment an undistinguishing application of sounds of honour are to those who understand themselves. Tom never fails of paying his obeisance to every man he sees, who has title or office to make him conspicuous; but his deference is wholly given to outward considerations. I, who know him, can tell within half an acre how much land one man has more than another by Tom's bow to him. Title is all he knows of honour, and civility of friendship: for this reason, because he cares for no man living, he is religiously strict in performing what he calls his respects to you. To this end he is very learned in pedigree; and will abate something in the ceremony of his approaches to a man, if he is in any doubt about the bearing of his coat of arms. What is the most pleasant of all his character is, that he acts with a sort of integrity in their impertinence; and though he would not do any solid kindness, he is wonderfully just and careful not to wrong his quality. But as integrity is very scarce in the world, I cannot forbear having respect for the impertinent: it is some virtue to be bound by any thing. Tom and I are upon very good terms for the respect he has for the house of Bickerstaff. Though one cannot but laugh at his serious consideration of things so little essential, one must have a value even for a frivolous good conscience.

## Nº CGV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 1. 1710.

ἦτοι, καὶ ἡ σπουδὴ οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμῶν παλιὰ.

Καὶ οὕτω ἐν μάλα καλῇ τε καὶ ἀσφάλειᾳ μέγ' οὐκ ἔστι.

HESIOD. ET OPER. DIAE. VER. 40.

FOOLS! NOT TO KNOW HOW FAR AN HUMBLE LOT

EXCEEDS ABUNDANCE BY INJUSTICE GOT;

NOW HEALTH AND TEMPERANCE BLESS THE RUSTIC SWAIN,

WHILE LUXURY DESTROYS HER PAMPER'D TRAIN.

R. WYNN.

IN OWN APARTMENT, JULY 31.

*NATURE* has implanted in us two very strong desires, Hunger for the support of the individual, and

Lust for the support of the species; or, to speak more intelligibly, the former to continue our own persons, and the latter to introduce others into the world.

According as men behave themselves with regard to these appetites, they are above or below the beasts of the field, which are incited by them without choice or reflection. But reasonable creatures correct these incentives, and improve them into elegant motives of friendship and society. It is chiefly from this homely foundation that we are under the necessity of seeking for the agreeable companion, and the honourable mistress. By this cultivation of art and reason, our wants are made pleasures, and the gratification of our desires, under proper restrictions, a work no way below our noblest faculties. The wisest man may maintain his character, and yet consider in what manner he shall best entertain his friend, or divert his mistress: nay, it is so far from being a derogation to him, that he can in no other instances shew so true a taste of his life or his fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I shall have abundant occasion to discourse of, before I have provided for the numberless crowd of damsels I have proposed to take care of. The subject therefore of the present paper shall be that part of society, which owes its beginning to the common necessity of Hunger. When this is considered as the support of our being, we may take in under the same head Thirst also; otherwise when we are pursuing the glutton, the drunkard may make his escape. The true choice of our diet, and our companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to cheerfulness and refreshment: and these certainly are best consulted by simplicity in the food, and sincerity in the company. By this rule art, in the first place, excluded from pretence to happiness all meals of state and ceremony, which are performed in dumb show, and greedy sullenness. At the boards of the great, they say, you shall have a number attending with as good habits and countenances as the guests, which only circumstance must destroy the whole pleasure of the repast: for if such attendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modest minds are shocked by considering them as spectators; or else look upon them as equals, for whose servitude they are in a kind of suffering. It may be here added, that the sumptuous side-board, to an ingenious eye, has often more the air of an altar than

a table. The next absurd way of enjoying ourselves at meals is, where the bottle is plied without being called for, where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are too dull, or too merry, to know any enjoyment in their senses.

Though this part of time is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it must be also considered, that life itself is to the endless being of man but what a meal is to this life, not valuable for itself, but for the purposes of it. If there be any truth in this, the expence of many hours this way is somewhat unaccountable: and placing much thought either in too great sumptuousness and elegance in this matter, or wallowing in noise and riot at it, are both, though not equally, unaccountable. I have often considered these different people with very great attention, and always speak of them with the distinction of the Eaters and the Swallowers. The Eaters sacrifice all their senses and understanding to this appetite: the Swallowers hurry themselves out of both, without pleasing this or any other appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes, the former degenerated men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, persons in an intermediate state of humanity, under the appellation of Dozers. The Dozers are a sect, who, instead of keeping their appetites in subjection, live in subjection to them; nay, they are so truly slaves to them, that they keep at too great a distance ever to come into their presence. Within my own acquaintance, I know those that I dare say have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no less utter strangers to thirst and weariness; who are beholden to fauces for their food, and to their food for their weariness.

I have often wondered, considering the excellent and choice spirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure, than they do at present. So many men of wit and spirit as there are in sacred orders, have it in their power to make the fashion of their side. The leaders in human society are more effectually prevailed upon this way than can easily be imagined. I have more than one in my thoughts at this time, capable of doing this against all the opposition of the

most witty, as well as the most voluptuous. There may possibly be more acceptable subjects; but sure there are none more useful. It is visible, that though men's fortunes, circumstances, and pleasures, give them prepossessions too strong to regard any mention either of punishments or rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the imaginations of others, and by degrees in their own.

It is certain such topics are to be touched upon, in the light we mean, only by men of the most consummate prudence, as well as excellent wit: for these discourses are to be made, if made to run into example, before such as have their thoughts more intent upon the propriety than the reason of the discourse. What indeed leads me into this way of thinking is, that the last thing I read was a sermon of the learned Doctor South upon 'The Ways of Pleasantness.' This admirable discourse was made at court, where the preacher was too wise a man not to believe, the greatest argument in that place against the pleasures then in vogue, must be, that they lost greater pleasures by prosecuting the course they were in. The charming discourse has in it whatever wit and wisdom can put together. This gentleman has a talent of making all his faculties bear to the great end of his halloved profession. Happy genius! he is the better man for being a wit. The best way to praise this author is to quote him; and, I think, I may defy any man to say a greater thing of him, or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the whole discourse I speak of below these which follow.

After having recommended the satisfaction of the mind, and the pleasure of conscience, he proceeds:

'An ennobling property of it is, that it is such a pleasure as never fatigues or wearies; for it properly affects the

spirit; and a spirit feels no weariness, as being privileged from the causes of it. But can the Epicure say so of any of the pleasures that he so much dotes upon? Do they not expire while they satisfy, and, after a few minutes refreshment, determine in loathing and unquietness? How short is the interval between a pleasure and a burden? How undiscernible the transition from one to the other? Pleasure dwells no longer upon the appetite than the necessities of Nature, which are quickly and easily provided for; and then all that follows is a load and an oppression. Every morsel to a satisfied hunger, is only a new labour to a tired digestion. Every draught to him that has quenched his thirst, is but a further quenching of Nature, and a provision for rheum and diseases, a drowning of the quickness and activity of the spirits.

'He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his time, as well as his other conveniences, to his luxury, how quickly does he outsit his pleasure? And then, how is all the following time bestowed upon ceremony and surfeit? until at length, after a long fatigue of eating and drinking, and babbling, he concludes the great work of dining genteelly, and so makes a shift to rise from table, that he may lie down upon his bed; where, after he has slept himself into some use of himself, by much ado he staggers to his table again, and there acts over the same brutish scene: so that he passes his whole life in a dozed condition, between sleeping and waking, with a kind of drowsiness and confusion upon his senses, which, what pleasure it can be, is hard to conceive. All that is of it dwells upon the tip of his tongue, and within the compass of his palate. A worthy prize for a man to purchase with the loss of his time, his reason, and himself!

Nº CCVI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1710.

METIRI SE QUEMQUE SUO MODULO AC FEDE VERUM EST.

HOR. EP. 7. LIB. 1. VER. ULT.

— ALL SHOULD BE CONFIN'D

WITHIN THE BOUNDS, WHICH NATURE HATH ASSIGN'D. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 2.

**T**HE general purposes of men in the conduct of their lives, I mean with relation to this life only, end in gaining

either the affection or the esteem of those with whom they converse. Esteem makes a man powerful in business, and affection desirable in conversation; which



is certainly the reason that very agreeable men fail of their point in the world, and those who are by no means such arrive at it with much ease. If it be visible in a man's carriage that he has a strong passion to please, no one is much at a loss how to keep meetings with him; because there is always a balance in people's mind to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in exchange for what you think fit to deny him. Such a person asks with diffidence, and ever leaves room for denial by that softness of his complexion. At the same time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other sort of man who courts esteem, having a quite different view, has as different a behaviour; and acts as much by the dictates of his reason, as the other does by the impulse of his inclination. You must pay for every thing you have of him. He considers mankind as a people in commerce, and never gives out of himself what he is sure will not come in with interest from another. All his words and actions tend to the advancement of his reputation and of his fortune, towards which he makes hourly progress, because he lavishes no part of his goodwill upon such as do not make some advances to merit it. The man who values affection sometimes becomes popular; he who aims at esteem, seldom fails of growing rich.

Thus far we have looked at these different men, as persons who endeavoured to be valued and beloved from design or ambition; but they appear quite in another figure, when you observe the men who are agreeable and venerable from the force of their natural inclinations. We affect the company of him who has least regard of himself in his carriage, who throws himself into unguarded gaiety, voluntary mirth, and general good-humour; who has nothing in his head but the present hour, and seems to have all his interest and passions gratified, if every man else in the room is as unconcerned as himself. This man usually has no quality or character among his companions; let him be born of whom he will, have what great qualities he pleases; let him be capable of assuming for a moment what figure he pleases, he still dwells in the imagination of all who know him but as Jack Such-a-one. This makes Jack brighten

up the room wherever he enters, and change the severity of the company into that gaiety and good-humour into which his conversation generally leads them. It is not unpleasant to observe even this sort of creature go out of his character, to check himself sometimes for his familiarities, and pretend to awkwardly at procuring to himself more esteem than he finds he meets with. I was the other day walking with Jack Gainly towards Lincoln's Inn Walks: we met a fellow who is a lower officer where Jack is in the direction. Jack cries to him—'So, how is it, Mr. —?' He answers—'Mr. Gainly, I am glad to see you well.' This expression of equality gave my friend a pang, which appeared in the flush of his countenance. 'Pr'ythee, Jack,' says I, 'do not be angry at the man; for do what you will, the man can only love you; be contented with the image the man has of thee, for if thou aimest at any other, it must be hatred or contempt.' I went on, and told him—'Look you, Jack, I have heard thee sometimes talk like an oracle for half an hour, with the sentiments of a Roman, the closeness of a schoolman, and the integrity of a divine; but then, Jack, while I admired thee, it was upon topics which did not concern thyself; and where the greatness of the subject, added to thy being personally unconcerned in it, created all that was great in thy discourse.' I did not mind his being a little out of humour; but comforted him, by giving him several instances of men of our acquaintance, who had no one quality in any eminence, that were much more esteemed than he was with very many: but the thing is, if your character is to give pleasure, men will consider you only in that light, and not in those acts which turn to esteem and veneration.

When I think of Jack Gainly, I cannot but reflect also upon his sister Gatty: she is young, witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural character; but when she observes any one admired for what they call a fine woman, she is all the next day womanly, prudent, observing, and virtuous. She is every moment asked in her prudential behaviour, whether she is not well? Upon which she as often answers in a fret—'Do people think one must be always romping, always a Jack-pudding?' I needed

to enquire of her, if my Lady Such-a-one, that awful beauty, was not at the play last night. She knows the connection between that question and her change of humour, and says—'It would be very well if some people would examine into themselves, as much as they do into others.' Or—'Sure there is nothing in the world so ridiculous as an amorous old man.'

As I was saying, there is a class which every man is in by his post in Nature, from which it is impossible for him to withdraw to another, and become it. Therefore it is necessary that each should be contented with it, and not endeavour at any progress out of that track. To follow Nature is the only agreeable course, which is what I would fain inculcate to those jarring companions, Flavia and Lucia. They are mother and daughter. Flavia, who is the mamma, has all the charms and desires of youth still about her, and not much turned of thirty; Lucia is blooming and amorous, and but a little above fifteen. The mother looks very much younger than she is, the girl very much older. If it were possible to fix the girl to her sick bed, and preserve the portion, the use of which the mother partakes, the good widow Flavia would certainly do it. But for fear of Lucia's escape, the mother is forced to be constantly attended with a rival, that explains her age, and draws off the eyes of her admirers. The jest is, they can never be together in strangers company, but Lucy is eternally reprimanded for something very particular in her behaviour; for which she has the malice to say, she hopes she shall always obey her parents. She cur-

ried her passion and jealousy to that height the other day, that coming suddenly into the room, and surprizing Colonel Lofly speaking rapture on one knee to her mother, she clapped down by him, and asked her blessing.

I do not know whether it is so proper to tell family occurrences of this nature; but we every day see the same thing happen in public conversation of the world. Men cannot be contented with what is laudable, but they must have all that is laudable. This affectation is what decoys the familiar man into pretences to take state upon him, and the contrary character to the folly of aiming at being winning and complaisant. But in these cases men may easily lay aside what they are, but can never arrive at what they are not.

As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend—'That creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her.' And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than any body else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor.

## Nº CCVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 4.

HAVING yesterday morning received a paper of Latin verses, written with very much elegance in honour of these my papers, and being informed at the same time, that they were composed by a youth under age, I read them with much delight, as an instance of his improvement. There is not a greater pleasure to old age, than seeing young people entertain themselves in such a manner as that we can partake of

their enjoyments. On such occasions we flatter ourselves, that we are not quite laid aside in the world; but that we are either used with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whose good-breeding is founded upon the principles of nature and virtue, must needs take delight in being agreeable to his elders, as we are truly delighted when we are not the jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing, that there

there should be a necessity for making that a rule of life, which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty, whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds; sure old age, which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly, if not prevented against their will, arrive at, should be more forcibly the object of that reverence, which honest spirits are inclined to, from a sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My three nephews, whom, in June last was twelve month, I disposed of according to their several capacities and inclinations; the first to the university, the second to a merchant, and the third to a woman of quality as her page, by my invitation dined with me to-day. It is my custom often, when I have a mind to give myself a more than ordinary cheerfulness, to invite a certain young gentlewoman of our neighbourhood to take one of the company. She did me that favour this day. The presence of a beautiful woman of honour, to minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other object. It was not unpleasant to me, to look into her thoughts of the company she was in. She smiled at the party of pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old man and three boys. My scholar, my citizen, and myself, were very soon neglected; and the young courtier, by the bow he made to her at her entrance, engaged her observation without a rival. I observed the Oxonian not a little discomposed at this preference, while the trader kept his eye upon his uncle. My nephew Will had a thousand secret resolutions to break in upon the discourse of his younger brother, who gave my fair companion a full account of the fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this complexion, and what sort of habit appeared best upon the other shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of quality was well or sick within the bills of mortality, and named very familiarly all his lady's acquaintance, not forgetting her very words when he spoke of their characters. Besides all this, he had a road of flattery; and upon her enquiring, what sort of woman Lady Love-

ly was in her person—'Really, Madam,' says the jackanapes, 'she is exactly of your height and shape; but as you are fair, she is a brown woman.' There was no enduring that this fop should outline us all at this unmerciful rate; therefore I thought fit to talk to my young scholar concerning his studies; and because I would throw his learning into present service, I desired him to repeat to me the translation he had made of some tender verses in Theocritus. He did so, with an air of elegance peculiar to the college to which I sent him. I made some exceptions to the turn of the phrases; which he defended with much modesty, as believing in that place the matter was rather to consult the softness of a swain's passion, than the strength of his expressions. It soon appeared, that Will had outshipped his brother in the opinion of our young lady. A little poetry, to one who is bred a scholar, has the same effect that a good carriage of his person has on one who is to live in courts. The favour of women is so natural a passion, that I envied both the boys their success in the approbation of my guest; and I thought the only person invulnerable was my young trader. During the whole meal, I could observe in the children a mutual contempt and scorn of each other, arising from their different way of life and education, and took that occasion to advertise them of such growing distastes which might mislead them in their future life, and disappoint their friends, as well as themselves, of the advantages, which might be expected from the diversity of their professions and interests.

The prejudices, which are growing up between these brothers from the different ways of education, are what create the most fatal misunderstandings in life. But all distinctions of disparagement, merely from our circumstances, are such as will not bear the examination of reason. The courtier, the trader, and the scholar, should all have an equal pretension to the denomination of a gentleman. That tradesman, who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand, with uprightness, has much more right to that character, than the courtier that gives me false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance.

The appellation of Gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them. For this reason

shall ever, as far as I am able, nephew such impressions as he then value themselves rather are useful to others, than as conscious of merit in themselves. There are no qualities for which we pretend to the esteem of others, but as render us serviceable to our 'free men have no superiors in factors.' I was going on to the old fellow to this purpose to say, when I received the following:

yours, with notice of a benefit of four hundred pounds per annum both inclosed by Mr. Elliot, my numbers for that purpose. Philosophic advice came very seasonable to me with that good fortune: I must be so sincere with you as to say, I owe my present mode-

ration more to my own folly than wisdom. You will think this strange until I inform you, that I had fixed thoughts upon the thousand pound year, and had, with that expectation laid down so many agreeable plans my behaviour towards my new and old friends, that I have received this favour of fortune with an air of appointment. This is interpreted, all who know not the workings of the heart, as a wonderful piece of humility. I hope my present state of mind will grow into that; but I confess myself indebted to be now owing to another cause. However, I know you will approve taking hold even of imperfections to find my way towards virtue, which so feeble in us at the best, that we often beholden to our faults for the appearances of it. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

CHL

10 CCVIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1710.

DIXERIS ASTUO, SUBAT—

JUV. SAT. 3. VER. 103.

IF YOU COMPLAIN OF HEAT,  
HEY RUB TH' UNSWEATING BROW, AND SWEAR THEY SWEAT.

DRYDEN.

OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 7.

old acquaintance, who met me this morning, seemed overjoyed to find and told me I looked as well as I was known me do these forty years: continued he, 'not quite the same you were, when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! If time, says are over. Do you think there any such fine creatures now

he and I had to thank for, who at this time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he kept up my pleasure in myself. But all mankind, there are none so stock as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something, they know must be a satisfaction; then, for fear of the imputation of folly, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be

great imperfections; whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook, or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world, who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificance. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependants are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call People at their Ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons: by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends: for his position is, never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows, advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a Flatterer, *Assinator*, implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you; but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose

to utter; at the same time, is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities, as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself; her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of; yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company, than in that of the brightest man I know. It would be an hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find, that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him: it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money be good. All that we want, to be pleased with flattery, is to believe, that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident, that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage; and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a Flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood; and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark—'This fellow has an art of making fools madmen.' The love of flattery is, indeed, sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons, who otherwise discover no manner of relish of any thing above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves; but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity, until he is flattered. By the force

his stupidity is raised into affect and he becomes of dignity to be ridiculous. I remember that upon one's saying—'The are so ticklish, that there must care be taken what one says in flattery,' answered with an air of self and honesty—'If people are free, let them be so in the manner I am, who never abuse a man's face.' He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore it was repeated—'You abuse but to his face!'—'Yes,' says the flatterer.

Indeed the greatest of injuries to a man is but the unhappy, or such as is caused with themselves for some time. In this latter case we have a member of our club, who, when Sir falls asleep, awakens him with

This makes Sir Jeffery hold some moments the longer, to see if men younger than himself are, who are more lethargic than

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the Flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows, prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a Flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order, that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an errant driver the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone—'Pray, Madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

## CCIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1710.

OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 9.

A painter, who has an ambition to draw a history piece, has come to give him a subject, on which may shew the utmost force of a great genius. For this purpose, he is pitched upon that remarkable incident between Alexander the Great and the physician. This prince, in the height of his conquests in Persia, was seized with a violent fever; and, according to the account we have of his vast thoughts were more employed in his recovery as it regarded the nation as it concerned his own life. A slow method was proposed to him: because it was, what he dreaded, an interruption of his conquests. He desired a dangerous, so it was, a speedy remedy. During this time of the king, it is well known we had offered an immense sum who should take away his life. Philippus, the most esteemed and chief of his physicians, proposed that within three days time he would prepare a medicine for him, which he would cure him more expeditiously

than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander receives a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence that Darius had bribed Philippus to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favoured this suspicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter; and, while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident. From his long soliloquy, he came to this resolution—'Alexander must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy. I will not believe my physician guilty; or, I will perish rather by his guilt, than my own diffidence.'

At the appointed hour, Philippus enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's self on this occasion the encounter of their eyes, the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and, holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exercise my friend's pencil and brain to place this action in

it's proper beauty. A prince observing the features of a suspected traitor, after having drank the poison he offered him, is a circumstance so full of passion, that it will require the highest strength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to express it. But as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechanism, I shall raise his ideas, by reading with him the finest draughts of the passions concerned in this circumstance, from the most excellent poets and orators. The confidence, which Alexander assumes from the air of Philip's face as he is reading his accusation, and the generous disdain which is to rise in the features of a falsely accused man, are principally to be regarded. In this particular he must heighten his thoughts, by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent man traduced, but a man zealously affected to his person and safety, full of resentment for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest admiration, mingled with disdain? How shall we in strokes of a pencil say, what Philip did to his prince on this occasion?—'Sir, my life never depended on yours more than it does now. Without knowing this secret, I prepared the potion, which you have taken as what concerned Philip; no less than Alexander; and there is nothing new in this adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my master.' Alexander took him by the hand and said—'Philip, I am confident you had rather I had any other way to have manifested the faith I have in you, than a case which so nearly concerns me: and in gratitude I now assure you, I am anxious for the effect of your medicine, more for your sake than my own.'

My painter is employed by a man of sense and wealth to furnish him a gallery; and I shall join with my friend in the designing part. It is the great use of pictures to raise in our minds either agreeable ideas of our absent friends, or high images of eminent personages. But the latter design is, methinks, carried on in a very improper way; for to fill a room full of battle-pieces, pompous histories of sieges, and a tall hero alone in a crowd of insignificant figures about him, is of no consequence to private men. But to place before our eyes great

and illustrious men in those parts and circumstances of life, wherein their behaviour may have an effect upon our minds; as being such as we partake with them merely as they were men: such as these, I say, may be just and useful ornaments of an elegant apartment. In this collection therefore that we are making, we will not have the battles, but the sentiments of Alexander. The affair we were just now speaking of has circumstances of the highest nature; and yet their grandeur has little to do with his fortune. If, by observing such a piece, as that of his taking a bowl of poison with so much magnanimity, a man, the next time he has a fit of the spleen, is less froward to his friend or his servants; thus far is some improvement.

I have frequently thought, that if we had many draughts which were historical of certain passions, and had the true figure of the great men we see transported by them, it would be of the most solid advantage imaginable. To consider this mighty man on one occasion, administering to the wants of a poor soldier benumbed with cold, with the greatest humanity; at another, barbarously stabbing a faithful officer: at one time, so generously chaste and virtuous as to give his captive Statira her liberty; at another, burning a town at the instigation of Thais. These changes in the same person are what would be more beneficial lessons of morality, than the several revolutions in any great man's fortune. There are but one or two in an age, to whom the pompous incidents of his life can be exemplary; but I, or any man, may be sick, as good-natured, as compassionate, and as angry, as Alexander the Great. My purpose in all this chat is, that so excellent a furniture may not for the future have so romantic a turn, but allude to incidents which come within the fortunes of the ordinary race of men. I do not know but it is by the force of this senseless custom, that people are drawn in postures they would not for half they are worth be surprised in. The unparalleled fierceness of some rural Esquires drawn in red, or in armour, who never dreamed to destroy any thing above a fox, is a common and ordinary offence of this kind. But I shall give an account of our whole gallery on another occasion.

N<sup>o</sup> CCX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1710.

BEECH-LANE, AUGUST II.

myself the honour this day to  
 ke a visit to a lady of quality,  
 one of those that are ever railing  
 Vices of the age; but mean only  
 e, because it is the only vice  
 e not guilty of. She went so  
 to fall foul on a young woman,  
 s had imputations; but whether  
 re just or not, no one knows but

However that is, she is in her  
 behaviour modest, humble, pious,  
 creet. I thought it became me  
 g this censorious lady to reason,  
 her fee, she was a much more  
 woman than the person she spoke

adam,' said I, 'you are very se-  
 to this poor young woman, for  
 pass which I believe Heaven has  
 ven her, and for which, you see,  
 for ever out of countenance.'—

Mr. Bickerstaff,' she interrupt-  
 you at this time of day contra-  
 people of Virtue, and stand up  
 women——' 'No, no, Madam,'  
 'not so fast; she is reclaimed,  
 fear you never will be. Nay,  
 Madam, do not be in a passion;  
 et me tell you what you are. You  
 deed as good as your neighbours;  
 rat is being very bad. You are  
 nan at the head of a family, and  
 a perfect town-lady's life. You  
 your own way, and consult no-  
 but your glass. What imper-  
 ns indeed you see there, you im-  
 itely mend as fast as you can.  
 may do the same by the faults I  
 ou of; for they are much more in  
 power to correct.

u are to know then, that you vi-  
 ladies, that carry your Virtue  
 house to house with so much  
 e in each other's applause, and  
 ph over other people's faults, I  
 you, have but the speculation  
 ce in your own conversations;  
 remote the practice of it in all  
 you have to do with.

for you, Madam, your time  
 away in dressing, capping, sleep-  
 und praying. When you rise in  
 ning, I grant you an hour spent

'very well; but you come out to dress'  
 'in so froward an humour, that the'  
 'poor girl, who attends you, curses her'  
 'very being in that she is your servant,  
 'for the peevish things you say to her.'  
 'When this poor creature is put into a'  
 'way, that good or evil are regarded'  
 'but as they relieve her from the hours'  
 'she has and must pass with you; the'  
 'next you have to do with is your coach-  
 'man and footmen. They convey your'  
 'ladyship to church. While you are'  
 'praying there, they are cursing, swear-  
 'ing, and drinking in an ale-house.'  
 'During the time also which your lady-  
 'ship sets apart for Heaven, you are to'  
 'know, that your cook is sweating and'  
 'fretting in preparation for your din-  
 'ner. Soon after your meal you make'  
 'visits, and the whole world, that be-  
 'longs to you, speak all the ill of you'  
 'which you are repeating of others.'  
 'You see, Madam, whatever way you'  
 'go, all about you are in a very broad'  
 'one. The morality of these people it'  
 'is your proper business to enquire in-  
 'to; and until you reform them, you'  
 'had best let your equals alone; other-  
 'wise, if I allow you, you are not vi-  
 'cious, you must allow me you are not'  
 'virtuous.'

I took my leave, and received at my  
 coming home the following letter.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Have lived a pure and undefiled vir-  
 gin these twenty-seven years; and I  
 assure you, it is with great grief and  
 sorrow of heart I tell you, that I become  
 weary and impatient of the derision of  
 the gigglers of our sex; who call me  
 old maid, and tell me, I shall lead apes.  
 If you are truly a patron of the distress-  
 ed, and an adept in athology, you will  
 advise whether I shall, or ought to be  
 prevailed upon by the impertinencies of  
 my own sex, to give way to the impor-  
 tunities of yours. I assure you, I am  
 surrounded with both, though at pre-  
 sent a forlorn. I am, &c.

I must defer my answer to this lady  
 out of a point of chronology. She says,  
 she has been twenty-seven years a maid;  
 but I fear, according to a common ex-  
 tor,



ror, she dates her virginity from her birth, which is a very erroneous method; for a woman of twenty is no more to be thought chaste so many years, than a man of that age can be said to have been so long valiant. We must not allow people the favour of a virtue, until they have been under the temptation to

the contrary. A woman is not a maid until her birth-day, as we call it, of her fifteenth year. My plaintiff is therefore desired to inform me, whether she is at present in her twenty-eighth or forty-third year, and she shall be dispatched accordingly.

## Nº CCXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 15. 1710.

—NEQUEO MONSTRARE, ET SENTIO TANTUM.

JUVENAL. 7. VER. 56.

WHAT I CAN FANCY, BUT CAN NE’ER EXPRESS.

DRYDEN.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13.

**I**F there were no other consequences of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this mere outward celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of Devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he, who spends a seventh day in the contemplations of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They, who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment. The most illiterate man who is touched with Devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervours of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better Being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid fortune insolent.

As to all the intricacies and vicissitudes, under which men are ordinarily

entangled with the utmost sorrow and passion, one who is devoted to Heaven, when he falls into such difficulties, is led by a clue through a labyrinth. As to this world, he does not pretend to skill in the mazes of it; but fixes his thoughts upon one certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, what can be a more sure consolation than to have an hope in death? When men are arrived at thinking of their very dissolution with pleasure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them? Certainly, nothing can be dreadful to such spirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falsehood towards man, or impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the gratifications of innocent pleasures are doubted, even with reflections upon their imperfection. The disappointments, which naturally attend the great promises we make ourselves in expected enjoyments, strike no damp upon such men, but only quicken their hopes of soon knowing joys, which are too pure to admit of alloy or satiety.

It is thought, among the politer sort of mankind, an imperfection to want a relish of any of those things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, music, and poetry, make in the world; and I know not why Devotion, considered merely as an exaltation of our happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible, the very enquiry would lead men into such thoughts and gratifications, as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been lost from a general prepossession in his disfavour, and a severe aspect has

hid under it a very agreeable com-  
re are no distinguishing qualities;  
men to which there are not false  
ders; but though none is more  
led to than that of Devotion, there  
rhaps, fewer successful impostors  
kind than any other. There is  
ing so natively great and good in  
on that is truly devout, that an  
rd man may as well pretend to be  
l, as an hypocrite to be pious.  
pstraint in words and actions are  
y visible in both cases; and any  
set up in their room does but re-  
he endeavours the farther off their  
sions. But however the sense of  
iety is abated, there is no other  
: of action that can carry us  
h all the vicissitudes of life with  
y and resolution. But Piety, like  
phy, when it is superficial, does  
ake men appear the worse for it;  
principle that is but half received  
ut distract, instead of guiding our  
our. When I reflect upon the  
al conduct of Lotius, I see many  
that run directly counter to his  
t; therefore I cannot attribute his  
s for the public good to ambi-

When I consider his disregard to  
rtune, I cannot esteem him covet-  
How then can I reconcile his neg-  
himself, and his zeal for others?  
long suspected him to be a 'little  
s:' but no man ever hid his vice  
greater caution, than he does his  
. It was the praise of a great Ro-  
that he had rather be, than ap-  
good. But such is the weakness  
tius, that I dare say, he had ra-  
esteemed irreligious than devout.  
know not what impatience of rail-  
is wonderfully fearful of being  
ht too great a believer. A hun-  
little devices are made use of to  
time of private Devotion; and he  
llow you any suspicion of his be-  
employed, so you do not tax him  
being well. But, alas! how mean  
is a behaviour? To boast of virtue  
ost ridiculous way of disappoint-  
ie merit of it, but not so pitiful as  
f being ashamed of it. How un-  
is the wretch, who makes the  
bsolute and independent motive of  
the cause of perplexity and in-  
incy? How different a figure does  
olo make with all who know him?

His great and superior mind, frequent-  
ly exalted by the raptures of heavenly  
meditation, is to all his friends of the  
same use, as if an angel were to appear  
at the decision of their disputes. They  
very well understand, he is as much dis-  
interested and unbiassed as such a being.  
He considers all applications made to  
him, as those addresses will affect his  
own application to Heaven. All his de-  
terminations are delivered with a beau-  
tiful humility; and he pronounces his  
decisions with the air of one who is more  
frequently a suppliant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the  
man who is moved by Piety, and exalt-  
ed by Devotion. But behold this re-  
commended by the masterly hand of  
a great divine I have heretofore made bold  
with.

'It is such a pleasure as can never  
' cloy or overwork the mind; a de-  
' light that grows and improves under  
' thought and reflection; and while it  
' exercises, does also endear itself to the  
' mind. All pleasures that affect the  
' body must needs weary, because they  
' transport; and all transportation is a  
' violence; and no violence can be last-  
' ing; but determines upon the falling  
' of the spirits, which are not able to  
' keep up that height of motion that the  
' pleasure of the senses raised them to.  
' And therefore how inevitably does an  
' immoderate laughter end in a sigh,  
' which is only Nature's recovering it-  
' self after a force done to it: but the  
' religious pleasure of a well-disposed  
' mind moves gently, and therefore  
' constantly. It does not affect by rap-  
' ture and extasy, but is like the plea-  
' sure of health, greater and stronger  
' than those that call up the senses with  
' grosser and more affecting impressions.  
' No man's body is as strong as his ap-  
' petites; but Heaven has corrected the  
' boundlessness of his voluptuous de-  
' sires by stinting his strength, and con-  
' tracting his capacities.—The pleasure  
' of the religious man is an easy and a  
' portable pleasure, such an one as he  
' carries about in his bosom, without  
' alarming either the eye or the envy of  
' the world. A man putting all his  
' pleasures into this one, is like a tra-  
' veller putting all his goods into one  
' jewel; the value is the same, and the  
' convenience greater.'

N<sup>o</sup> CCXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 16.

I Have had much importunity to answer the following letter:

MR. TICKERSTAFF,

READING over a volume of your's, I find the words *Simplex Munditiis* mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman. I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I cannot comprehend what my brother means, when he tells me they signify my own name, which is, Sir, your humble servant,

PLAIN ENGLISH.

I think the lady's brother has given us a very good idea of that elegant expression, it being the greatest beauty of speech to be clear and intelligible. To this end, nothing is to be more carefully consulted than plainness. In a lady's attire, this is the single excellence; for to be, what some people call, fine, is the same vice in that case, as to be florid is in writing or speaking. I have studied and writ on this important subject, until I almost despair of making a reformation in the females of this island; where we have more beauty than in any spot in the universe, if we did not disguise it by false garnitures, and detract from it by impertinent improvements. I have by me a treatise concerning pinners, which, I have some hopes, will contribute to the amendment of the present head-dresses, to which I have solid and unanswerable objections. But most of the errors in that and other particulars of adorning the head, are crept into the world from the ignorance of modern tirewomen; for it is come to that pass, that an awkward creature in the first year of her apprenticeship, that can hardly stick a pin, shall take upon her to dress a woman of the first quality. However, it is certain, that there requires in a good tirewoman a perfect skill in optics; for all the force of ornament is to contribute to the intention of the eyes. Thus she, who has a mind to look killing, must arm her face accordingly, and not leave her eyes and cheeks undressed. There is Araminta, who is so sensible of this, that she never will see even her own husband without a hood on. Can

any one living bear to see Miss Grael, lean as she is, with her hair tied back after the modern way? But such is the folly of our ladies, that because one who is a beauty, out of ostentation of her being such, takes care to wear something that she knows cannot be of any consequence to her complexion; I say, our women run on so heedlessly in the fashion, that though it is the interest of some to hide as much of their faces as possible, yet because a leading toast appeared with a backward head-dress, the rest shall follow the mode, without observing that the author of the fashion assumed it, because it could become no one but herself.

Flavia is ever well dressed, and always the genteelst woman you meet; but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners of any of her sex. This makes every thing look native about her; and her cloaths are so exactly fitted, that they appear, as it were, part of her person. Every one that sees her knows her to be of quality; but her distinction is owing to her manner, and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not of allurement. There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one day see her in, for any thing to be coming, until you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this, but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same: for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well.

But this weighty subject I must put off for some other matters, in which my correspondents are urgent for answers; which I shall do where I can, and appeal to the judgment of others where I cannot.

AUGUST 15, 1710.

MR. TICKERSTAFF,

TAKING the air the other day on horseback in the green lane that leads to Southgate, I discovered coming towards me a person well mounted in a mask; and I accordingly expected, as any one would, to have been robbed. But when we came up with each other,

ark, to my greater surprise, very bly gave me the way; which made ce courage enough to ask him if squeraded, or how. He made me wer, but still continued incognito. was certainly an ass, in a lion's harmless bull-beggar, who de- to fright innocent people, and set galloping. I bethought myself ting as good a jest upon him, and rned my horse with a design to : him to London, and get him ap- ded, on suspicion of being a high- an: but when I reflected, that it ie proper office of the magistrate iish only knaves, and that we had for of Great Britain for people of r denomination, I immediately ined to prosecute him in your only. This unjustifiable frolic I to be neither wit nor humour, ore hope you will do me, and as others as were that day frightened, . I am, Sir, your friend and t,

J. L.

E gentleman begs your pardon, id frightened you out of fear of ng you; for he is just come out of all-pox.

MR. RICKERSTAFF,

**Y**OUR distinction concerning the time of commencing virgins is allowed to be just. I write you my thanks for it, in the twenty-eighth year of life, and twelfth of my virginity. But I am to ask you another question: may a woman be said to live any more years a maid than she continues to be courted?

I am, &amp;c,

SIR,

AUGUST 15, 1710.

**I** Observe that the Postman of Saturday last, giving an account of the action in Spain, has this elegant turn of expression—'General Stanhope, who in the whole action expressed as much 'bravery as conduct, received a contusion in his right shoulder.' I should be glad to know whether this cautious politician means to commend or to rally him, by saying—'He expressed as much 'bravery as conduct?' If you can explain this dubious phrase, it will inform the public, and oblige, Sir,

Your humble servant, &amp;c.

## ° CCXIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1710.

SHEER-LANE, AUGUST 18.

**T**HERE has of late crept in among the downright English a mighty of dissimulation. But before we rise of this vice, it will be necessary to observe, that the learned make a difference between Simulation and Dissimulation. Simulation is a pretence of what is not; and Dissimulation is a concealment of what is. The latter is our business. When you look round

so well dissembled, but it is suspected. When once it is so, it had as good be professed. A man who dissembles well must have none of what we call stomach, otherwise he will be cold in his professions of good-will where he hates; an imperfection of the last ill consequence in business. This fierceness in our natures is apparent from the conduct of our young fellows, who are not got into the schemes and arts of life which the children of the world walk by. One

is of high moment. Men judge of others by themselves; and he that will command with us must condescend. It moves one's spleen very agreeably, to see fellows pretend to be dissemblers without this lesson. They are so reservedly complaisant until they have learned to resign their natural passions, that all the steps they make towards gaining those whom they would be well with, are but so many marks of what they really are, and not of what they would appear.

The rough Britons, when they pretend to be artful towards one another, are ridiculous enough; but when they set up for vices they have not, and dissemble their good with an affectation of ill, they are insupportable. I know two men in this town who make as good figures as any in it, that manage their credit so well as to be thought Atheists, and yet say their prayers morning and evening. Tom Springly, the other day, pretended to go to an assignment with a married woman at Rosamond's Pond, and was seen soon after reading the responses with great gravity at six-a-clock prayers.

SHEER-LANE, AUG. 17.

THOUGH the following epistle bears a just accusation of myself, yet in regard it is a more advantageous piece of justice to another, I insert it at large.

GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE, AUG. 10.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Have lately read your paper, wherein you represent a conversation between a young lady, your three nephews, and yourself; and am not a little offended at the figure you give your young merchant in the presence of a beauty. The topic of love is a subject on which a man is more beholden to Nature for his eloquence, than to the instruction of the schools, or my lady's woman. From the latter your scholar and page must have reaped all their advantage above him. I know by this time you have pronounced me a trader. I acknowledge it; but cannot bear the exclusion from any pretence of speaking agreeably to a fine woman, or from any degree of generosity that way. You have among us citizens many well-wishers; but it is for the justice of your repre-

sentations, which we, perhaps, are better judges of than you (by the account you give of your nephew) seem to allow.

To give you an opportunity of making us some reparation, I desire you would tell, your own way, the following instance of heroic love in the city. You are to remember, that somewhere in your writings, for enlarging the territories of virtue and honour, you have multiplied the opportunities of attaining to heroic virtue; and have hinted, that in whatever state of life a man is, if he does things above what is ordinarily performed by men of his rank, he is in those instances an hero.

Tom Trueman, a young gentleman of eighteen years of age, fell passionately in love with the beautiful Almira, daughter to his master. Her regard for him was no less tender. Trueman was better acquainted with his master's affairs than his daughter; and secretly lamented that each day brought him by many miscarriages nearer bankruptcy than the former. This unhappy posture of their affairs, the youth suspected, was owing to the ill management of a factor, in whom his master had an entire confidence. Trueman took a proper occasion, when his master was ruminating on his decaying fortune, to address him for leave to spend the remainder of his time with his foreign correspondent. During three years stay in that employment, he became acquainted with all that concerned his master, and by his great address in the management of that knowledge saved him ten thousand pounds. Soon after this accident, Trueman's uncle left him a considerable estate. Upon receiving that advice he returned to England, and demanded Almira of her father. The father, overjoyed at the match, offered him the ten thousand pounds he had saved him, with the further proposal of resigning to him all his business. Trueman refused both; and retired into the country with his bride, contented with his own fortune, though perfectly skilled in the methods of improving it.

It is to be noted, that Trueman refused twenty thousand pounds with another young lady; so that reckoning both his self-denials, he is to have in your court the merit of having given thirty thousand pounds for the woman he loved. This gentleman I claim your justice to; and hope you will be satisfied

I that some of us have larger views  
only Cash Debtor, per contra Cre-  
Your's,

RICHARD TRAFFICK.

N. B. Mr. Thomas Trueman, of  
Lime Street, is entered among the heroes  
of domestic life.

CHARLES LILLIE.

Nº CCXIV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1710.

——— SOLES ET APERTA SERENA  
PROSPICERE, ET CERTIS POTERIS COGNOSCERE SIGNIS.

VIRG. GEORG. I. VER. 393.

——— 'TIS EASY TO DESCRIBE  
RETURNING SUNS, AND A SERENE SKY.

DRYDEN.

MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 21.

every party there are two sorts of  
men, the Rigid and the Supple. The  
Rigids are an intractable race of mortals,  
set upon principle, and will not,  
tho' they fall into any measures that are  
consistent with their received notions  
of honour. These are persons of a stub-  
born and unpliant morality; that suddenly  
change to their friends, when they are  
conceded, and to their principles, though  
they are exploded. I shall therefore  
leave this stiff-necked generation to  
their own obstinacy, and turn my  
eyes to the advantage of the Supple,  
who pay their homage to places, and  
to persons; and, without enslaving  
themselves to any particular scheme of  
honour, are as ready to change their  
sentiments in point of sentiment as of fa-  
ct.

The well-disciplined part of a  
country are generally so perfect at their  
business, that you may see a whole as-  
sembly, from front to rear, face about  
to a new man of power, though  
at the same time, they turn their backs  
on him that brought them thither.  
The great hardship these complaisant  
members of society are under, seems to  
be a want of warning upon any ap-  
proaching change or revolution; so that  
they are obliged in a hurry to tack about  
to every wind, and stop short in the  
middle of a full career, to the great sur-  
prise and derision of their beholders.

When a man foresees a decaying mi-  
nistry, he has leisure to grow a male-  
content, reflect upon the present con-  
dition, and by gradual murmurs fall off  
his friends into a new party, by  
steps and measures. For want of  
notice, I have formerly known a  
well-bred person refuse to return a  
compliment to a man whom he thought in dis-

grace, that was next day made secretary  
of state; and another, who, after a long  
neglect of a ministry, came to his levee,  
and made professions of zeal for his ser-  
vice the very day before he was turned  
out.

This produces also unavoidable con-  
fusions and mistakes in the descriptions  
of great men's parts and merits. That  
ancient lyric, Mr. D'Urfey, some years  
ago writ a dedication to a certain lord,  
in which he celebrated him for the great-  
est poet and critic of that age, upon a  
misinformation in Dyer's Letter, that  
his noble patron was made lord cham-  
berlain. In short, innumerable votes,  
speeches, and sermons, have been thrown  
away, and turned to no account, merely  
for want of due and timely intelligence.  
Nay, it has been known, that a pane-  
gyric has been half printed off, when  
the poet, upon the removal of the mi-  
nister, has been forced to alter it into a  
satire.

For the conduct, therefore, of such  
useful persons, as are ready to do their  
country service upon all occasions, I  
have an engine in my study, which is  
a sort of political barometer, or, to speak  
more intelligibly, a state weather-glass,  
that, by the rising and falling of a cer-  
tain magical liquor, presages all changes  
and revolutions in government, as the  
common glass does those of the weather.  
The weather-glass is said to have been  
invented by Cardan, and given by him  
as a present to his great countryman  
and contemporary Machiavel; which,  
by the way, may serve to rectify a re-  
ceived error in chronology, that places  
one of these some years after the other.  
How or when it came into my hands, I  
shall desire to be excused, if I keep to  
myself; but so it is, that I have walked  
by it for the better part of a century to

my safety at least, if not to my advantage; and have among my papers a register of all the changes, that have happened in it from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

In the time of that princess it stood long at Settled Fair. At the latter end of King James the First, it fell to Cloudy. It held several years after at Stormy; in-somuch that at last despairing of seeing any clear weather at home, I followed the royal exile, and some time after finding my glass rise, returned to my native country, with the rest of the loyalists. I was then in hopes to pass the remainder of my days in Settled Fair: but alas! during the greatest part of that reign the English nation lay in a dead calm, which, as it is usual, was followed by high winds and tempests, until of late years; in which, with unspeakable joy and satisfaction, I have seen our political weather returned to Settled Fair. I must only observe, that for all this last summer my glass has pointed at Changeable. Upon the whole, I often apply to Fortune Æneas's speech to the Sibyl—

—————*Non ulla laborum*

*Compo. non a me facies inopinae surgit:  
Omnia præcipi, discedunt mecum ante perigli.*  
VIRG. ÆN. 6. VER. 103.

—————No terror to my view,

No frightful face of danger can be new:  
Terror to suffer, and resolv'd to dare;  
'Ane fates without my power, shall be with-  
out my care. DRYDEN.

The advantages, which have accrued to those whom I have advised in their affairs, by virtue of this sort of prei-ence, have been very considerable. A nephew of mine, who has never put his money into the stocks, or taken it out, without my advice, has in a few years raised five hundred pounds to almost so many thousands. As for myself, who look upon riches to consist rather in content than possessions, and measure the greatness of the mind rather by it's tranquillity than it's ambition, I have seldom used my glass to make my way in the world, but often to retire from it. This is a by-path to happiness, which was first discovered to me by a most pleasing apothegm of Pythagoras—'When the Winds,' says he, 'rise, worship the Echo.' That great philosopher (whether to make his doctrines the more venerable, or to gild his precepts with the beauty of imagination, or to awaken the curiosity of his disciples, for I will not suppose, what is usually said, that he did it to conceal his wisdom from the vulgar) has couched several admirable precepts in remote allusions, and mysterious sentences. By the Wind in this apothegm, are meant state hurricanes and popular tumults. 'When these rise,' says he, 'worship the Echo;' that is, withdraw yourself from the multitude into deserts, woods, solitudes, or the like retirements, which are the usual habitations of the echo.

## Nº CCXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1710.

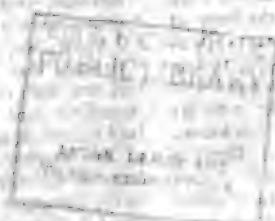
FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 23.

LYSANDER has writ to me out of the country, and tells me, after many other circumstances, that he had passed a great deal of time with much pleasure and tranquillity; until his happiness was interrupted by an indiscreet flatterer, who came down into those parts to visit a relation. With the circumstances in which he represents the matter, he had no small provocation to be offended; for he attacked him in so wrong a season, that he could not have any relish of pleasure in it; though, perhaps, at another time it might have passed upon him without giving him much uneasiness. Lysander had, after

a long satiety of the town, been so happy as to get to a solitude he extremely liked, and recovered a pleasure he had so long discontinued, that of reading. He was got to the bank of a rivulet, covered by a pleasing shade, and fanned by a soft breeze; which threw his mind into that sort of composure and attention, in which a man, though with indolence, enjoys the utmost liveliness of his spirits, and the greatest strength of his mind at the same time. In this state, Lysander represents that he was reading Virgil's Georgics, when on a sudden the gentleman above-mentioned surprized him; and without any manner of preparation falls upon him at once—'What! I have found you at last, after  
searching







thing all over the wood! we want-  
ou at cards after dinner; but you  
much better employed. I have  
d, indeed, that you are an excel-  
scholar. But at the same time,  
not a little unkind to rob the  
s, who like you so well, of the  
ure of your company? But that  
ideed, the misfortune of you great  
lars; you are seldom so fit for the  
d as those who never trouble  
selves with books. Well, I see  
are taken up with your learning  
, and I will leave you.' Lyfan-  
ys, he made him no answer, but  
resolution to complain to me.

s a substantial affliction, when  
overn themselves by the rules of  
breeding, that by the very force  
m they are subjected to the info-  
of those, who either never will, or  
can, understand them. The su-  
al part of mankind form to them-  
little measures of behaviour from  
tside of things. By the force of  
narrow conceptions, they act a-  
themselves with applause; and do  
prehend they are contemptible to  
of higher understanding, who are  
ned by decencies above their know-  
from shewing a dislike. Hence it  
at because complaisance is a good  
y in conversation, one impertinent  
upon him on all occasions to com-  
; and because mirth is agreeable,  
r thinks it fit eternally to jest. I  
of late received many packets of  
, complaining of these spreading

A lady who is lately arrived at  
ath acquaints me, there were in  
ge-coach wherein she went down  
mon flatterer, and a common jest-  
gentlemen were, she tells me, rin-  
n her favour; and adds, if there  
appened a case wherein of two per-  
me was not liked more than an-  
it was in that journey. They

ed only in proportion to the degree  
like between the nauseous and the  
l. Both these characters of men  
rn out of a barrenness of imagi-  
n. They are never fools by Na-  
but become such out of an impos-  
sibility of being, what the never  
led them, men of wit and conver-  
. I therefore think fit to declare,  
according to the known laws of  
and, a man may be a very honest  
man, and enjoy himself and his  
l, without being a wit; and I ab-

solve all men from taking pains to be  
such for the future. As the present case  
stands, is it not very unhappy that Ly-  
sander must be attacked and applauded  
in a wood, and Corinna joked and com-  
mended in a stage-coach; and this for  
no manner of reason, but because other  
people have a mind to shew their parts?  
I grant, indeed, if these people, as they  
have understanding enough for it, would  
confine their accomplishments to those  
of their own degree of talents, it were  
to be tolerated; but when they are so  
insolent as to interrupt the meditations  
of the wise, the conversations of the  
agreeable, and the whole behaviour of  
the modest, it becomes a grievance na-  
turally in my jurisdiction. Among  
themselves, I cannot only overlook, but  
approve it. I was present the other day  
at a conversation, where a man of this  
height of breeding and sense told a young  
woman of the same form—'To be sure,  
'Madam, every thing must please that  
'comes from a lady.' She answered—  
'I know, Sir, you are so much a gen-  
'tleman, that you think so.' Why,  
this was well on both sides; and it is  
impossible that such a gentleman and  
lady should do otherwise than think well  
of one another. These are but loose  
hints of the disturbances in human so-  
ciety, for which there is yet no remedy:  
but I shall in a little time publish tables  
of respect and civility, by which persons  
may be instructed in the proper times  
and seasons, as well as at what degree  
of intimacy a man may be allowed to  
commend or rally his companions; the  
promiscuous licence of which is, at pre-  
sent, far from being among the small er-  
rors in conversation.

P. S. The following letter was left,  
with a request to be immediately an-  
swered, lest the artifices used against a  
lady in distress may come into common  
practice.

SIR,

MY eldest sister buried her husband  
about six months ago; and at his  
funeral, a gentleman of more art than  
honesty, on the night of his interment,  
while she was not herself, but in the ut-  
most agony of her grief, spoke to her of  
the subject of love. In that weakness  
and distraction which my sister was in,  
as one ready to fall is apt to lean on any  
body, he obtained her promise of mar-  
riage, which was accordingly consum-

mated

mated eleven weeks after. There is no affliction comes alone, but one brings another. My sister is now ready to lye-in. She humbly asks of you, as you are a friend to the sex, to let her know, who is the lawful father of this child, or whether she may not be relieved from this second marriage; considering it was promised under such circumstances as one may very well suppose she did not what she did voluntarily, but because she was helpless otherwise. She is advised something about engagements made in goal, which she thinks the same, as to the reason of the thing. But, dear Sir, she relies upon your advice, and gives you her service; as does your humble servant,

REBECCA MIDRIFFE.

The case is very hard; and I fear the plea she is advised to make, from the similitude of a man who is in duress, will not prevail. But though I despair of remedy as to the mother, the law gives the child his choice of his father where the birth is thus legally ambiguous.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE COMPANY OF LINENDRAPERS, RESIDING WITHIN THE LIBERTY OF WESTMINSTER,

SHEWETH,

THAT there has of late prevailed among the ladies so great an affection of nakedness, that they have not only left the bosom wholly bare, but lowered their stays some inches below the former mode.

That in particular, Mrs. Arabella Overdo has not the least appearance of linen; and our best customers shew but little above the small of their backs.

That by this means your petitioners are in danger of losing the advantage of covering a ninth part of every woman of quality in Great Britain.

Your petitioners humbly offer the premises to your indulgence's consideration, and shall ever, &c.

Before I answer this petition, I am inclined to examine the offenders myself.

Nº CCXVI: SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1710.

— NUGIS ADDERE PONDUS.

HOR. EP. 19. LIB. I. VER. 42.

WEIGHT AND IMPORTANCE SOME TO TRIFLES GIVE.

R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe

the generation of a mite, in all it's circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a horse from an ox; but at the same time, will tell you with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers, who has set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and has sold his coat off his back to purchase a tarantula.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us serious upon trifles; by which

which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and contempt of the ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements; not the care, business, and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of learned men, who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their chests and cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their treasure, without a kind of an apology for it. I have been shewn a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at an hundred: but we must take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso.

To shew this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends, in the following words:

## THE WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

**I** Nicholas Gimcrack, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this my last will and testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

*Imprimis*, To my dear wife,  
One box of butterflies,  
One drawer of shells,  
A female skeleton,  
A dead cockatrice.

*Item*, To my daughter Elizabeth,  
My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,

As also my preparations of winter May-dew, and embryo-pickle.

*Item*, To my little daughter Fanny,  
Three crocodile's eggs.  
And upon the birth of her first child,  
if she marries with her mother's consent,  
The nest of an humming-bird.

*Item*, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath  
My last year's collection of grasshoppers,

*Item*, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my  
English weeds pasted on royal paper,  
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

*Item*, To my learned and worthy friend Doctor Johannes Ellicrickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My rat's testicles, and  
Whale's pizzle,  
to him and his issue male; and in default of such issue in the said Doctor Ellicrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since,

A horned Scarabæus,  
The skin of a rattlesnake, and  
The mummy of an Egyptian king;  
I make no further provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son John, having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers and vermin, not above specified: as also all my monsters, both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament, he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the twenty-eighth of March, 1708. These are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1710.

ATQUE DEOS ATQUE ASTRA VOCAT CRUELIA MATER.

VIRG. ECL. 5. VER. 23.

SHE SIGH'D, SHE SOBB'D, AND, FURIOUS WITH DESPAIR,  
ACCUSED ALL THE GODS, AND EVERY STAR.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 28.

AS I was passing by a neighbour's house this morning, I overheard the wife of the family speaking things to her husband which gave me much disturbance, and put me in mind of a character which I wonder I have so long omitted, and that is, an outrageous species of the fair-sex, which is distinguished by the term *Scolds*. The generality of women are by nature loquacious; therefore mere volubility of speech is not to be imputed to them, but should be considered with pleasure when it is used to express such passions as tend to sweeten or adorn conversation: but when through rage females are vehement in their eloquence, nothing in the world has so ill an effect upon the features; for by the force of it I have seen the most amiable become the most deformed; and she that appeared one of the Graces, immediately turned into one of the Furies: I humbly conceive, the great cause of this evil may proceed from a false notion the ladies have of, what we call, a modest woman. They have too narrow a conception of this lovely character; and believe they have not at all forfeited their pretensions to it, provided they have no imputations on their chastity. But alas! the young fellows know they pick out better women in the side-boxes, than many of those who pass upon the world and themselves for modest.

Modesty never rages, never murmurs, never pouts; when it is ill treated, it pines, it heseches, it languishes. The neighbour I mention is one of your common modest women, that is to say, those who are ordinarily reckoned such. Her husband knows every pain in life with her, but jealousy. Now because she is clear in this particular, the man cannot say his soul is his own, but she cries—'No modest woman is respected now-a-days.' What adds to the comedy in this case is, that it is very ordi-

nary with this sort of women to talk in the language of distress; they will complain of the forlorn wretchedness of their condition, and then the poor helpless creatures shall throw the next thing they can lay their hands on, at the person who offends them. Our neighbour was only saying to his wife she went a little too fine, when she immediately pulled his perwig off, and stamping it under her feet, wrung her hands, and said—'Never modest woman was so used.' These ladies of irresistible modesty are those, who make virtue unamiable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but as they live without scandal; and being under the common denomination of being such, men fear to meet their faults in those who are as agreeable as they are innocent.

I take the Bully among men, and the Scold among women, to draw the foundation of their actions from the same defect in the mind. A Bully thinks honour consists wholly in being brave; and therefore has regard to no one rule of life, if he preserves himself from the accusation of cowardice. The froward woman knows chastity to be the first merit in a woman; and therefore since no one can call her one ugly name, she calls all mankind all the rest.

These ladies, where their companions are so imprudent as to take their speeches for any other, than exercises of their own lungs and their husbands patience, gain by the force of being resisted, and flame with open fury, which is no way to be opposed but by being neglected; though at the same time human frailty makes it very hard to relish the philosophy of contemning even frivolous reproach. There is a very pretty instance of this infirmity in the man of the best sense that ever was, no less a person than Adam himself. According to Milton's description of the first couple, as soon as they had fallen, and the turbulent passions of anger, hatred, and jealousy, first entered their breast; Adam grew  
moody,

moody, and talked to his wife, as you may find it in the three hundred and fifty-ninth page, and ninth book, of *Paradise Lost*, in the octavo edition, which out of heroics, and put into domestic style, would run thus:

‘Madam, if my advices had been of any authority with you, when that strange desire of gadding possessed you this morning, we had still been happy; but your cursed vanity and opinion of your own conduct, which is certainly very wavering when it seeks occasions of being proved, has ruined both yourself and me, who trusted you.’

Eve had no fan in her hand to ruffle, or tucker to pull down; but with a reproachful air she answered:

‘Sir, do you impute that to my desire of gadding, which might have happened to yourself, with all your wisdom and gravity? The Serpent spoke so excellently, and with so good a grace, that—— Besides, what harm had I ever done him, that he should design me any? Was I to have been always at your side, I might as well have continued there, and been but your rib still: but if I was so weak a creature as you thought me, why did you not interpose your sage authority more absolutely? You denied me going as faintly, as you say I resisted the Serpent. Had not you been too easy, neither you nor I had now transgressed.’

Adam replied—‘Why, Eve, hast thou the impudence to upbraid me as the cause of thy transgression for my indulgence to thee? Thus will it ever be with him, who trusts too much to woman: at the same time that she refuses to be governed, if she suffers by her obstinacy, she will accuse the man that shall leave her to herself.’

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;

And of their vain contest appear’d no end.

This, to the modern, will appear but a very faint piece of conjugal enmity: but you are to consider, that they were but just begun to be angry, and they wanted new words for expressing their new passions; but her accusing him of

letting her go, and telling him how good a speaker, and how fine a gentleman the devil was, we must reckon, allowing for the improvements of time, that she gave him the same provocation as if she had called him Cuckold. The passionate and familiar terms, with which the same case repeated daily for so many thousand years, has furnished the present generation, were not then in use; but the foundation of debate has ever been the same, a contention about their merit and wisdom. Our general mother was a beauty; and hearing there was another now in the world, could not forbear, as Adam tells her, shewing herself, though to the devil, by whom the same vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the help of science and astrology, find any other remedy for this evil, but what was the medicine in this first quarrel; which was, as appears in the next book, that they were convinced of their being both weak, but the one weaker than the other.

If it were possible that the beautiful could but rage a little before a glass, and see their pretty countenances grow wild, it is not to be doubted but it would have a very good effect: but that would require temper; for Lady Firebrand, upon observing her features swell when her maid vexed her the other day, stamped her dressing-glass under her feet. In this case, when one of this temper is moved, she is like a witch in an operation, and makes all things turn round with her. The very fabric is in a vertigo when she begins to charm. In an instant, whatever was the occasion that moved her blood, she has such intolerable servants, Betty is so awkward, Tom cannot carry a message, and her husband has so little respect for her, that she, poor woman, is weary of this life, and was born to be unhappy.

*Desunt multa.*

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE season now coming on in which the town will begin to fill, Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice, that from the first of October next, he will be much wittier than he has hitherto been.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXVIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1710.

SCRIPTORUM CHORUS OMNIS AMAT NEMUS, AC FUGIT URBS.

HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 2. VER. 77.

THE TRIBE OF WRITERS, TO A MAN, ADMIRE

THE PEACEFUL GROVE, AND FROM THE TOWN RETIRE.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, AUG. 30.

I Chanced to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of noiegays; I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes, that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect on the beautiful simile in Milton.

As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages, and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:

The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those, who are conversant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions, with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house, which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat

in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprized to hear one say, that he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendosme. How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm, with great vehemence, that if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence; especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the Prince of Hesse, and the King of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the crown of France was very weak, but that the Marshal Villars still kept his colours. At last one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would shew them a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower, which had driven them as well as myself into the house, was now over: and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could shew me such a blow of tulips, as

was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived \*, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing, the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest I ever saw; upon which they told me it was a common Fool's Coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's Coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know, which were the finest of the flowers; for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman

smiled at my ignorance: he seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the *Τυλιππομανία*, Tulippomania; insomuch, that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England; and added, 'that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip-roots for an heap of onions—' And by that means, says he, 'made me a dish of porridge, that cost me above a thousand pounds sterling.' He then shewed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for it's being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in spring-time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

\* Sir Isaac Newton,



Nº CCXIX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1710.

SOLUTOS  
QUI CAPTAT RISUS HOMINUM, FAMAMQUE DICACIS—  
AFFECTAT, NIGER EST; NUNC, TU ROMANE, CAVE TO.

HOR. SAT. 4. LIB. 2. VER. 82.

WHO TRIVIAL BURSTS OF LAUGHTER STRIVES TO RAISE,  
AND COURTS OF PRATING PETULANCE THE PRAISE,  
THIS MAN IS VILE; HERE, ROMAN, FIX YOUR MARK;  
HIS SOUL IS BLACK, AS HIS COMPLEXION'S DARK.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 1.

**N**EVER were men so perplexed as a select company of us were this evening with a couple of professed wits, who, through our ill fortune, and their own confidence, had thought fit to pin themselves upon a gentleman who had owned to them, that he was going to meet such and such persons, and named us one by one. These pest puppies immediately resolved to come with him; and from the beginning to the end of the night entertained each other with impertinences, to which we were perfect strangers. I am come home very much tired; for the affliction was so irksome to me, that it surpasses all other I ever knew, insomuch that I cannot reflect upon this sorrow with pleasure, though it is past.

An easy manner of conversation is the most desirable quality a man can have; and for that reason, coxcombs will take upon them to be familiar with people whom they never saw before. What adds to the vexation of it, is, that they will act upon the foot of knowing you by fame; and rally with you, as they call it, by repeating what your enemies say of you; and court you, as they think, by uttering to your face, at a wrong time, all the kind things your friends speak of you in your absence.

These people are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually called wit: for a lively imagination, when it is not governed by a good understanding, makes such miserable havoc both in conversation and business, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw the least word in it's way, that may give it new matter for it's further errors.

Tom Mercet has as quick a fancy as any one living; but there is no reasona-

ble man can bear him half an hour. His purpose is to entertain; and it is of no consequence to him what is said, so it be what is called well said; as if a man must bear a wound with patience, because he that pushed at you came up with a good air and mien. That part of life which we spend in company is the most pleasing of all our moments; and therefore I think our behaviour in it should have it's laws, as well as the part of our being which is generally esteemed the more important. From hence it is, that from long experience I have made it a maxim, that however we may pretend to take satisfaction in sprightly mirth and high jollity, there is no great pleasure in any company where the basis of the society is not mutual good-will. When this is in the room, every trifling circumstance, the most minute accident, the absurdity of a servant, the repetition of an old story, the look of a man when he is telling it, the most indifferent and the most ordinary occurrences, are matters which produce mirth and good humour. I went to spend an hour after this manner with some friends, who enjoy it in perfection whenever they meet, when those destroyers above-mentioned came in upon us. There is not a man among them who has any notion of distinction of superiority to one another, either in their fortunes or their talents, when they are in company. Or if any reflection to the contrary occurs in their thoughts, it only strikes a delight upon their minds; that so much wisdom and power is in possession of one whom they love and esteem.

In these my Lucubrations, I have frequently dwelt upon this one topic. The above maxim would make short work for us reformers; for it is only want of making this a position that renders some characters

characters bad, which would otherwise be good. Tom Mercet means no man ill, but does ill to every body. His ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that design, he breaks through all things that other people hold sacred. If he thought wit was no way to be used but to the advantage of society, that sprightliness would have a new turn; and we should expect what he is going to say with satisfaction instead of fear. It is no excuse for being mischievous, that a man is mischievous without malice; nor will it be thought an atonement, that the ill was done not to injure the party concerned, but to divert the indifferent.

It is, methinks, a very great error, that we should not profess honesty in conversation, as much as in commerce. If we consider, that there is no greater misfortune than to be ill received; where we love the turning a man to ridicule among his friends, we rob him of greater enjoyments than he could have purchased by his wealth; yet he that laughs at him would perhaps be the last man who would hurt him in this case of less consequence. It has been said, the history of Don Quixote utterly destroyed the spirit of gallantry in the Spanish nation; and I believe we may say much more truly, that the humour of ridicule has done as much injury to the true relish of company in England.

Such satisfactions as arise from the secret comparison of ourselves to others, with relation to their inferior fortunes or merit, are mean and unworthy. The true and high state of conversation is, when men communicate their thoughts to each other upon such subjects, and in such a manner, as would be pleasant if there were no such thing as folly in the world; for it is but a low condition of wit in one man, which depends upon folly in another.

P. 8. I am here interrupted by the receipt of my letters, among which is one from a lady, who is not a little offended at my translation of the discourse between Adam and Eve. She pretends to tell me my own, as she calls it, and quotes several passages in my works which tend to the utter disunion of man and wife. Her epistle will best express her. I have made an extract of it, and shall insert the most material passages,

‘ I suppose you know, we women are not too apt to forgive: for which reason, before you concern yourself any further with our sex, I would advise you to answer what is said against you by those of your own. I inclose to you business enough, until you are ready for your promise of being witty. You must not expect to say what you please, without admitting others to take the same liberty. Marry come up! You a censor? Pray read over all these pamphlets, and these notes upon your Lucubrations, by that time you shall hear further. It is, I suppose, from such as you, that people learn to be censorious, for which I and all our sex have an utter aversion; when once people come to take the liberty to wound reputations——’

This is the main body of the letter; but she bids me turn over, and there I find——

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘ If you will draw Mrs. Cicely Trippet according to the inclosed description, I will forgive you all.’

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOSHUA FAIRLOVE OF STEPNEY,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner is a general lover, who for some months last past has made it his whole business to frequent the by-paths and roads near his dwelling, for no other purpose but to hand such of the fair-sex as are obliged to pass through them.

That he has been at great expence for clean gloves to offer his hand with.

That towards the evening he approaches near London, and employs himself as a convoy towards home.

Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that for such his humble services, he may be allowed the title of an Esquire.

Mr. Morphew has orders to carry the proper instruments; and the petitioner is to be hereafter writ to upon gilt paper, by the title of Joshua Fairlove, Esquire.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1710.

INSANI SAPIENS WOMEN FERAT, EQUUS INQUI,  
ULTRA QUAM SATIS EST, VIRTUTEM SI PETAT IPSAM.

HOR. EP. 6. LIB. 2. VER. 15.

EVEN VIRTUE, WHEN PURSU'D WITH WARMTH EXTREME,  
TURNS INTO VICE, AND FOOLS THE SAGE'S FAME.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 4.

**H**AVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the political barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my Ecclesiastical Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in church, as the former does of those in state; and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolv'd to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The Church Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is suppos'd to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument, until it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other, who was some time Vicar of Bray. This gentleman liv'd in his vicarage to a good old age; and, after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burned or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it rag'd in popery, or as it cool'd and grew temperate in the Reformation; it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, viz. 'Extreme Hot, Sultry Hot, Very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme Cold.'

It is well known, that Toricellius, the inventor of the common weather-

glass, made the experiment in a long tube which held thirty-two feet of water; and that a more modern virtuoso finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weigh'd as much as so many feet of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I order'd a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically when the sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtle piercing cold, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirit, it will sink almost through every thing that it is put into; and seems to be of the same nature as the water mention'd by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or, as the Oxford Manuscript has it, in the skull of an ass. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure; which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.

Ignorance.  
 Persecution.  
 Wrath.  
 Zeal.  
 CHURCH.  
 Moderation.  
 Lukewarmness.  
 Infidelity.  
 Ignorance.

The reader will observe, that the church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation; the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when he mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss; and, when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend; insomuch that it is apt to climb up from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner, it frequently takes it's progress through the lower half of the glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying — 'Popery!' or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude, as it sometimes happens, cry out in the same breath — 'The church is in danger.'

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion; that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At St. James's Coffee-house the liquor stood at Moderation; but at Will's, to my great surprize, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the glass. At the Grecian it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow it still ascended two degrees; Child's fetched

it up to Zeal; and other adjacent coffee-houses, to Wrath.

It fell in the lower half of the glass as I went further into the city, until at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I staid about the Exchange, as also while I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time that the stocks did.

To compleat the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progress with my glass through the whole island of Great Britain; and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed before-hand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Doctor Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago, tells us it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day as to the latter part of this description; though, I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse: we should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High-church and Low-church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original signification; but are only given out to keep a body of

men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess, I have considered, with some little attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and

do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

Nº CCXXI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1710.

—SICUT MEUS EST MOS  
NESCIO QUID MEDITAS NUGARUM, ET TOTUS IN ILLIS.

HOR. SAT. 9. LIB. I. VER. 1.

MUSING, AS WONT, ON THIS AND THAT,  
SUCH TRIFLES, AS I KNOW NOT WHAT. FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 6.

AS I was this morning going out of my house, a little boy in a black coat delivered me the following letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, that he belonged to my Lady Gimcrack. I did not at first recollect the name; but, upon enquiry, I found it to be the widow of Sir Nicholas, whose legacy I lately gave some account of to the world. The letter ran thus:

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Hope you will not be surprized to receive a letter from the widow Gimcrack. You know, Sir, that I have lately lost a very whimsical husband, who, I find by one of your last week's papers, was not altogether a stranger to you. When I married this gentleman, he had a very handsome estate; but upon buying a set of microscopes, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society; from which time I do not remember ever to have heard him speak as other people did, or talk in a manner that any of his family could understand him. He used, however, to pass away his time very innocently in conversation with several members of that learned body; for which reason, I never advised him against their company for several years, until at last I found his brain quite turned with their discourses. The first symptom which he discovered of his being a Virtuoso, as you call him, poor man! was about fifteen years ago; when he gave me positive orders to turn off an old weeding-woman that had been employed in the family for several years. He told me, at the same time, that there was no such thing in Nature as a weed,

and that it was his design to let his garden produce what it pleased; so that you may be sure it makes a very pleasant show as it now lies. About the same time he took a humour to ramble up and down the country, and would often bring home with him his pockets full of moss and pebbles. This, you may be sure, gave me a heavy heart; though at the same time, I must needs say, he had the character of a very honest man, notwithstanding he was reckoned a little weak, until he began to sell his estate, and buy those strange baubles that you have taken notice of. Upon Midsummer-day last, as he was walking with me in the fields, he saw a very odd-coloured butterfly just before us. I observed that he immediately changed colour, like a man that is surprized with a piece of good luck; and telling me that it was what he had looked for above these twelve years, he threw off his coat, and followed it. I lost sight of them both in less than a quarter of an hour; but my husband continued the chase over hedge and ditch until about sunset; at which time, as I was afterwards told, he caught the butterfly as she rested herself upon a cabbage, near five miles from the place where he first put her up. He was here lifted from the ground by some passengers in a very fainting condition, and brought home to me about midnight. His violent exercise threw him into a fever, which grew upon him by degrees, and at last carried him off. In one of the intervals of his distemper he called to me; and after having excused himself for running out his estate, he told me that he had always been more industrious to improve his mind than his fortune; and that



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that his family must rather value themselves upon his memory, as he was a wise man, than a rich one. He then told me, that it was a custom among the Romans for a man to give his slaves their liberty, when he lay upon his death-bed. I could not imagine what this meant, until after having a little composed himself, he ordered me to bring him a flea which he had kept for several months in a chain, with a design, as he said, to give it its manumission. This was done accordingly. He then made the will, which I have since seen printed in your works word for word. Only I must take notice, that you have omitted the codicil, in which he left a large Concha Veneris, as it is there called, to a member of the Royal Society, who was often with him in his sickness, and assisted him in his will. And now, Sir, I come to the chief business of my letter, which is to desire your friendship and assistance in the disposal of those many rarities and curiosities, which lie upon my hands. If you know any one that has an occasion for a parcel of dried spiders, I will sell them a pennyworth. I could likewise let any one have a bargain of cockle-shells. I would also desire your advice, whether I had best sell my beetles in a lump, or by retail. The gentleman above-mentioned, who was my husband's friend, would have me make an auction of all his goods, and is now drawing up a catalogue of every particular for that purpose, with the two following words in great letters over the head of them, *Austro Gimcrackiana*. But upon talking with him, I begin to suspect he is as mad as poor Sir Nicholas was. Your advice in all these particulars will be a great piece of charity to, Sir, your most humble servant,

ELIZABETH GIMCRACK.

I shall answer the foregoing letter, and give the widow my best advice, as soon as I can find out chapmen for the wares she has to put off. In the mean time, I shall give my reader the sight of a letter, which I have received from another female correspondent by the same post.

GOOD MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Am convinced, by a late paper of your's, that a passionate woman, who among the common people goes under the name of a Scold, is one of the most insupportable creatures in the world. But, alas! Sir, what can we do? I have made a thousand vows and resolutions every morning, to guard myself against this frailty; but have generally broken them before dinner, and could never in my life hold out until the second course was set upon the table. What most troubles me is, that my husband is as patient and good-natured as your own worship, or any man living, can be. Pray give me some directions, for I would observe the strictest and severest rules you can think of to cure myself of this distemper, which is apt to fall into my tongue every moment. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c.

In answer to this most unfortunate lady, I must acquaint her, that there is now in town an ingenious physician of my acquaintance, who undertakes to cure all the vices and defects of the mind by inward medicines or outward applications. I shall give the world an account of his patients and his cures in other papers, when I shall be more at leisure to treat upon this subject. I shall only here inform my correspondent, that for the benefit of such ladies as are troubled with virulent tongues, he has prepared a cold bath, over which there is fastened, at the end of a long pole, a very convenient chair, curiously gilt and carved. When the patient is seated in this chair, the doctor lifts up the pole, and gives her two or three total immersions in the cold bath, until such time as she has quite lost the use of speech. This operation so effectually chills the tongue, and refrigerates the blood, that a woman, who at her entrance into the chair is extremely passionate and sonorous, will come out as silent and gentle as a lamb. The doctor told me, he would not practise this experiment upon women of fashion, had not he seen it made upon those of meaner condition with very great effect.



N<sup>o</sup> CCXXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1710:

—————CHRYSIDIS UDAS,  
SERIUS ANTE FORES EXTINGUATA CUM FACE CANTAT.

PERSIUS, SAT. 5. VER. 165.

SHALL I, AT CHRYSIS' DOOR, THE NIGHT PROLONG  
WITH MIDNIGHT SERENADE, OR DRUNKEN SONG?

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 8.

**W**HEREAS, by letters from Nottingham, we have advice, that the young ladies of that place complain for want of sleep, by reason of certain riotous lovers, who for this last summer have very much infested the streets of that eminent city with violins and bass-viol, between the hours of twelve and four in the morning, to the great disturbance of many of her Majesty's peaceable subjects. And whereas I have been importuned to publish some edict against those midnight alarms, which, under the name of serenades, do greatly annoy many well-disposed persons, not only in the place above-mentioned, but also in most of the polite towns of this island:

I have taken that matter into my serious consideration, and do find that this custom is by no means to be indulged in this country and climate.

It is indeed very unaccountable, that most of our British youth should take such great delight in these nocturnal expeditions. Your robust true-born Briton, that has not yet felt the force of flames and darts, has a natural inclination to break windows; while those whose natural ruggedness has been soothed and softened by gentle passions, have as strong a propensity to languish under them, especially if they have a fiddler behind them to utter their complaints: for, as the custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young man of any fashion in a corporation, who does not make love with the town-music. The wits often help him through his courtship; and my friend Mr. Banister has told me, he was proffered five hundred pounds by a young fellow, to play but one winter under the window of a lady that was a great fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their mistresses hearts

as people tame hawks and eagles, by keeping them awake, or breaking their sleep when they are fallen into it.

I have endeavoured to search into the original of this impertinent way of making love, which, according to some authors, is of great antiquity. If we may believe Monsieur Dacier and other critics, Horace's tenth Ode of the third book was originally a serenade. And if I was disposed to shew my learning, I could produce a line of him in another place, which seems to have been the burden of an old heathen serenade.

— *Audis minus, et minus jam,  
' Me tuo longas percunte noctes,  
' Lydia, dormis?'*

HOR. OD. 25. LIB. I. VER. 8.

Now less and less assail thine ear  
These plaints, ' Ah! sleepest thou, my dear,  
' While I, whole nights, thy true love here  
' Am dying?'

FRANCIS.

But notwithstanding the opinions of many learned men upon this subject, I rather agree with them who look upon this custom, as now practised, to have been introduced by castrated musicians; who found out this way of applying themselves to their mistresses at these hours, when men of hoarser voices express their passions in a more vulgar method. It must be confessed, that your Italian eunuchs do practise this manner of courtship to this day.

But whoever were the persons that first thought of the serenade, the authors of all countries are unanimous in ascribing the invention to Italy.

There are two circumstances which qualified that country above all other for this midnight music.

The first I shall mention was the softness of their climate.

This gave the lover opportunities of being abroad in the air, or of lying upon the earth whole hours together, without fear

damps or dews; but as for our satane lovers, when they begin midnight complaint with—

lodging is on the cold ground,

not to understand them in the of the letter; since it would be ible for a British swain to condole f long in that situation, without dying for his mistress. A man as well serenade in Greenland as region. Milton seems to have his thoughts the absurdity of urther serenades, in the censure he passes upon them:

—Or midnight ball,  
made, which the starv'd lover sings  
proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

truth of it is, I have often pitied, inter night, a vocal musician, and tributed many of his trills and re to the coldness of the weather. second circumstance which in the Italians to this custom, was usical genius which is so univer-ong them. Nothing is more fre-in that country, than to hear a working to an opera-tune. You

can scarce see a porter that has not one nail much longer than the rest, which you will find, upon enquiry, is cherished for some instrument. In short, there is not a labourer or handicraft man, that in the cool of the evening does not relieve himself with solos and sonatas.

The Italian soothes his mistress with a plaintive voice; and bewails himself in such melting music; that the whole neighbourhood sympathizes with him in his sorrow.

*Qualis populeæ marces Philomela sub umbra—  
Flet uRem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen  
Integrat, et latè morbis luca questibus implet.*

VIRG. GEORG. 4. VER. 511.

Thus Philomel beneath the poplar shade  
With plaintive murmurs warbles thro' the glade:

Her notes harmonious tedious nights prolong,  
And Echo multiplies the mournful song.

R. WYNN.

On the contrary, our honest country-men have so little an inclination to music, that they seldom begin to sing until they are drunk; which also is usually the time when they are most disposed to serenade.

## CCXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1710.

FOR WHEN UPON THEIR UNGOT HEIRS,  
TH'ENTAIL THEMSELVES AND ALL THAT'S THEIR'S,  
WHAT BLINDER BARGAIN E'ER WAS DRIV'N,  
OR WAGER LAID AT SIX AND SEVEN,  
TO PASS THEMSELVES AWAY, AND TURN  
THEIR CHILDREN'S TENANT; ARE THEY'RE BORN. HUD.

MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. II.

I have been very much solicited by arinda, Flavia, and Lysetta, to re-e my discourse concerning the me-of disposing honourably the un-ed part of the world, and taking ose bars to it, Jointures and Set-nts; which are not only the greatest iments towards entering into that but also the frequent causes of ft and animosity in it after it is mated. I have with very much ion considered this case; and among e observations that I have made gh a long course of years, I have ht the coldness of wives to their nds, as well as disrespect from en to parents, to arise from this ource. This trade for minds and

bodies in the lump, without regard to either, but as they are accompanied with such sums of money, and such parcels of land, cannot but produce a commerce between the parties concerned, suitable to the mean motives upon which they at first came together. I have heretofore given an account, that this method of making settlements was first invented by a griping lawyer, who made use of the covetous tempers of the parents of each side to force two young people into these vile measures of diffidence, for no other end but to increase the skins of parchment, by which they were put into each other's possession out of each other's power. The law of our country has given an ample and generous provision for the wife, even the third of the husband's estate, and left to her good

humour and his gratitude the expectation of further provision; but the fantastical method of going farther, with relation to their heirs, has a foundation in nothing but pride and folly: for as all men with their children as like themselves, and as much better as they can possibly, it seems monstrous that we should give out of ourselves the opportunities of rewarding and discouraging them according to their deserts. This wife institution has no more sense in it, than if a man should begin a deed with — 'Whereas no man living knows how long he shall continue to be a reasonable creature, or an honest man: and whereas I, B. am going to enter into the state of matrimony with Mrs. D. therefore I shall from henceforth make it indifferent to me whether from this time forward I shall be a fool or a knave: and therefore, in full and perfect health of body, and a sound mind, not knowing which of my children will prove better or worse, I give to my first-born, be he perverse, ungrateful, impious, or cruel, the lump and bulk of my estate; and leave one year's purchase only to each of my younger children, whether they shall be brave or beautiful, modest or honourable, from the time of the date hereof, wherein I resign my senses, and hereby promise to employ my judgment no further in the distribution of my worldly goods from the day of the date hereof; hereby further confessing and covenanting, that I am from henceforth married, and dead in law.'

There is no man that is conversant in modern settlements, but knows this is an exact translation of what is inserted in these instruments. Men's passions could only make them submit to such terms; and therefore all unreasonable bargains in marriage ought to be set aside, as well as deeds extorted from men under force or in prison, who are altogether as much masters of their actions, as he that is possessed with a violent passion.

How strangely men are sometimes partial to themselves, appears by the rapine of him that has a daughter's beauty under his direction. He will make no scruple of using it to force from her lover as much of his estate as is worth ten thousand pounds; and at the same time, as a justice on the breach, will

spare no pains to get a man hanged that has taken but a horse from him.

It is to be hoped the legislature will in due time take this kind of robbery into consideration, and not suffer men to prey upon each other, when they are about making the most solemn league, and entering into the strictest bonds. The only sure remedy is to fix a certain rate on every woman's fortune; one price for that of a maid, and another for a widow: for it is of infinite advantage, that there should be no frauds or uncertainties in the sale of our women.

If any man should exceed the settled rate, he ought to be at liberty after seven years are over, by which time his love may be supposed to abate a little, if it is not founded upon reason, to renounce the bargain, and be freed from the settlement upon restoring the portion; as a youth married under fourteen years old may be off, if he pleases, when he comes to that age, and as a man is discharged from all bargains but that of marriage, made when he is under twenty-one.

It grieves me when I consider that these restraints upon matrimony take away the advantage we should otherwise have over other countries, which are sunk much by those great checks upon propagation, the convents. It is thought chiefly owing to these, that Italy and Spain want above half their complement of people. Were the price of wives always fixed and settled, it would contribute to filling the nation, more than all the encouragements that can possibly be given to foreigners to transplant themselves hither.

I therefore, as Censor of Britain, until a law is made, will lay down rules which shall be observed with penalty of degrading all that break them, into Pretty Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting-horns, Drums, and Bag-pipes.

The females that are guilty of breaking my orders, I shall respectfully pronounce to be Kits, Hornpipes, Dulciners, and Kettle drums. Such widows as wear the spoils of one husband, I will bury, if they attempt to rob another.

I ordain, that no woman ever demand one shilling to be paid after her husband's death, more than the very sum she brings him, or an equivalent for it in land.

That no settlement be made, in which the

a settles on his children more reversion of the jointure, or the if it is money; so that at his death, in the whole be bound to pay maily but double to what he has d. I would have the eldest, as the rest, have his provision out

men are not able to come up to settlements I have proposed, I have them receive so much of the only as they can come up to, the rest to go to the woman by way of money, or separate maintenance. I think, I determine equally in the two sexes.

ny lawyer varies from these rules, above two days in drawing a marriage settlement, or uses more words in one skin of parchment will con- or takes above five pounds for writing it, I would have him thrown he bar.

re these rules observed, a woman small fortune, and a great deal of, would be sure to marry according to her deserts, if the man's estate to be less incumbered in proportion to her fortune is less than he might wish others.

man of a great deal of merit, and much estate, might be chosen for worth; because it would not be difficult to him to make a settlement.

e man that loves a woman best, I not lose her for not being able to so much as another, or for not lying with an extravagant demand. fine woman would no more be set at auction, as she is now. When

a man puts in for her, her friends or herself take care to publish it; and the man that was the first-bidder is made no other use of but to raise the price. He that loves her will continue in waiting as long as she pleases, if her fortune be thought equal to his, and under pretence of some failure in the rent-roll, or difficulties in drawing the settlement, he is put off until a better bargain is made with another.

All the rest of the sex, that are not rich or beautiful to the highest degree, are plainly gainers, and would be married so fast, that the least charming of them would soon grow beauties to the bachelors.

Widows might be easily married, if they would not, as they do now, set up for discreet, only by being mercenary.

The making matrimony cheap and easy would be the greatest discouragement to vice: the limiting the expence of children would not make men ill inclined, or afraid of having them in a regular way; and the men of merit would not live unmarried, as they often do now, because the goodness of a wife cannot be ensured to them; but the loss of an estate is certain, and a man would never have the affliction of a worthless heir added to that of a bad wife.

I am the more serious, larger, and particular on this subject, because my Lucubrations, designed for the encouragement of virtue, cannot have the desired success as long as this incumbrance of settlements continues upon matrimony.

CCXXIV. THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 14, 1710.

MATERIAM SUPERABAT OPUS.

QVID. MET. LIB. 2. VER. 5.

THE MATTER EQUALL'D NOT THE ARTIST'S SKILL.

R. WYNN.

MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 13.

is my custom, in a dearth of news, entertain myself with those collections of Advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints. These I consider as accounts of news from the world, in the same manner that the single parts of the paper are from the seat. If in one we hear that a so-

vereign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop, and run away. If in one we find the victory of a general, in the other we see the desertion of a private soldier. I must confess I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears.

in my eyes over a melancholy advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous lights, Advertisements are of great use to the vulgar: first of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into the Advertisements; by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running-footman with an ambassador. An Advertisement from Piccadilly goes down to posterity with an article from Madrid, and John Bartlett of Goodman's-fields is celebrated in the same paper with the Emperor of Germany. Thus the fable tells us, that the wren mounted as high as the eagle, by getting upon his back.

A second use which this sort of writings hath been turned to of late years, has been the management of controversy; insomuch that above half the Advertisements one meets with now a-days are purely polemical. The inventors of Strops for Razors, have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of the Morning-gown is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several proprietors of Dr. Anderson's pills; nor take notice of the many fatirical works of this nature so frequently published by Dr. Clark, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that learned knight, my very worthy friend, Sir William Read: but I shall not interpose in their quarrel; Sir William can give him his own in Advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is to inform the world, where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has pains in his head, cholics in his bowels, or spots in his clothes, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a wife or a house that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great art in writing Advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye, without

which a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupts. Asterisks and hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years the N. B. has been much in fashion, as also little cuts and figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the author of spring-trusses. I must not here omit the blind Italian character, which, being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But the great skill in an Advertiser is chiefly seen in the stile which he makes use of. He is to mention 'the universal esteem, or general reputation,' of things that were never heard of. If he is a physician or astrologer, he must change his lodgings frequently; and, though he never saw any body in them besides his own family, give public notice of it, 'for the information of the nobility and gentry.' Since I am thus usefully employed in writing criticisms on the works of these diminutive authors, I must not pass over in silence an Advertisement, which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in a Ciceronian manner. It was sent to me, with five shillings, to be inserted among my Advertisements; but as it is a pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

THE highest compounded spirit of lavender, the most glorious, if the expression may be used, enlivening scent and flavour that can possibly be, which so raptures the spirits, delights the gust, and gives such airs to the countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most gentlemen and ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold, in neat flint bottles fit for the pocket, only at the Golden Key in Wharton's Court, near Holborn Bars, for three shillings and six-pence, with directions.

At the same time that I recommend the several flowers in which this spirit of lavender is wrapped up, if the expression may be used, I cannot excuse my fellow-labourers for admitting into their papers several uncleanly Advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of

e writers. Among these I must the Carminative Wind-expelling If the Doctor had called them Carminative Pills, he had been ly as one could have wished; but and word entirely destroys the of the first. There are other ties of this nature so very gross, are not mention them; and shall e dismiss this subject with a pub- onition to Michael Parrot, that ot presume any more to mention n worm he knows of, which, by y, has grown seven feet in my y; for if I am not much mistaken, : same that was but nine feet long .x months ago. he remarks I have here made, it appears, that a collection of Ad- nents is a kind of miscellany; ers of which, contrary to all au-

thors, except men of quality, give mo- ney to the booksellers who publish their copies. The genius of the bookseller is chiefly shewn in this method of ranging and digesting these little tracts. The last paper I took up in my hand places them in the following order.

The true Spanish blacking for shoes, &c.

The beautifying cream for the face, &c.

Pease and plaisters, &c.

Nectar and Ambrosia, &c.

Four freehold tenements of fifteen pounds per annum, &c.

\*.\* The present state of England, &c.

††† Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

CXXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1710.

—SI QUID NOVISTI RECTIUS ISTIS,  
CANDIDUS IMPERTI; SI NON, HIS UTERE MECUM.

HOR. EP. 6. LIB. 1. VER. 67.

—IF A BETTER SYSTEM'S THINE,  
IMPART IT FRANKLY; OR MAKE USE OF MINE.

FRANCIS.

MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 15.

E hours which we spend in con- versation are the most pleasing of such we enjoy; yet, methinks, very little care taken to improve as for the frequent repetition of

The common fault in this case is growing too intimate, and fall- ing into displeasing familiarities: for it is ordinary thing for men to make r use of a close acquaintance with her's affairs, but to tease one an- ith unacceptable allusions. One pass over patiently such as con- ce animals, and salute each other ngs on the shoulder, fly raps nes, or other robust pleasantries d by the rural gentry of this na- ut even among those who should ore polite ideas of things, you t of people who invert the design ersation, and make frequent men- ungrateful subjects; nay, men- m because they are ungrateful; he perfection of society were in g how to offend on the one part,

and how to bear an offence on the other.

In all parts of this popular town, you find the merry world made up of an ac- tive and a passive companion; one who has good-nature enough to suffer all his friend shall think fit to say, and one who is resolved to make the most of his good humour to shew his parts. In the trad- ing part of mankind, I have ever observ- ed the jest went by the weight of purses, and the ridicule is made up by the gains which arise from it. Thus the packer allows the clothier to say what he pleases; and the broker has his countenance ready to laugh with the merchant, though the abuse is to fall on himself, because he knows that, as a go-between, he shall find his account in being in the good graces of a man of wealth. Among these just and punctual people the richest man is ever the better jester; and they know no such thing as a person who shall pretend to a superior laugh at a man, who does not make him amends by opportunities of advantage in another kind: but among people of a different way, where the pretended distinction in company

company is only what is raised from sense and understanding, it is very absurd to carry on a rough raillery so far, as that the whole discourse should turn upon each other's infirmities, follies, or misfortunes.

I was this evening with a set of wags of this class. They appear generally by two and two; and what is most extraordinary, is, that those very persons who are most together appear least of a mind when joined by other company. This evil proceeds from an indiscreet familiarity, whereby a man is allowed to say the most grating thing imaginable to another, and it shall be accounted weakness to shew an impatience for the unkindness. But this and all other deviations from the design of pleasing each other, when we meet, are derived from interlopers in society; who want capacity to put in a stock among regular companions, and therefore supply their wants by stale histories, fly observations, and rude hints, which relate to the conduct of others. All cohabitants in general run into this unhappy fault; men and their wives break into reflections, which are like so much Arabic to the rest of the company; sisters and brothers often make the like figure, from the same unjust sense of the art of being intimate and familiar. It is often said, such a one cannot stand the mention of such a circumstance; if he cannot, I am sure it is for want of discourse, or a worse reason, that any companion of his touches upon it.

Familiarity, among the truly well-bred, never gives authority to trespass upon one another in the most minute circumstance; but it allows to be kinder than we ought otherwise to presume to be. Eusebius has wit, humour, and spirit; but there never was a man in his company who wished he had less; for he understands familiarity so well, that he knows how to make use of it in a way, that neither makes himself or his friend contemptible; but if any one is lessened by his freedom, it is he himself, who always likes the place, the diet, and the reception, when he is in the company of his friends. Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any

part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the society. Familiarity in inferiors is sauciness; in superiors, condescension; neither of which are to have being among companions, the very word implying that they are to be equal. When, therefore, we have abstracted the company from all considerations of their quality or fortune, it will immediately appear, that to make it happy and polite, there must nothing be started which shall discover, that our thoughts run upon any such distinctions. Hence it will arise, that benevolence must become the rule of society, and he that is most obliging must be most diverting.

This way of talking I am fallen into from the reflection, that I am, wherever I go, entertained with some absurdity, mistake, weakness, or ill-luck of some man or other, whom not only I, but the person who makes me those relations, has a value for. It would therefore be a great benefit to the world, if it could be brought to pass, that no story should be a taking one, but what was to the advantage of the person of whom it is related. By this means, he that is now a wit in conversation, would be considered as a spreader of false news in business.

But above all, to make a familiar fit for a bosom friend, it is absolutely necessary that we should always be inclined rather to hide, than rally each other's infirmities. To suffer for a fault is a sort of atonement; and nobody is concerned for the offence for which he has made reparation.

P. S. I have received the following letter, which rallies me for being wiser sooner than I designed; but I have ~~not~~ altered my resolution, and intend to be facetious until the day in October ~~hitherto~~ mentioned, instead of beginning from that day.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, 1771.

BY your own reckoning, you are yesterday about a month before the time you looked yourself, much, in the satisfaction of your most obliged, humble servant,

BLAIR BARKER.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXXVI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1710.

— JUVENIS QUONDAM, NUNC FEMINA CENEUS,  
CURSUS ET IN VETEREM FATO REVOLUTA FIGURAM.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. VER. 442.

CENEUS, A WOMAN ONCE, AND ONCE A MAN;  
BUT ENDING IN THE SEX SHE FIRST BEGAN.

DAYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 18.

**I**T is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason; I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman; as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Doctor Young; who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practised physic in a man's cloaths, and, after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

SIR,

**I** Here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Doctor Young's life, which you may call, if you please, a second part of the farce of the Sham Doctor. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who, if I am not mistaken, have somewhere mentioned with honour your sister Kirleus, as a practitioner both in physic and astrology; but in the common opinion of mankind, a she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature as the centaur that practised physic in the days of Achilles, or as King Phys in the Rehearsal. Æsculapius, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and blasphemy; having robbed the statue of Æsculapius of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alledged for his excuse, that it was a shame the son should have a beard, when his father Apollo had none. This latter instance,

indeed, seems something to favour a female professor, since, as I have been told, the ancient statues of Apollo are generally made with a head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the Belvidera did very much resemble Doctor Young. Let that be as it will; the Doctor was a kind of Amazon in physic, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the English in these our days, as the famous Joan d'Arc was in those of our forefathers.

I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write, until the year 1695; at which time the Doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to bed of a bastard child. The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great an uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, for that was the name by which the Doctor was then called, that she left her family, and followed her lover to London, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation: but instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her sex. This was soon done by the help of a sword and a pair of breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her a gold-buttoned coat, and set up for a physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a doctor, that formerly made one of the same sex a pope.

The Doctor succeeded very well in his business at first; but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is

32

absolutely



absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of these words—'Take these pills,' he unfortunately got the nickname of the Squeaking Doctor. If this circumstance alarmed the Doctor, there was another which gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down, as a superficial prating quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father, or a jealous husband. These would often complain among one another, that they did not like such a smock-faced Physician, though in truth, had they known how justly he deserved that name, they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the father of a very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed, by a distemper which was too hard for our physician, and carried off his first wife. The Doctor had not been a widow long before he married his second lady, with whom also he lived in a very good understanding. It so happened, that the Doctor was with child at the same time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they passed for twins. The Doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resembles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the cure of venereal distempers; but would have had much more practice among his own sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable, as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the Doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his person, only recommended his physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprize; in one of Moliere's plays, where a young

woman applies herself to a sick person in the habit of a Quack, and speaks to her patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his physician, to the following purpose—'I began to practise in the reign of Francis the First, and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but, by the virtue of my medicaments, have maintained myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen. For this reason, Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a student in physic should have a sound constitution, and a healthy look; which indeed seem as necessary qualifications for a physician, as a good life and virtuous behaviour for a divine.' But to return to our subject. About two years ago, the Doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about six weeks since, they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former sex. It is said, that at his burial the pall was held up by six women of some fashion. The Doctor left behind him a widow, and two fatherless children, if they may be called so, besides the little boy before-mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the Doctor, as the good old ballad about The Children in the Wood says of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could learn of Doctor Young's life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: but as I know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature, having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself, Sir, yours, &c.

I shall add, as a postscript to this letter, that I am informed the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity, which helped the Doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious enquirer.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1710.

OMNIBUS INVIDEAS, ZOILE, NEMO TIBI.

MARTIAL.

THOU ENVY'ST ALL; BUT NO MAN ENVIES THEE.

R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 20.

**I**T is the business of reason and philosophy to soothe and allay the passions of the mind, or turn them to a vigorous prosecution of what is dictated by the understanding. In order to this good end, I would keep a watchful eye upon the growing inclinations of youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such sentiments, as may imbitter their more advanced age. I have now under cure a young gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all men living the most miserably envious. I desired the circumstances of his distemper; upon which, with a sigh that would have moved the most inhuman breast—  
 ‘Mr. Bickerstaff,’ said he, ‘I am nephew to a gentleman of a very great estate, to whose favour I have a cousin that has equal pretensions with myself. This kinsman of mine is a young man of the highest merit imaginable, and has a mind so tender, and so generous, that I can observe he returns my Envy with pity. He makes me, upon all occasions, the most obliging condescensions: and I cannot but take notice of the concern he is in, to see my life blasted with this racking passion, though it is against himself. In the presence of my uncle, when I am in the room, he never speaks so well as he is capable of; but always lowers his talents and accomplishments out of regard to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to instruct me how to love him, as I know he does me: and I beseech you, if possible, to set my heart right; that it may no longer be tormented where it should be pleased, or hate a man whom I cannot but approve.’

The patient gave me this account with such candour and openness, that I conceived immediate hopes of his cure; because, in diseases of the mind, the person affected is half recovered when he is sensible of his distemper.—‘Sir,’ said I, ‘the acknowledgment of your kins-

man’s merit is a very hopeful symptom; for it is the nature of persons afflicted with this evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a contempt of the person envied, if they are taxed with that weakness. A man who is really envious will not allow he is so; but upon such an accusation, is tormented with the reflection, that to envy a man is to allow him your superior. But in your case, when you examine the bottom of your heart, I am apt to think it is Avarice, which you mistake for Envy. Were it not that you have both expectations from the same man, you would look upon your cousin’s accomplishments with pleasure. You, that now consider him as an obstacle to your interest, would then behold him as an ornament to your family.’ I observed my patient upon this occasion recover himself in some measure; and he owned to me, that he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all places, but where he was his rival, he had pleasure in his company. This was the first discourse we had upon this malady; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I shall by just degrees soften his Envy into Emulation.

Such an Envy, as I have here described, may possibly creep into an ingenuous mind; but the Envy which makes a man uneasy to himself and others, is a certain distortion and perverseness of temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any thing without him, that has either beauty or perfection in it. I look upon it as a distemper in the mind, which I know no moralist that has described in this light. When a man cannot discern any thing which another is master of that is agreeable. For which reason, I look upon the good-natured man to be endowed with a certain discerning faculty, which the envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow wits, superficial critics, and conceited sops, are with me so many blind men in respect of excellencies. They can behold nothing but

faults and blemishes, and indeed see nothing that is worth seeing. Shew them a poem, it is stuff; a picture, it is daubing. They find nothing in architecture that is not irregular, or in music that is not out of tune. These men should consider, that it is their Envy which deforms every thing, and that the ugliness is not in the object, but in the eye. And as for nobler minds, whose merits are either not discovered, or are misrepresented by the envious part of mankind, they should rather consider their defamers with pity than indignation. A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another which he was never sensible of in himself. Mr. Locke tells us, that upon asking a blind man, what he thought

scarlet was? he answered, that he believed it was like the sound of a trumpet. He was forced to form his conceptions of ideas which he had not, by those which he had. In the same manner, ask an envious man what he thinks of virtue? he will call it design: what of good-nature? and he will term it dullness. The difference is, that as the person before-mentioned was born blind, your envious men have contracted the distemper themselves, and are troubled with a sort of an acquired blindness. Thus the devil in Milton, though made an angel of light, could see nothing to please him even in Paradise, and hated our first parents, though in their state of innocence.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXXVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1710.

VENIET MANUS, AUXILIO QUÆ  
SIT MINE

HOR. SAT. 4. LIB. I. VER. 141.

A POWERFUL AID FROM OTHER HANDS WILL COME.

R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 22.

A Man of business, who makes a public entertainment, may sometimes leave his guests, and beg them to divert themselves as well as they can until his return. I shall here make use of the same privilege, being engaged in matters of some importance relating to the family of the Bickerstuffs, and must desire my readers to entertain one another until I can have leisure to attend them. I have therefore furnished out this paper, as I have done some few others, with letters of my ingenious correspondents, which I have reason to believe will please the public, as much as my own more elaborate Lucubrations.

SIR,

LINCOLN, SEPT. 9.

I Have long been of the number of your admirers, and take this opportunity of telling you so. I know not why a man so famed for astrological observations may not also be a good casuist; upon which presumption it is I ask your advice in an affair, that at present puzzles quite the slender stock of divinity I am master of. I have now been some time in holy orders, and fellow of a certain college in one of the universities;

but, weary of that unactive life, I resolve to be doing good in my generation. A worthy gentleman has lately offered me a fat rectory; but means, I perceive, his kinswoman should have the benefit of the clergy. I am a novice in the world; and confess, it startles me, how the body of Mrs. Abigail can be annexed to the cure of souls. Sir, would you give us in one of your Tatlers, the original and progress of smock-simony, and shew us, that where the laws are silent, mens consciences ought to be so too, you could not more oblige our fraternity of young divines, and among the rest, your humble servant,

HIGH-CHURCH.

I am very proud of having a gentleman of this name for my admirer, and may, some time or other, write such a treatise as he mentions. In the mean time, I do not see why our clergy, who are very frequently men of good families, should be reproached, if any of them chance to espouse a hand-maid with a rectory in commendam, since the best of our peers have often joined themselves to the daughters of very ordinary tradesmen, upon the same valuable considerations.

0303E

GLOBE IN MOORFIELDS, SEPT. 16.

HONOURED SIR,

I Have now finished my Almanack for the next year, in all the parts of it, except that which concerns the weather; and you having shewn yourself, by some of your late works, more weatherwise than any of our modern astrologers, I most humbly presume to trouble you upon this head. You know very well, that in our ordinary almanacks the wind and rain, snow and hail, clouds and sunshine, have their proper seasons, and come up as regularly in their several months as the fruits and plants of the earth. As for my own part, I freely own to you, that I generally steal my weather out of some antiquated almanack, that foretold it several years ago. Now, Sir, what I humbly beg of you is, that you would lend me your State Weather-glass, in order to fill up this vacant column in my works. This, I know, would sell my almanack beyond any other, and make me a richer man than Poor Robin. If you will not grant me this favour, I must have recourse to my old method, and will copy after an almanack which I have by me, and which I think was for the year when the great storm was. I am, Sir, the most humble of your admirers,

T. PHILOMATH.

This gentleman does not consider, what a strange appearance his Almanack would make to the ignorant, should he transpose his weather, as he must do, did he follow the dictates of my glass. What would the world say to see summers filled with colds and storms, and winters with calms and sunshine; according to the variations of the weather, as they might accidentally appear in a State-barometer? But let that be as it will, I shall apply my own invention to my own use; and if I do not make my fortune by it, it will be my own fault.

The next letter comes to me from another self-interested soliciter.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Am going to set up for a scrivener, and have thought of a project which may turn both to your account and mine. It came into my head, upon reading that learned and useful paper of yours concerning Advertisements. You must understand, I have made myself master in the whole art of advertising, both as to the style and the letter. Now if you and I could so manage it, that nobody should write Advertisements besides myself, or print them any where but in your paper, we might both of us get estates in a little time. For this end, I would likewise propose, that you should enlarge the design of Advertisements; and have sent you two or three samples of my work in this kind, which I have made for particular friends, and intend to open shop with. The first is for a gentleman, who would willingly marry, if he could find a wife to his liking; the second is for a poor Whig, who is lately turned out of his post; and the third for a person of contrary party, who is willing to get into one.

WHEREAS A. B. next door to the Pestle and Mortar, being about thirty years old, of a spare make, with dark-coloured hair, bright eyes, and a long nose, has occasion for a good-humoured, tall, fair young woman, of about three thousand pounds fortune: these are to give notice, that if any such young woman has a mind to dispose of herself in marriage to such a person as the above-mentioned, she may be provided with a husband, a coach and horses, and proportionable settlement.

C. D. designing to quit his place, has great quantities of paper, parchment, ink, wax, and wafers, to dispose of, which will be sold at very reasonable rates.

E. F. a person of good behaviour, six feet high, of a black complexion, and sound principles, wants an employ. He is an excellent penman and accountant, and speaks French.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXXIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1719.

QUÆRITAN MERITIS SUME SUPERBIAM.

HOR. OD. 30. LIB. 3. VER. 13.

WITH CONSCIOUS PRIDE  
ASSUME THE HONOURS JUSTLY THINE.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 25.

THE whole creation preys upon itself; every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that tease him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shews us, that a louse is itself a very lousy creature. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about him a whole world of inhabitants; inasmuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the Leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean the small wits and scribblers, that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice; I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub Street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled with fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water until the vermin get into it; after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper,

what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers, and authors? It would be like Doctor Burgels's dropping his cloak, with the whole congregation hanging to the skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty antagonists; I was threatened to be answered weekly Tit for Tat; I was undermined by the Whisperer, haunted by Tom Brown's Ghost, scolded by a Female Tatler, and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of Atalantis. I have been 'annotated,' 'retitled, examined, and condoled;' but it being my standing maxim never to speak ill of the dead, I shall let these authors rest in peace; and take great pleasure in thinking, that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in Spenser's Den of Error, who after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The same so fore annoyed has the knight,  
That, well nigh choaked with the deadly stink,  
His senses fail, he can no longer fight;  
Whose courage when the fiend perceiv'd to shrink,

She poured forth out of her hellish sink  
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,  
Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink;  
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,  
And him encumbered sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet even tide,  
When ruddy Phoebus gins to wick in west,  
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,  
Marks which do bite their hasty supper bed;  
A cloud of cumbrous ghats do him molest,  
All striving to infix their feeble stings;  
That from their noyance he no where could red;  
But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
He brusheth off, and oft doth hear their  
murmurings.

If ever I should want such a fry of little authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my antagonists as malicious, but hungry; and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours, without being prompted to it by an empty stomach, in return to their censures, I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man, and a moralist, with a fable—

The owls, bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. Their satire at last fell upon the sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: ‘Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that, you know, could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother’s son of you: but the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to “shine on.”’

## Nº CCXXX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 27.

**T**HE following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subjects the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world, without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

**T**HERE are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; though, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for some years hath reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our stile. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like; I mean the traders in history and politics, and the Belles Lettres; together with those by whom books are

not translated, but, as the common expressions are, done out of French, Latin, or other language, and made English. I cannot but observe to you, that until of late years a Grub Street book was always bound in sheep-skin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars; but now they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all places: they are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-house to persons of quality; are shewn in Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests. You may see them gilt, and in royal paper of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of English books, published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or common sense.

These two evils, ignorance, and want of taste, have produced a third; I mean the continual corruption of our English tongue, which, without some timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past, than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

But instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language,

I here

I here send you the copy of a letter I received, some time ago, from a most accomplished person in this way of writing; upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:

MR,

I *Could n't* get the things you sent for all *about town*—I *thot* to *ba* come down my*self*, and then I *d b' brot 'um*; but I *ha'nt don't*, and I believe I *can't do't*, that's *pozz*—Tom begins to *gi'm-self* airs, because *he's* going with the *Plenipo's*—'Tis said the French King will *bamboozle us agen*, which causes many speculations. The *Jacks* and others of that *kidney* are very *uppi**sh***, and *alert upon't*, as you may see by their *phizz's*—Will Hazard has got the *hipps*, having lost to *the tune of five bundr'd* pound, *tho'* he und*er*stands play very well, *no body better*. He has promis'd me upon *rep*, to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness *he's* too apt to *give into*, *tho'* he has as much wit as any man, *no body more*. He has lain *incog* ever since—The *mobb's* very quiet with us now—I believe you *thot* I *banter'd* you in my last, like a *country put*—I *shan't* leave town this month, &c.

This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being an epistle: you may gather every flower in it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers offered us every day in the coffee-houses: and these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and after he had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sound are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans, altogether of the

Gothic strain, and a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables; and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as Phizz, Hipps, Mobb, Pozz, Rep, and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs, to prevent them from running away: and if ours be the same reason for maiming our words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as Incog, and Plenipo: but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to Inc. and Plen. This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words, as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns; Speculations, Operations, Preliminaries, Ambassadors, Pallisades, Communication, Circumvallation, Battalions, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

The third refinement, observable in the letter I send you, consists in the choice of certain words invented by some Pretty Fellows, such as Banter, Bamboozle, Country Put, and Kidney, as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past, to stop the progress of Mobb and Banter, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

In the last place, you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letter; some of them tolerable enough, until they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find them though they were not in a different print, and therefore I send not disturb them.

These

These are the false refinements in our stile which you ought to correct: first, by argument and fair means: but if those fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as Censor, and by an annual *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak: a noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the cloathing of our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress. I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing in their words, and liberal in their syllables: and upon this head I should be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from the university full fraught with admiration of our town politeness, will needs correct the stile of their Prayer-books. In reading the Absolution, they are very careful to say Pardons and Absolves; and in the prayer for the Royal Family, it must be *endue'mus, enrich'am, prosper'am, and bring'am*. Then in their sermons they use all the modern terms of art, Sham, Banter, Mob, Bubble, Bully, Cutting, Shuffling, and Palming; all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit, from such young sophisters, so I have read them in some of 'those sermons that 'have made most noise of late.' The

design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry: to shew us, that they know the town, understand men and manners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the university.

I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our stile that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress, *Simplex munditiis*, as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest that all new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any language; and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a stile that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader, and are much more clear and intelligible than those of Sir Harry Wootton, Sir Robert Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several others who writ later; but being men of the court, and affecting the praises then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

What remedies are to be applied to these evils, I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper. Besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them. I am with great respect, Sir, your, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXXXI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1710.

PRINCIPLES ORTA—

PREVENT THE GROWING EVIL.

OVID. REM. AMOR. VER. 91.

R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, SEPT. 29.

**T**HERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of 'taking a woman down 'in her wedding shoes,' if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort had a very remarkable

good effect in a family, wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, usually called a High Spirit, that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became



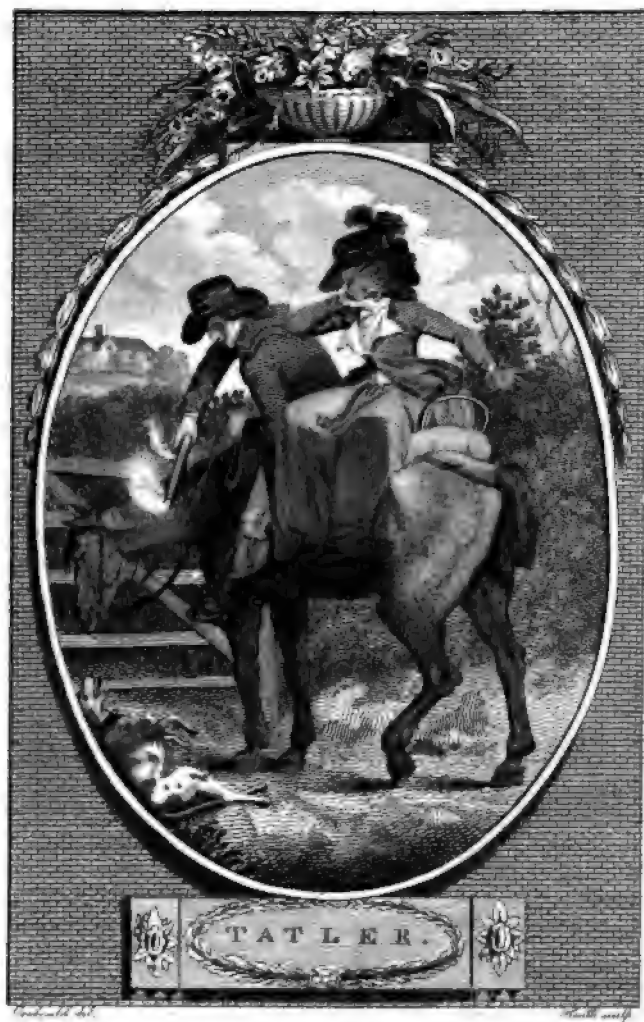
her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, in which, by the way, there was no pin-money, and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her understand wariness of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed her from being guilty of violence, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on the skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had, the day before, brought in to seat his dogs on the arrival of his new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, but somewhat positive, manner, desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the matter, to shew the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol, and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steeds stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered; however, the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if

he frightened his wife so again, he would run him through! and alas! the poor animal, being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife—'Child, pr'ythee take up the saddle;' which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands; where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh: but as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer was made by one—'Tell him I will come by and by;' and another, that she would come when the cards were out of her hand, and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with—'My dear, would you speak with me?' He received her in his arms, and after repeated caresses tells her the experiment, confesses his good nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

I received the following letter with a dozen of wine, and cannot but do justice to the liquor, and give my testimony, that I have tried it upon several of my acquaintance, who were given to impertinent abbreviations, with great success.

MR. RICKERSTAFF,

I Send you by this bearer, and not per bearer, a dozen of that claret which is to be sold at Garraway's Coffee-house, on Thursday the fifth day of October  
next.





I can assure you I have found by experience the efficacy of it, in amendment you complain of in your last. My first draught of it has some effect on the speech of the drinker, and all the letters taken away by the so justly complained of. Will

Hazard was cured of his hypochondria by three glasses; and the gentleman, who gave you an account of his late indisposition, has in public company, after the first quart, spoke every syllable of the word Plenipotentiary. Yours, &c.

## CCXXXII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1710.

MY OWN APARTMENT; OCT. 1.

I have received the following letter from my unfortunate old acquaintance Upholsterer, who, I observed, had presented himself from the bench at the other end of the Mall. Having not met him for some time, I was in fear I should soon hear of his death; especially as he never appeared, though the noons were of late pretty warm, and the place at that place very full from the twelve to three, which the sages of the board employ in conference, while the hinking part of mankind are eating and drinking for the support of their private persons, without any regard to the public.

I should have waited on you very frequently to have discoursed you upon matters of moment, but that I love well informed in the subject upon which I consult my friends, before I enter into debate with them. I have been, with the utmost care and diligence, applied myself to the reading all sorts of writings and pamphlets which have come out since the trial, and have studied them day in and day out to be master of the whole controversy: but the authors are numerous, and the state of affairs is so very fast, that I am now a far behind hand in my reading, and only how things stood twelve days ago. I wish you would enter into those subjects; for, if I may be allowed to say so, there are no times to jest as for my own part, you know well that I am of a public spirit, very much regarded my own interest, but further; and let me tell you, that some people are minding only their lives and families, and others are engaged only of their own country,

things go on strangely in the North. I foresee very great evils arising from the neglect of transactions at a distance; for which reason I am now writing a letter to a friend in the country, which I design as an answer to the Czar of Muscovy's letter to the Grand Signior concerning his Majesty of Sweden. I have endeavoured to prove, that it is not reasonable to expect that his Swedish Majesty should leave Bender without forty thousand men; and I have added to this an apology for the Cossacks. But the matter multiplies upon me, and I grow dim with much writing; therefore desire, if you have an old green pair of spectacles, such as you used about your fiftieth year, that you would send them to me; as also, that you would please to desire Mr. Morphew to send me in a bushel of coals on the credit of my answer to his Czarian Majesty; for I design it shall be printed for Morphew, and the weather grows sharp. I shall take it kindly if you would order him also to send me the papers as they come out. If there are no fresh pamphlets published, I compute that I shall know before the end of the next month what has been done in town to this day. If it were not for an ill custom lately introduced by a certain author, of talking Latin at the beginning of papers, matters would be in a much clearer light than they are: but to our comfort, there are solid writers who are not guilty of this pedantry. The Postman writes like an angel; the Moderator is fine reading: it would do you no harm to read the Post-boy with attention; he is very deep of late. He is instructive; but I confess a little satirical: a sharp pen! he cares not what he says. The Examiner is admirable, and is become a grave and substantial author. But above all, I am at a loss how to govern myself in

my judgment of those whose whole writings consist in interrogatories: and then the way of answering, by proposing questions as hard to them, is quite as extraordinary. As for my part, I tremble at these novelties; we expose, in my opinion, our affairs too much by it. You may be sure the French King will spare no cost to come at the reading of them. I dread to think if the fable of the Black-birds should fall into his hands. But I shall not venture to say more until I see you. In the mean time, I am, &c.

P. S. I take the *Bender* letter in the *Examiner* to be spurious.

This unhappy correspondent, whose fantastical loyalty to the King of Sweden has reduced him to this low condition of reason and fortune, would appear much more monstrous in his madness, did we not see crowds very little above his circumstances from the same cause, a passion to politics.

It is no unpleasant entertainment to consider the commerce even of the sexes interrupted by difference in state affairs. A wench and her gallant parted last week upon the words *Unlimited and Passive*: and there is such a jargon of terms got into the mouths of the very silliest of the women, that you cannot come into a room even among them, but you find them divided into Whig and Tory. What heightens the humour is, that all the hard words they know, they certainly suppose to be terms useful in the disputes of the parties. I came in this day where two were in very hot debate; and one of them proposed to me to explain to them what was the difference between *Circumcision* and *Predestination*. You may be sure I was at a loss; but they were too angry at each other to wait for my explanation,

but proceeded to lay open the whole state of affairs, instead of the usual topic of dress, gallantry, and scandal.

I have often wondered how it should be possible that this turn to politics should so universally prevail, to the exclusion of every other subject out of conversation; and upon mature consideration, find it is for want of discourse. Look round you among all the young fellows you meet, and you see those who have the least relish for books, company, or pleasure, though they have no manner of qualities to make them succeed in those pursuits, shall make very passable politicians. Thus the most barren invention shall find enough to say to make one appear an able man in the top coffee-houses. It is but adding a certain vehemence in uttering yourself, let the thing you say be never so flat, and you shall be thought a very sensible man, if you were not too hot. As Love and Honour are the noblest motives of life; so the pretenders to them, without being animated by them, are the most contemptible of all sorts of pretenders. The unjust affectation of any thing that is laudable is ignominious in proportion to the worth of the thing we affect: thus, as love of one's country is the most glorious of all passions, to see the most ordinary tools in a nation give themselves airs that way, without any one good quality in their own life, has something in it romantic, yet not so ridiculous as odious.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. Bickerstaff has received Sylvia's letter from the Bath, and his sister is set out thither. Tom Frontley, who is one of the guides for the town, is desired to bring her into company, and oblige her with a mention in his next lampoon.

CCXXXII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1710.

SUNT CERTA PIACULA, QUÆ TE  
TER PULS LECTO POTERUNT RECREARE LIBELLO.

HOR. EP. I. LIB. I. VER. 36.

AND, LIKE A CHARM, TO TH' UPRIGHT MIND AND PURE,  
IF THrice READ O'ER, WILL YIELD A CERTAIN CURE.

R. WYNN.

MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 4.

WHEN the mind has been perplexed with anxious cares and s, the best method of bringing it usual state of tranquillity, is, as as we possibly can, to turn our its to the adversities of persons of consideration in virtue and merit ourselves. By this means all the accidents of our own lives, if they fortunate, seem to be the effect ice upon our faults, and indifis. When those whom we know excellent and deserving of a better e wretched, we cannot but resign res, whom most of us know to a much worse state than that we ced in. For such and many other ns, there is one admirable relahich one might recommend for a periods of one's life, to touch, rt, and improve the heart of man. says somewhere, the pleasures of bandman are next to those of a spher. In like manner one may or methinks they bear the same rion one to another, the pleasures manity are next to those of devo. In both these latter satisfactions, is a certain humiliation which the soul above it's ordinary state. e same time that it lessens our vaourselfes, it enlarges our estimaof others. The history I am going ak of is that of Joseph in Holy which is related with such mamplicity, that all the parts of it us with strong touches of nature compassion; and he must be a er to both who can read it with ion, and not be overwhelmed with icistitudes of joy and sorrow. I it will not be a prophanation to tell 's way here, that they, who may thinking enough to be more frely readers of such papers as this of Sacred Writ, may be advertised, the greatest pleasures the imagi-

nation can be entertained with are to be found there, and that even the stile of the Scriptures is more than human.

Joseph, a beloved child of Israel, became invidious to his elder brethren, for no other reason but his superior beauty and excellence of body and mind, insomuch that they could not bear his growing virtue, and let him live. They therefore conspire his death; but Nature pleaded so strongly for him in the heart of one of them, that by his persuasion they determined rather to bury him in a pit, than be his immediate executioners with their own hands. When thus much was obtained for him, their minds still softened towards him, and they took the opportunity of some passengers to sell him into Egypt. Israel was persuaded by the artifice of his sons, that the youth was torn to pieces by wild beasts: but Joseph was sold to slavery, and still exposed to new misfortunes, from the same cause as before, his beauty and his virtue. By a false accusation he was committed to prison, but in process of time delivered from it, in consideration of his wisdom and knowledge, and made the governor of Pharaoh's house. In this elevation of his fortune, his brothers were sent into Egypt to buy necessaries of life in a famine. As soon as they are brought into his presence, he beholds, but he beholds with compassion, the men who had sold him to slavery, approaching him with awe and reverence. While he was looking over his brethren, he takes a resolution to indulge himself in the pleasure of stirring their and his own affections, by keeping himself concealed, and examining into the circumstances of their family. For this end, with an air of severity, as a watchful minister to Pharaoh, he accuses them as spies, who are come into Egypt with designs against the state. This led them into the account which he wanted of them, the condition of their ancient father and little brother, whom they had left

left behind them. When he had learned that his brother was living, he demands the bringing him to Egypt, as a proof of their veracity.

But it would be a vain and empty endeavour, to attempt laying this excellent representation of the passions of man in the same colours as they appear in the sacred Writ, in any other manner, or almost any other words, than those made use of in the page itself. I am obliged therefore, to turn my designed narration rather into a comment upon the several parts of that beautiful and passionate scene. When Joseph expects to see Benjamin, how natural and how forcible is the reflection—'This affliction is come upon us in that we saw the anguish of our brother's soul without pity?' How moving must it be to Joseph to hear Reuben accuse the rest, that they would not hear what he pleaded in behalf of his innocence and distress? He turns from them, and weeps; but commands his passion so far as to give orders for binding one of them in the presence of the rest, while he at leisure observed their different sentiments and concern in their gesture and countenance. When Benjamin is demanded in bondage for stealing the cup, with what force, and what resignation does Judah address his brother!

'In what words shall I speak to my lord? With what confidence can I say any thing? Our guilt is but too apparent; we submit to our fate. We are my lord's servants, both we and he also with whom the cup is found.' When that is not accepted, how pathetically does he recapitulate the whole story? And approaching nearer to Joseph, delivers himself as follows; which, if we fix our thoughts upon the relation between the pleader and the judge, it is impossible to read without tears.

SIR,

'LET me intrude so far upon you, even in the high condition in which

'you are, and the miserable one in which you see me and my brethren, to inform you of the circumstances of us unhappy men that prostrate ourselves before you. When we were first examined by you, you enquired, for what reason my lord enquired we know not; but you enquired, whether we had not a father, or a brother? We then acquainted you, that we had a father, an old man, who had a child of his old age, and had buried another son, whom he had by the same woman. You were pleased to command us to bring the child he had remaining down to you: we did so; and he has forfeited his liberty. But my father said to us—"You know that my wife bare me two sons; one of them was torn in pieces: if mischief befall this also, it will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." Accepted therefore, O my lord! me for your bondman, and let the lad return with his brethren, that I may not see the evil that shall come on my father.' Here Joseph's passion grew too great for further disguise, and he reveals himself with exclamations of transport and tenderness.

After their recovery from their first astonishment, his brethren were seized with fear for the injuries they had done him; but how generously does he keep them in countenance, and make an apology for them—"Be not angry with yourselves for selling me hither; call it not so, but think Providence sent me before you to preserve life."

It would be endless to go through all the beauties of this sacred narrative; but any one who shall read it, at an hour when he is disengaged from all other regards or interests than what arise from it, will feel the alternate passion of a father, a brother, and a son, so warm in him, that they will incline him to exert himself, in such of those characters as happen to be his, much above the ordinary course of his life.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXXXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 6.

I Have reason to believe, that certain of my contemporaries have made use of an art, I some time ago professed, of

being often designedly dull; and for that reason shall not exert myself when I see them lazy. He that has so much to struggle with, as the man who pretends to censure others, must keep up his fire for

for an onset, and may be allowed to carry his arms a little carelessly upon an ordinary march. This paper therefore shall be taken up by my correspondents, two of which have lent me the two following plain, but sensible and honest letters, upon subjects no less important than those of Education and Devotion.

SIR,

I Am an old man retired from all acquaintance with the town, but what I have from your papers, not the worst entertainment of my solitude; yet being still a well-wisher to my country, and the commonwealth of learning (*à qua confiteor nullam ætatis mee partem abhorruisse*) and hoping the plain phrase in writing that was current in my younger days would have lasted for my time, I was startled at the picture of modern politeness, transmitted by your ingenious correspondent, and grieved to see our sterling English language fallen into the hands of Clippers and Coiners. That mutilated epistle, consisting of Hippo, Rep's, and such like enormous curtailings, was a mortifying spectacle, but with the reserve of comfort to find this and other abuses of our mother tongue, so pathetically complained of, and to the proper person for redressing them, the Censor of Great Britain.

He had before represented the deplorable ignorance that for several years past has reigned amongst our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and continual corruption of our style. But, Sir, before you give yourself the trouble of prescribing remedies for these disorders, which you own will require the greatest care and application, give me leave, having long had my eye upon these mischiefs, and thoughts exercised about them, to mention what I humbly conceive to be the cause of them, and in your friend Horace's words—*Quo fonte derivata clades in patriam populumque fluxit.*

I take our corrupt ways of writing to proceed from the mistakes and wrong measures in our common methods of education, which I always looked upon as one of our national grievances, and a singularity that renders us, no less than our situation—

——*Pœnitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*  
VIRG. ECL. I. VER. 67.

A race of men from all the world disjoint'd.  
DRYDEN.

This puts me upon consulting the most celebrated critics on that subject, to compare our practice with their precepts, and find where it was that we came short, or went wide.

But after all, I found our case required something more than these doctors had directed, and the principal defect of our English discipline to lie in the initiatory part, which, although it needs the greatest care and skill, is usually left to the conduct of those blind guides, viz. Chance and Ignorance.

I shall trouble you but with a single instance, pursuant to what your sagacious friend has said, that he could furnish you with a catalogue of English books, which would cost you an hundred pounds at first hand, wherein you could not find ten lines together of common Grammar; which is a necessary consequence of our mismanagement in that province.

For can any thing be more absurd than our way of proceeding in this part of literature? to push tender wits into the intricate mazes of Grammar, and a Latin Grammar? to learn an unknown art by an unknown tongue? to carry them a dark round about way to let them in at a back-door? Whereas by teaching them first the Grammar of their mother-tongue so easy to be learned, their advance to the Grammars of Latin and Greek would be gradual and easy; but our precipitate way of hurrying them over such a gulph, before we have built them a bridge to it, is a shock to their weak understandings, which they seldom, or very late, recover. In the mean time we wrong Nature, and slander infants, who want neither capacity nor will to learn, until we put them upon service beyond their strength; and then indeed we balk them.

The liberal arts and sciences are all beautiful as the Graces; nor has Grammar, the severe mother of all, so frightful a face of her own; it is the viar'd put upon it that scares children. She is made to speak hard words, that to them sound like conjuring. Let her talk intelligibly, and they will listen to her.

In this, I think, as on other accounts, we shew ourselves true Britons, always overlooking our natural advantages. It has been the practice of the wisest nations to learn their own language by stated rules, to avoid the confusion that would follow from leaving it to vulgar use. Our English tongue, says a learn-  
ed



ed man, is the most determinate in it's construction, and reducible to the fewest rules; whatever language has less grammar in it, is not intelligible; and whatever has more, all that it has more is superfluous; for which reasons he would have it made the foundation of learning Latin and all other languages.

To speak and write without absurdity the language of one's country, is commendable in persons of all stations, and to some indispensably necessary; and to this purpose, I would recommend above all things the having a Grammar of our mother-tongue first taught in our schools, which would facilitate our youths learning their Latin and Greek Grammars, with spare time for Arithmetic, Astronomy, Cosinography, History, &c. that would make them pass the spring of their life with profit and pleasure, that is now miserably spent in grammatical perplexities.

But here, methinks, I see the reader smile, and ready to ask me, as the lawyer did Sexton Diego on his bequeathing rich legacies to the poor of the parish, Where are these mighty sums to be raised? Where is there such a Grammar to be had? I will not answer, as he did—'Even where your worship pleases.' No, it is our good fortune to have such a Grammar with notes, now in the press, and to be published next term.

I hear it is a chargeable work, and with the publisher to have customers of all that have need of such a book; yet fancy that he cannot be much a sufferer, if it is only bought by all that have more need for it than they think they have.

A certain author brought a poem to Mr. Cowley, for his perusal and judgment of the performance, which he demanded at the next visit with a poetaster's assurance; and Mr. Cowley, with his usual modesty, desired that he would be pleased to look a little to the Grammar of it.—'To the Grammar of it!

'what do you mean, Sir, would you send me to school again?'—'Why Mr. ———, would it do you any harm?'

This put me on considering how this voyage of literature may be made with more safety and profit, expedition and delight; and at last, for completing so good a service, to request your directions in so deplorable a case; hoping that, as you have had compassion on our overgrown coxcombs in concerns of less consequence, you will exert your charity towards innocents, and vouchsafe to be guardian to the children and youth of Great Britain in this important affair of Education, wherein mistakes and wrong measures have so often occasioned their aversion to books; that had otherwise proved the chief ornament and pleasure of their life. I am, with sincerest respect, Sir,

Your's, &c.

ST. CLEMENT'S, OCT. 5.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Observe, as the season begins to grow cold, so does people's Devotion; inso-much that instead of filling the churches, that united zeal might keep one warm there, one is left to freeze in almost bare walls, by those who in hot weather are troublesome the contrary way. This, Sir, needs a regulation that none but you can give to it, by causing those who absent themselves on account of weather only this winter-time, to pay the apothecaries bills occasioned by coughs, catarrhs, and other distempers contracted by sitting in empty seats. Therefore to you I apply myself for redress, having got such a cold on Sunday was seven-night, that has brought me almost to your worship's age from sixty, in less than a fortnight. I am your worship's in all obedience,

W. E.

N° CCXXXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1710.

SCIT GENIUS, NATALE COMES QUI TEMPERAT ASTRUM.

HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 2. VER. 187.

BUT WHENCE THESE TURNS OF INCLINATION ROSE,  
THE GENIUS THIS, THE GOD OF NATURE, KNOWS:  
THAT MYSTIC POWER, WHICH OUR ACTIONS GUIDES,  
ATTENDS OUR STARS, AND O'ER OUR LIVES PRESIDES.      FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 9.

**A**MONG those inclinations which are common to all men, there is none more unaccountable than that unequal love by which parents distinguish their children from each other. Sometimes vanity and self-love appear to have a share towards this effect; and in other instances I have been apt to attribute it to mere instinct: but however that is, we frequently see the child, that has been beholden to neither of these impulses in his parents, in spite of being neglected, snubbed, and thwarted at home, acquire a behaviour which makes him as agreeable to all the rest of the world, as that of every one else of their family is to each other. I fell into this way of thinking from an intimacy which I have with a very good house in our neighbourhood, where there are three daughters of a very different character and genius. The eldest has a great deal of wit and cunning; the second has good sense, but no artifice; the third has much vivacity, but little understanding. The first is a fine, but scornful woman; the second is not charming, but very winning; the third is no way commendable, but very desirable. The father of these young creatures was ever a great pretender to wit, the mother a woman of as much coquetry. This turn in the parents has biased their affections towards their children. The old man supposes the eldest of his own genius, and the mother looks upon the youngest as herself renewed. By this means, all the lovers that approach the house are discarded by the father for not observing Mrs. Mary's wit and beauty, and by the mother for being blind to the spirit and air of Mrs. Biddy. Come never so many pretenders, they are not suspected to have the least thought of Mrs. Betty, the middle daughter. Betty therefore is mortified into a woman of

a great deal of merit; and knows she must depend on that only for her advancement. The middlemost is thus the favourite of all her acquaintance, as well as mine; while the other two carry a certain insolence about them in all conversations, and expect the partiality which they meet with at home to attend them wherever they appear. So little do parents understand that they are, of all people, the least judges of their children's merit, that what they reckon such is seldom any thing else but a repetition of their own faults and infirmities.

There is, methinks, some excuse for being particular, when one of the offspring has any defect in nature. In this case, the child, if we may so speak, is so much the longer the child of it's parents, and calls for the continuance of their care and indulgence from the slowness of it's capacity, or the weakness of it's body. But there is no enduring to see men enamoured only at the sight of their own impertinencies repeated, and to observe, as we may sometimes, that they have a secret dislike of their children for a degeneracy from their very crimes. Commend me to Lady Goodly; she is equal to all her own children, but prefers them to those of all the world beside. My lady is a perfect hen in the care of her brood; she fights and squabbles with all that appear where they come, but is wholly unbiassed in dispensing her favours among them. It is no small pains she is at to defame all the young women in her neighbourhood by visits, whispers, intimations, and hearsays; all which she ends with thanking heaven that no one living is so blessed with such obedient and well-inclined children as herself. 'Perhaps,' says she, 'Betty cannot dance like Mrs. Frontinet, and it is no great matter whether she does or not; but she comes into a room with

‘ a good grace; though she says it that should not, she looks like a gentlewoman. Then if Mrs. Rebecca is not so talkative as the mighty wit Mrs. Clapper, yet she is discreet, she knows better what she says when she does speak. If her wit be slow, her tongue never runs before it.’ This kind parent lifts up her eyes and hands in congratulation of her own good fortune, and is maliciously thankful that none of her girls are like any of her neighbours: but this preference of her own to all others is grounded upon an impulse of nature; while those, who like one before another of their own, are so unpardonably unjust, that it could hardly be equalled in the children, though they pictured all the rest of the world to such parents. It is no unpleasant entertainment to see a ball at a dancing-school, and observe the joy of relations when the young ones, for whom they are concerned, are in motion. You need not be told whom the dancers belong to: at their first appearance, the passions of their parents are in their faces, and there is always a nod of approbation stolen at a good step, or a graceful turn.

I remember, among all my acquaintance, but one man whom I have thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and one daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous way. I have often heard him say, he had the weakness to love one much better than the other, but that he took as much pains to correct that as any other criminal passion that could arise in his mind. His method was, to make it the only pretention in

his children to his favour, to be kind to each other; and he would tell them, that he who was the best brother, he would reckon the best son. This turned their thoughts into an emulation for the superiority in kind and tender affection towards each other. The boys behaved themselves very early with a manly friendship; and their sister, instead of the gross familiarities, and impertinent freedoms in behaviour, usual in other houses, was always treated by them with as much complaisance as any other young lady of their acquaintance. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit, or sit at a meal, in that family. I have often seen the old man’s heart flow at his eyes with joy, upon occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were strangers to the turn of his mind; but a very slight accident, wherein he saw his children’s good-will to one another, created in him the godlike pleasure of loving them because they loved each other. This great command of himself, in hiding his first impulse to partiality, at last improved to a steady justice towards them; and that, which at first was but an expedient to correct his weakness, was afterwards the measure of his virtue.

The truth of it is, those parents, who are interested in the care of one child more than that of another, no longer deserve the name of parents, but are in effect as childish as their children, in having such unreasonable and ungoverned inclinations. A father of this sort has degraded himself into one of his own offspring; for none but a child would take part in the passions of children.

Nº CCXXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1710.

NE SCIO QUA NATALE SOLUM DULCEDINE MENTEM  
TANGIT, ET IMMOREM NON SINIT ESSE SUJ. OVID.

A NAMELESS FONDNESS FOR OUR NATIVE CLIME  
TRIUMPHS O’ER CHANGE, AND ALL-DEVOURING TIME,  
OUR NEXT REGARDS OUR FRIENDS AND KINDRED CLAIM;  
AND EVERY BOSOM FEELS THE SYMPATHETIC FLAME. R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 11.

I Find in the registers of my family, that the branch of the Bickerstaffs, from which I am descended, came ori-

ginally out of Ireland. This has given me a kind of natural affection for that country. It is therefore with pleasure that I see not only some of the greatest warriors, but also of the greatest wits,

## THE TATLER.

to be natives of that kingdom. The gentleman who writes the following letter is one of these last. The matter of fact contained in it is literally true, though the diverting manner in which it is told may give it the colour of a fable.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE,  
AT HIS HOUSE IN GREAT-BRITAIN.

SIR,

DUBLIN.

**FINDING** by several passages of your Tatlers, that you are a person curious in natural knowledge, I thought it would not be unacceptable to you to give you the following history of the migration of Frogs into this country. There is an ancient tradition among the wild philosophers of this kingdom, that the whole island was once as much infested by Frogs, as that wherein Whittington made his fortune was by mice. In so much that it is said, Mackdohald the First could no more sleep, by reason of these Dutch nightingales, as they are called at Paris, than Pharaoh could when they croaked in his bed-chamber. It was in the reign of this great monarch that St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, being as famous for destroying of vermin as any rat-catcher of our times. If we may believe the tradition, he killed more in one day than a flock of storks could have done in a twelvemonth. From that time, for about five hundred years, there was not a Frog to be heard in Ireland, notwithstanding the bogs still remained, which in former ages had been so plentifully stocked with those inhabitants.

When the arts began to flourish in the reign of King Charles the Second, and that great monarch had placed himself at the head of the Royal Society, to lead them forward into the discoveries of nature, it is said, that several proposals were laid before his Majesty, for the importing of Frogs into Ireland. In order to it, a virtuoso of known abilities was unanimously elected by the Society, and intrusted with the whole management of that affair. For this end, he took along with him a sound able-bodied Frog, of a strong hale constitution, that had given proofs of his vigour by several leaps that he made before that learned body. They took ship, and sailed together until they came within sight of the hill of Hoath, before

the Frog discovered any sign being indisposed by his voyage the wind chopped about, and a blow from the Irish coast, he sick, or rather land-sick; for his companion ascribed it to the foul soil with which the wind was impregnated. He was confirmed conjecture, when, upon the wind being about, his fellow-traveler recovered, and continued in good health until his arrival upon the shore, he suddenly relapsed, and expired in a Ring's-End car in his way to Lin. The same experiment was made several times in that reign for the purpose. A Frog was never taken three leaps upon Irish soil, he stretched himself out, and

Whether it were that the fear on this side the water despairing the island with this use, or whether in the following manner not thought proper to undecle of a Popish saint; I do not see any further progress made fair, until about two years after the battle of the Boyne.

It was then that an ingenious man to the honour as well as improve his native country, performed what the English had been so long attempting in vain. This learned man, at the hazard of his life, made a voyage to Liverpool, where he filled several barrels with the choicest spawn of Frogs, which could be found in those parts. His cargo he brought over vessel, and afterwards disposed of it in warm beds, that he thought would be able of bringing it to life.

He was a very ingenious physician, a very good Protestant; for when he shewed his zeal against popery, some of the most promising of his very fountain that is dedicated to a saint, and known by the name of Patrick's Well, where there is the impudence to make their appearance. They have, since that time, very much increased and are now all the neighbourhood of the city have here some curious observations of natural history, who observe them with a design to come many years they will be sent from Dublin to Wexford. I am informed, not one of them has passed the mountains of Wick.

I am further informed, that the graziers of the county of

entered into a project of planting a colony in those parts, at the instance of the French Protestants; and I know not but the same design may be on foot in other parts of the kingdom, if the wisdom of the British nation do not think fit to prohibit the further importation of English Frogs. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T. B.

There is no study more becoming a rational creature than that of Natural Philosophy; but as several of our modern virtuosos manage it, their speculations do not so much tend to open and enlarge the mind, as to contract and fix it upon trifles.

This in England is in a great measure owing to the worthy elections that are so frequently made in our Royal Society. They seem to be in a confederacy against men of polite genius, noble thought, and diffusive learning; and chuse into their assemblies such as have no pretence to wisdom, but want of wit; or to natural knowledge, but ignorance of every thing else. I have made observations in this matter so long, that when I meet with a young fellow that is an humble admirer of these sciences, but more dull than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

## Nº CCXXXVII: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1710.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS MUTATAS DICERE FORMAS  
CORPORA.

OVID.

OF BODIES CHANG'D TO VARIOUS FORMS I SING. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 13.

COMING home last night before my usual hour, I took a book into my hand, in order to divert myself with it until bed-time. Milton chanced to be my author, whose admirable poem of *Paradise Lost* serves at once to fill the mind with pleasing ideas, and with good thoughts, and was therefore the most proper book for my purpose. I was amusing myself with that beautiful passage in which the poet represents Eve sleeping by Adam's side, with the devil sitting at her ear, and inspiring evil thoughts, under the shape of a toad. Ithuriel, one of the guardian angels of the place, taking his nightly round, saw the great enemy of mankind hid in this loathsome animal, which he touched with his spear. This spear being of a celestial temper, had such a secret virtue in it, that whatever it was applied to, immediately slung off all disguise, and appeared in it's natural figure. I am afraid the reader will not pardon me, if I content myself with explaining the passage in prose, without giving it in the author's own inimitable words.

— On he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the morn: these to the bower direct,  
In search of whom they sought. Him there  
they found,

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;

Effaying by his devilish art to reach  
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
Illusions as he lists, phantasms and dreams;  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
The animal spirits, (that from pure blood arise  
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure) thence  
raise

At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride.  
Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear  
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
Of force to his own likeness. Up he starts  
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,  
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;  
So started up in his own shape the fiend.

I could not forbear thinking how happy a man would be in the possession of this spear; or what an advantage it would be to a minister of state, were he master of such a white staff. It would help him to discover his friends from his enemies, men of abilities from pretenders: it would hinder him from being imposed upon by appearances and professions; and might be made use of as a kind of state-test, which no artificer could elude.

These thoughts made very lively impressions on my imaginations, which were improved, instead of being defaced, by

by sleep, and produced in me the following dream: I was no sooner fallen asleep, but methought the angel Ithuriel appeared to me, and, with a smile that still added to his celestial beauty, made me a present of the spear which he held in his hand, and disappeared. To make trials of it, I went into a place of public resort.

The first person that passed by me was a lady that had a particular shyness in the cast of her eye, and a more than ordinary reservedness in all the parts of her behaviour. She seemed to look upon man as an obscene creature, with a certain scorn and fear of him. In the height of her airs I touched her gently with my wand, when, to my unpeakable surprize, she fell upon her back, and kicked up her heels in such a manner, as made me blush in my sleep. As I was halting away from this undisguised prude, I saw a lady in earnest discourse with another, and overheard her say, with some vehemence—'Never tell me of him, for I am resolved to die a virgin!' I had a curiosity to try her; but as soon as I laid my wand upon her head, she immediately fell in labour. My eyes were diverted from her by a man and his wife, who walked near me hand in hand after a very loving manner. I gave each of them a gentle tap, and the next instant saw the woman in breeches, and the man with a fan in his hand. It would be tedious to describe the long series of metamorphoses that I entertained myself with in my night's adventure, of Whigs disguised in Tories, and Tories in Whigs; men in red coats that denounced terror in their countenances, trembling at the touch of my spear; others in black, with peace in their mouths, but swords in their hands. I could tell stories of Noblemen changed into Usurers, and Magistrates into Beadles; of Free-thinkers into Penitents, and Reformers into Whore-masters. I must not, however, omit the mention of a grave citizen who passed by me with an huge clasped Bible under his arm, and a band of a most immoderate breadth; but upon a touch on the shoulder, he let drop his book, and fell a picking my pocket.

In the general I observed, that those who appeared good, often disappointed my expectations; but that, on the contrary, those who appeared very bad, still grew worse upon the experiment; as the

toad in Milton, which one would have thought the most deformed part of the creation, at Ithuriel's stroke, became more deformed, and started up into a devil.

Among all the persons that I touched, there was but one who stood the test of my wand; and after many repetitions of the stroke, stuck to his form, and remained steady and fixed in his first appearance. This was a young man who boasted of foul distempers, wild debauches, insults upon holy men, and affronts to religion.

My heart was extremely troubled at this vision. The contemplation of the whole species, so entirely sunk in corruption, filled my mind with a melancholy that is inexpressible, and my discoveries still added to my affliction.

In the midst of these sorrows which I had in my heart, methought there passed by me a couple of coaches with purple liveries. There sat in each of them a person with a very venerable aspect. At the appearance of them, the people who were gathered round me in great multitudes divided into parties, as they were disposed to favour either of those reverend persons: the enemies of one of them begged me to touch him with my wand, and assured me I should see his lawn converted into a cloak. The opposite party told me with as much assurance, that if I laid my wand upon the other, I should see his garments embroidered with flower-de-luces, and his head covered with a cardinal's hat. I made the experiment, and to my great joy, saw them both without any change, distributing their blessings to the people, and praying for those who had reviled them. 'Is it possible,' thought I, 'that good men, who are so few in number, should be divided among themselves, and give better quarter to the vicious than are in their party, than the most strictly virtuous who are out of it? Are the ties of faction above those of religion?' I was going on in my soliloquies, but some sudden accident awakened me, when I found my hand grasped, but my spear gone. The reflection on so very odd a dream, made me figure to myself what a strange case the world would bear, should all mankind appear in their proper shapes and characters, without hypocrisy and disguise. I am afraid the earth we live upon would appear to other intellectual beings

beings no better than a planet peopled with monsters. This should, methinks, inspire us with an honest ambition of recommending ourselves to those invisible spies, and of being what we would appear. There was one circumstance in my foregoing dream, which I at first intended to conceal; but, upon second thoughts, I cannot look upon myself as

a candid and impartial historian, if I do not acquaint my reader, that upon taking Ithuriel's spear into my hand, though I was before an old decrepit fellow, I appeared a very handsome, jolly, black man. But I know my enemies will say this is praising my own beauty, for which reason I will speak no more of it.

## Nº CCXXXVIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1710.

—POETICA SURGET  
TEMPESTAS—

JUV. SAT. 12. VER. 23.

THUS DREADFUL RISES THE POETIC STORM. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 16.

**S**TORMS at sea are so frequently described by the ancient poets, and copied by the moderns, that whenever I find the winds begin to rise in a new heroic poem, I generally skip a leaf or two until I come into fair weather. Virgil's tempest is a master-piece in this kind, and is indeed so naturally drawn, that one who has made a voyage, can scarce read it without being sea-sick.

Land-showers are no less frequent among the poets than the former, but I remember none of them which have not fallen in the country; for which reason they are generally filled with the lowings of oxen, and the bleatings of sheep, and very often embellished with a rainbow.

Virgil's Land-shower is likewise the best in it's kind: it is indeed a shower of consequence, and contributes to the main design of the poem, by cutting off a tedious ceremonial, and bringing matters to a speedy conclusion between two potentates of different sexes. My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphry Wagstaff, who treats of every subject after a manner that no author has done, and better than any other can do, has sent me the description of a City-shower. I do not question but the reader remembers my cousin's description of the morning as it breaks in town, which is printed in the ninth Tatler, and is another exquisite piece of this local poetry.

**C**AREFUL observers may foretel the hour, By sure prognosticks, when to dread a shower; While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more. Returning home at night, you'll find the sink Strike your offended sense with double sink.

If you be wise, then go not far to dine,  
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.

A coming show'r your shooting corns preface,  
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage.  
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;  
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,  
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,  
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,  
And like a drunkard gives it up again.  
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,  
While the first drizzling show'r is borne aloft.  
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean

Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.  
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop  
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.  
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,

But aided by the wind fought still for life;  
And wasted with it's foe by violent gust,  
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.

Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,  
When dust and rain at once his coat invade;  
His only coat, where dust confus'd with rain  
Roughen the nap, and leave a mingled stain?

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.  
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,  
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.  
The Templer spruce, while every spot's abroad,  
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.  
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,  
While dreams run down her old umbrella's sides.

Here various kinds by various fortunes led,  
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed  
Triumphant

phant Tories, and desponding Whigs,  
 their feuds, and join to save their wigs.  
 in a chair the beau impatient sits,  
 spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;  
 ever and anon with frightful din  
 rather sounds; he trembles from within.  
 Ten Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,  
 ant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,  
 bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,  
 d of paying chairmen, run them  
 through;  
 'n struck the outside with his spear,  
 each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.  
 From all parts the swelling kennels flow,  
 near their trophies with them as they go;

Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell  
 What street they fail'd from, by their sight  
 and smell.  
 They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,  
 From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their  
 course,  
 And in huge confluent join'd at Snow-hill  
 ridge,  
 Fall from the conduit, prone to Holbourn-  
 bridge.  
 Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts,  
 and blood,  
 Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all  
 drench'd in mud,  
 Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling  
 down the flood.

## CCXXXIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1710.

MECUM CERTASSE PERETUR?

OVID. MET. LIB. 13. VER. 20.

SHALL HE CONTEND WITH ME TO GET A NAME?

R. WYNNE.

IN MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 18.

is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who not distinguished himself by his own romances. A judge would make in indifferent figure who had never known at the bar. Cicero was rell the greatest Orator of his age and try, before he wrote a book De ore; and Horace the greatest poet, re he published his Art of Poetry. observation arises naturally in any who casts his eye upon this last mend author, where he will find the isms placed in the latter end of his ; that is, after the finest odes and s in the Latin tongue.

modern, whose name I shall not tion, because I would not make a silly r sell, was born a Critic and an Ex-er, and, like one of the race of the nt's teeth, came into the world a sword in his hand. His works me in mind of the story that is told re German monk, who was taking talogue of a friend's library, and ing with a Hebrew book in it, enl it under the title of—'A book at has the beginning where the end ould be.' This author, in the last is crudities, has amassed together a of quotations, to prove that Ho- and Virgil were both of them mo- r men than myself; and if his works

were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaff was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon this great man runs thus: 'The itch of being very abusive is almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them.' The scurrilous wretch goes on to say, that I am as bad as Tully. His words are these—'And yet the Tatler in his paper of September the twenty-sixth, has outdone him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others.' I am afraid by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch, than he has Tully; if he had, he would have observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has with great delicacy distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand.—'Nevertheless, though he was intemperately fond of his own

praise.



‘praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the ancients and his contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; and many of those sayings are still recorded,’ as that concerning Aristotle, that he was ‘a river of flowing gold: of Plato’s dialogue, that if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did. Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked, Which of Demosthenes his orations he liked best? He answered—“The longest.”

‘And as for the eminent men of his own time either for eloquence or philosophy, there was not one of them which he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render more illustrious.’

Thus the Critic tells us, that Cicero was excessively vain-glorious and abusive; Plutarch, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names, and that in my passion I said, he was a Flea, a Louse, an Owl, a Bat, a small Wit, a Scribbler, and a Nibbler. When he has thus bespoken the reader’s pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of railery, and writ it in great gaiety of heart.—‘After this list of names,’ viz. Flea, Louse, Owl, Bat, &c. ‘I was surprized to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper? I suppose, as he is now very angry and unamiable, he will then be exceedingly courteous and good humoured.’ If I can outlive this railery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of criticism made use of by this author, for I shall take care how I call him a Scribbler again, which may turn into ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts: this the reader will observe in the following words: ‘He,’ meaning me, ‘is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitless in his similes, as a brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a Fox, to Daniel Burges, to the Knight of the Red-Cross, to

‘an Oak with ivy about it, and to a Great Man with an equipage.’ I think myself as much honoured, by being joined in this part of the paper with the gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers without stealing from himself; but to shew you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the author is got into a certain road of criticism, I shall set down his remarks on the works of the gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they stand in his sixth paper, and desire the reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon mine.

‘In thirty lines his patron is a River, the Primum Mobile, a Pilot, a Vic-tim, the Sun, any thing, and nothing. He bestows increase, conceals his source, makes the machine move, teaches to steer, expatiates on our offences, raises vapours, and looks larger as he sets.’

What poem can be safe from this sort of criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended, as at a Wag whom I once met in a coffee-house: he had in his hand one of the *Miscellanies*, and was reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the author, is, I think, as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English tongue.

Flavia the least and slightest toy  
Can with restless art employ.  
This fan in meaner hands would prove  
An engine of small force in love;  
But she with such an air and mien,  
Not to be told or safely seen,  
Directs it a wanton motions so,  
That it wounds more than Cupid’s bow;  
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,  
To every other breast a flame.

When this coxcomb had done reading them—‘Hey-day!’ says he, ‘what instrument is this that Flavia employs in such a manner as is not to be told, nor safely seen? In ten lines it is a toy, a Cupid’s bow, a fan, and an engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.’

Such criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper, we are talking of, falls upon some body whom I am at a loss to guess at; but I

find the whole investive turns upon a man who, it seems, has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the Examiner in mind, that notwithstanding he is a Critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions—'Of being dull by design, witty in October, shining, ex-celling,' and so forth; they are the common cavils of every witting, who has no other methods of shewing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only 'in this particular, but in it's very essence, is like Ovid's Echo—

—*Quæ nec reticere loquens,  
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit*—

OVID. MET. LIB. 3. VER. 357.

She who in other words her silence breaks,  
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

ADDISON:

I should not have deserved the character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the abovementioned author, by a gentle chastisement: but I know my reader will not pardon me, unless I declare that nothing of this nature for the future, unless it be written with some wit, shall divert me from my case of the public.

## Nº CCXL. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1710.

AD POPULUM PHALERAS.———

PERS. SAT. 3. VER. 30,

SUCH PAGEANTRY BE TO THE PEOPLE SHOWN:

THERE BOAST THY HORSE'S TRAPPINGS, AND THY OWN.

DAYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 20.

**I** Do not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon the useful science of Physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of Astrology with it, because I never knew a Physician recommend himself to the public, who had not a sifter art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of Verse as well as Physic; and in all ages, the most celebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the Muses. Poetry to Physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the Doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

*Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.*  
HOR. ART. POET. VER. 309.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.

ROSCOMMON.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe, he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary Quacks and Charlatans are thoroughly sensible, how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claims to some supernumerary accomplishments, which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a Doctor, who was arrived at the knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had discovered the Female Fern-seed. No body every knew what this meant; but the Green and Red Dragon so amused the people, that the

4 A

Doctor

Doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was posited a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

**TETRACHYMAGOGON,**

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill, that it introduced, with an unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have no body but this learned man for their Physician.

I once received an advertisement of one who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen. He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken notice of, but lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for Physic by their birth, as the seventh son of a seventh son; and others by not being born at all, as the Unborn Doctor, who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients; having died worth five hundred pounds per annum, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Doctor Scaffold succeeded my old contemporary Doctor Lilly in the studies both of Physic and Astrology, to which he added that of Poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this place  
Lives Doctor Case.

He is said to have got more by this distich than Mr. Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable artifices, by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a Mountebank's stage, from one end to the other, faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the Doctor. Every great man with a founding title has been his patient. I believe, I have seen twenty Mounte-

banks that have given Physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The Great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the Doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person, who has had many princes, kings, and emperors under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as Physicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by Oratory, and are therefore without controversy the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of Physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present distemper. In short, my recipe is—'Take nothing.'

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember, when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent Mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were very good against an earthquake. It may, perhaps, be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of abstinence, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends, for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence,

it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular.

*Abstine à Fabis.*

‘Abstain from Beans:’

That is, say the interpreters—‘Meddle not with elections;’ beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.

## Nº CCXLI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 23.

A Method of spending one's time agreeably is a thing so little studied, that the common amusement of our young gentlemen, especially of such as are at a distance from those of the first breeding, is Drinking. This way of entertainment has custom on it's side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies, that have been guilty of excess this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the continuance of it. It is very common that events arise from a debauch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a man's reason and good sense about him, his tongue is apt to utter things, out of mere gaiety of heart, which may displease his best friends. Who then would trust himself to the power of wine, without saying more against it, than that it raises the imagination, and depresses the judgment? Were there only this single consideration, that we are less masters of ourselves, when we drink in the least proportion above the exigencies of thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but a little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to himself. As for my part, I ever esteemed a drunkard of all vicious persons the most vicious: for if our actions are to be weighed and considered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him, who puts himself into a circumstance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the duties and offices of life, by a suspension of all his faculties? If a man considers, that he cannot under the oppression of drink be a friend, a gentleman, a master, or a subject; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given

up all that is sacred to him, he would even then think of a debauch with horror: but when he looks still further, and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all, what words can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition? And yet he owns all this of himself, who says he was drunk last night.

As I have all along persisted in it, that all the vicious in general are in a state of death; so I think I may add to the non-existence of Drunkards, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate poison. In my last *Lucubration* I proposed the general use of water-gruel, and hinted that it might not be amiss at this very season: but as there are some, whose cases, in regard to their families, will not admit of delay; I have used my interest in several wards of the city, that the wholesome restorative, above-mentioned, may be given in tavern-kitchens to all the mornings-draught-men, within the walls, when they call for wine before noon. For a further restraint and mark upon such persons, I have given orders, that in all the offices where policies are drawn upon lives, it shall be added to the article which prohibits that the nominee should cross the sea, the words—‘Provided also, that the above-mentioned A. B. shall not drink before dinner during the term mentioned in this indenture.’

I am not without hopes that by this method I shall bring some unuseable friends of mine into shape and breakth, as well as others who are languid and consumptive, into health and vigour. Most of the self-murderers, whom I just hinted at, are such as preserve a certain regularity in taking their poison, and make it mix pretty well with their food:

but the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves are such as in their youth fall into this sort of debauchery; and contract a certain uneasiness of spirit, which is not to be diverted but by tipping as often as they can fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright drunkenness at night. These gentlemen never know the satisfaction of youth; but skip the years of manhood, and are decrepit soon after they are of age. I was godfather to one of these old fellows. He is now three and thirty, which is the grand climacteric of a young Drunkard. I went to visit the crazy wretch this morning, with no other purpose but to rally him under the pain and uneasiness of being sober.

But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man. He that is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home over-loaded with wine, is still more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy comfort of his bestiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between Drunkenness and Chastity. The wretched Astræa, who is the perfection of beauty and innocence, has long been thus condemned for life. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monsters, have nothing in them so terrible as the gift of Astræa to that Bacchanal.

The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear, with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with respect only to the Drunkard himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a word, by allowing, that he, who resigns his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason.

P. S. Among many other enormities, there are two in the following letters which I think should be suddenly amended; but since they are sins of omission only, I shall not make remarks upon them, until I find the delinquents persist in their errors; and the inserting the letters themselves shall be all their present admonition.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

OCT. 16.

SEVERAL that frequent Divine-service at Saint Paul's, as well as myself, having with great satisfaction observed the good effect, which your animadversion had on an excess in performance there; it is requested, that you will take notice of a contrary fault, which is the unconcerned silence, and the motionless postures, of others who come thither. If this custom prevails, the congregation will resemble an audience at a play-house, or rather a silent meeting of Quakers. Your censuring such church-inutes, in the manner you think fit, may make these dissenters join with us, out of fear lest you should further animadvert upon their non-conformity. According as this succeeds, you shall hear from, Sir, your most humble servant,

B. B.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Was the other day in company with a gentleman, who, in reciting his own qualifications, concluded every period with these words: 'The best of any man in England.' Thus for example: he kept the best house of any man in England; he understood this, and that, and the other, the best of any man in England. How harsh and ungrateful soever this expression might sound to one of my nation, yet the gentleman was one whom it no ways became me to interrupt; but perhaps a new term put into his By-words, (as they call a sentence a man particularly affects) may cure him. I therefore took a resolution to apply to you, who, I dare say, can easily persuade this gentleman, whom I cannot believe an enemy to the Union, to mend his phrase, and be hereafter the wisest of any man in Great Britain. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SCOTO-BRITANNUS.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Mr. Humphry Trusbody, wearing his own hair; a pair of buckskin breeches, a hunting-whip; with a new pair of spurs, has complained to the Censor, that on Thursday last he was defrauded of half a crown, under pretence of a duty to the sexton for setting the cathedral of St. Paul; London; It is hereby ordered, that next Monday

requit

require above six-pence of any country gentleman under the age of twenty-five for that liberty; and that all which shall be received above the said sum, of any person, for beholding the inside of that

sacred edifice, be forthwith paid to Mr. Morphew, for the use of Mr. Bickerstaff, under pain of further censure on the above-mentioned extortion.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXLII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1710.

—QUIS INIQUA  
TAM PATIENS URBIS, TAM FERREUS UT TENEAT SE?  
JUV. SAT. I. VER. 30.

TO VIEW SO LEWD A MAN, AND TO REFRAIN,  
WHAT HOOPS OF IRON COULD MY SPLEEN CONTAIN.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 25.

IT was with very great displeasure I heard this day a man say of a companion of his, with an air of approbation—‘You know Tom never fails of saying a spiteful thing. He has a great deal of wit, but satire is his particular talent. Did you mind how he put the young fellow out of countenance, that pretended to talk to him?’ Such impertinent applauses, which one meets with every day, put me upon considering, what true Raillery and Satire were in themselves; and this, methought, occurred to me from reflection upon the great and excellent persons that were admired for talents this way. When I had run over several such in my thoughts, I concluded, however unaccountable the assertion might appear at first sight, that good-nature was an essential quality in a Satirist, and that all the sentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing must proceed from that quality in the author. Good-nature produces a disdain of all baseness, vice, and folly; which prompts them to express themselves with smartness against the errors of men, without bitterness towards their persons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and never lets an offence unseasonably throw a man out of his character. When Virgil said, he that did not hate Bavius might love Mævius, he was in perfect good humour; and was not so much moved at their absurdities, as passionately to call them sots or blockheads in a direct invective, but laughed at them with a delicacy of scorn, without any mixture of anger.

The best good man, with the worst natur’d muse,

was the character among us of a gentleman as famous for his humanity as his wit.

The ordinary subjects for Satire are such as incite the greatest indignation in the best tempers, and consequently men of such a make are the best qualified for speaking of the offences in human life. These men can behold vice and folly, when they injure persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same severity as others resent the ills they do to themselves. A good-natured man cannot see an overbearing fellow put a bashful man of merit out of countenance, or outstrip him in the pursuit of any advantage, but he is on fire to succour the oppressed, to produce the merit of the one, and confront the impudence of the other.

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings; not one sentence of severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it might possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any, but those who deserve it; but in the perusal of these writers it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greatest goodness and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example: therefore the faults

faults that poet falls upon were little inconsistencies in behaviour, false pretences to politeness, or impertinent affectations of what men were not fit for. Vices of a coarser sort could not come under his consideration, or enter the palace of Augustus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under Domitian, in whose reign every thing that was great and noble was banished the habitations of the men in power. Therefore he attacks vice as it passes by in triumph, not as it breaks into conversation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a general degeneracy of manners, are before his eyes in all his writings. In the days of Augustus, to have talked like Juvenal had been madness; or in those of Domitian, like Horace. Morality and virtue are every where recommended in Horace, as became a man in a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, the convenience of pursuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a style which denotes, he fears he shall not be heard without he calls to them in their own language, with a barefaced mention of the villanies and obscenities of his contemporaries.

This accidental talk of these two great men carries me from my design, which was to tell some coxcombs that run about this town with the name of Smart Satirical Fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the characters they pretend to, of being severe upon other men; for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter as rally agreeably, without being good-natured.

There is a certain impartiality necessary to make what a man says bear any weight with those he speaks to. This quality, with respect to men's errors and vices, is never seen but in good-natured men. They have ever such a frankness of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impressions of unkindness without mature deliberation; and writing or speaking ill of a man upon personal considerations is so irreparable and mean an injury, that no one possessed of this quality is capable of doing it: but in all ages there have been

interpreters to authors when living, of the same genius with the commentators, into whose hands they fall when dead. I dare say it is impossible for any man of more wit than one of these to take any of the four and twenty letters, and form out of them a name to describe the character of a vicious man with greater life, but one of these would immediately cry — 'Mr. such a one is meant in that place.' But the truth of it is, Satirists describe the age, and backbiters assign their descriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons. For this reason the representations of a good-natured man bear a pleasantry in them, which shews there is no malignity at heart, and by consequence they are attended to by his hearers or readers, because they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can say a thing general enough, to pass off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a passion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had spoken ill of him, used to say — 'I will not take my revenge of him, until I have forgiven him.' What he meant by this was, that he would not enter upon this subject, until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other; and I have by this rule seen him more than once triumph over his adversary with an inimitable spirit and humour; for he came to the assault against a man full of sore places, and he himself invulnerable.

There is no possibility of succeeding in a satirical way of writing or speaking, except a man throws himself quite out of the question. It is great vanity to think any one will attend to a thing, because it is your quarrel. You must make your Satire the concern of society in general, if you would have it regarded. When it is so, the good-nature of a man of wit will prompt him to many brisk and disdainful sentiments and replies, to which all the malice in the world will not be able to repartee.

N<sup>o</sup> CCXLIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1710.

INFERT SE SEPTUS NEBULA, MIRABILE DICTU!  
PER MEDIOS, MISCEſQUE VIRIS, NEQUE CERNITUR ULLI.

VIRG. *ÆN.* I. VER. 443.

CONCEAL'D IN CLOUDS, PRODIGIOUS TO RELATE!  
HE MIX'D, UNMARK'D, AMONG THE BUSY THRO'NG,  
—AND PASS'D UNSEEN ALONG.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, OCT. 27.

I Have somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring; and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of morality. This Gyges was the master-shepherd to King Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a great chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the statue of a horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening them, he found the body of a dead man, bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for, upon his going into the assembly of shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition: but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have with much study and application arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or to speak in Rosycrucian lore, I have entered into the cliffs of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities,

that he at length became king of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others, as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up, and put on my magical ring; and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a Slatern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her cloaths together, to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bedside; when, to my great surprize, after a little muttering, she cried out—'What do you do? Let my petticoat alone.' I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who, to use Shakespeare's expression, are so 'loose of thought,' that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this female Rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a Male Coquette. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table by his bed-side Suckling's Poems, with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair: but while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang that was accompanied



panied by a sudden oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but upon looking nearer, I saw the head-dress of the person who spoke, which shewed her to be a female, with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence, but observed that most of those whom I found awake, were kept so either by envy or by love. Some of these were fighting, and others cursing, in soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His physician and his wife were in close whisper near his bed-side. I overheard the doctor say to the poor gentlewoman—'He cannot possibly live 'till five in the morning.' She received it like the mistress of a family, prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a servant-maid, who said—'Madam, the undertaker is below according to your order.' The words were scarce out of her mouth,

when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice—'Pray, doctor, how went 'bank-stock to-day at 'Change?' This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself further this way: but as I was going home, I saw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying—'And, hand, stand, band, 'fanned, tanned.' I concluded him by this, and the furniture of his room, to be a lunatic; but upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing an heroic upon the ensuing peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurors are obliged to retire to their own apartments, and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half-way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffs, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend the Author of the Atlantis, to furnish a new 'Secret History' of Secret Memoirs.

## Nº CCXLIV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1710.

QUID VOVEAT DULCI NUTRICULA MAJUS ALUMNO,  
QUAM CAPERE, ET FARI UT POSSIT QUÆ SENTIAT?—

HOR. EP. 4. LIS. 3. VER. 8.

WHAT CAN THE FONDEST MOTHER WISH FOR MORE,  
EVEN FOR HER DARLING SON, THAN SOLID SENSE,  
PERCEPTIONS CLEAR, AND FLOWING ELOQUENCE?

B. WYNN.

WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE, OCTOBER 30.

IT is no easy matter, when people are advancing in any thing, to prevent their going too fast for want of patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the prosecution of studies. Hence

it is, that we meet crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affect the flowers of rhetoric before they understand the parts of speech. In the ordinary conversation of this town, there are so many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not

one in twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an ambition to excel, or, as the term is, to shine in company. The matter is not to make themselves understood, but admired. They come together with a certain emulation, rather than benevolence. When you fall among such companions, the safe way is to give yourself up, and let the orators declaim for your esteem, and trouble yourself no further. It is said, that a poet must be born so; but I think it may be much better said of an orator, especially when we talk of our own town poets and orators; but the town poets are full of rules and laws, the town orators go through thick and thin, and are, forsooth, persons of such eminent natural parts and knowledge of the world, that they despise all men as unexperienced scholastics who wait for an occasion before they speak, or who speak no more than is necessary. They had half persuaded me to go to the tavern the other night, but that a gentleman whispered me—'Pr'ythee, Isaac, go with us; there is Tom Varnish will be there, and he is a fellow that talks as well as any man in England.'

I must confess, when a man expresses himself well upon any occasion, and his falling into an account of any subject arises from a desire to oblige the company, or from fulness of the circumstance itself, so that his speaking of it at large is occasioned only by the openness of a companion; I say, in such a case as this, it is not only pardonable, but agreeable, when a man takes the discourse to himself; but when you see a fellow watch for opportunities for being copious, it is excessively troublesome. A man that stammers, if he has understanding, is to be attended with patience and good-nature; but he that speaks more than he needs, has no right to such an indulgence. The man who has a defect in his speech takes pains to come to you; while a man of weak capacity with fluency of speech triumphs in outrunning you. The stammerer strives to be fit for your company; the loquacious man endeavours to shew you, you are not fit for his.

With thoughts of this kind do I always enter into that man's company who is recommended as a person that talks well; but if I were to chuse the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no farther

than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter, among familiar friends there needs but very little care in cloathing them.

Urbanus is, I take it, a man one might live with whole years, and enjoy all the freedom and improvement imaginable, and yet be insensible of a contradiction to you in all the mistakes you can be guilty of. His great good-will to his friends has produced in him such a general deference in his discourse, that if he differs from you in his sense of any thing, he introduces his own thoughts by some agreeable circumlocution; or he has often observed such and such a circumstance that made him of another opinion. Again, where another would be apt to say—'This I am confident of, I may pretend to judge of this matter as well as any body,' Urbanus says—'I am verily persuaded, I believe one may conclude.' In a word, there is no man more clear in his thoughts and expressions than he is, or speaks with greater diffidence. You shall hardly find one man of any consideration, but you shall observe one of less consequence, form himself after him. This happens to Urbanus; but the man who steals from him almost every sentiment he utters in a whole week, disguises the theft by carrying it with a quite different air. Umbratilis knows Urbanus's doubtful way of speaking proceeds from good-nature and good-breeding, and not from uncertainty in his opinions. Umbratilis therefore has no more to do but repeat the thoughts of Urbanus in a positive manner, and appear to the undiscerning a wiser man than the person from whom he borrows: but those who know him can see the servant in his master's habit; and the more he struts, the less do his cloaths appear his own.

In conversation, the medium is neither to affect silence or eloquence; not to value our approbation, and to endeavour to excel us who are of your company. are equal injuries. The great enemies therefore to good company, and those who transgress most against the laws of equality, which is the life of it, are, the Clown, the Wit, and the Pedant. A

clown, when he has sense, is conscious of his want of education, and with an awkward bluntness, hopes to keep himself in countenance, by overthrowing the use of all polite behaviour. He takes advantage of the restraint good-breeding lays upon others not to offend him, to trespass against them, and is under the man's own shelter while he intrudes upon him. The fellows of this class are very frequent in the repetition of the words, *Rough and Manly*. When these people happen to be by their fortunes of the rank of gentlemen, they defend their other absurdities by an impertinent courage; and, to help out the defect of their behaviour, add their being dangerous to their being disagreeable. This gentleman, though he displeases, professes to do so; and knowing that, dares still go on to do so, is not so painful a companion as he who will please you against your will, and resolves to be a wit.

This man upon all occasions, and whoever he falls in company with, talks in the same circle, and in the same round of chat which he has learned at one of the tables of this coffee-house. As poetry is in itself an elevation above ordinary and common sentiments; so there is no fop so very near a madman in indifferent company as a poetical one. He is not apprehensive that the generality of the world are intent upon the business of their own fortune and pro-

fession, and have as little capacity as to enter into matters of ornament or speculation. I remember at a full table in the city, one of those ubiquitous wits was entertaining the company with a soliloquy, for so I call it when a man talks to those who do not understand him, concerning wit and humour. An honest gentleman who sat next to me, and was worth half a plumb, stared at him, and observing there was some sense, as he thought, mixed with his impertinence, whispered me—'Take my word for it, this fellow is more knave than fool.' This was all my good friend's applause of the wittiest man of talk that I was ever present at, which wanted nothing to make it excellent, but that there was no occasion for it.

The Pedant is so obvious to ridicule, that it would be to be one to offer to explain him. He is a gentleman so well known, that there is none but those of his own class who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much reading and little understanding. A Pedant among men of learning and sense, is like an ignorant servant giving an account of a polite conversation. You may find he has brought with him more than could have entered into his head without being there, but still that he is not a bit wiser than if he had not been there at all.

## Nº CCXLV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 1.

**T**HE lady hereafter-mentioned, having come to me in very great haste, and paid me much above the usual fee, as a cunning-man, to find her stolen goods, and also having approved my late discourse of Advertisements, obliged me to draw up this, and insert it in the body of my paper.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

**W**HEREAS Bridget Howd'ye, late servant to the Lady Fardingle, a short, thick, lively, hard-favoured wench, of about twenty-nine years of age, her eyes small and bleared, and nose very broad at bottom, and turning up at the end, her mouth wide, and lips of an

unusual thickness, two teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the tip of her left ear being of a mouse-colour, her voice loud and shrill, quick of speech, and something of a Welsh accent, withdrew herself on Wednesday last from her ladyship's dwelling-house, and, with the help of her consorts, carried off the following goods of her said lady, viz. A thick wadded callico wrapper, a mul-coloured velvet mantle lined with squirrel skins, eight night-shifts, four pair of silk stockings curiously darned, six pair of laced shoes, new and old, with the heels of half two inches higher than their fellows; a quilted petticoat of the largest size, and one of canvas with whalebone hoops; three pair of stays, bolstered below the left shoulder, two

hips of the newest fashion, fix about aprons with pockets, and lined muslin night-rails very little a silver pot for coffee or chocolate lid much bruised; a broad flat silver plate for sugar with wine, a silver ladle for plumbage; a silver cheese-toaster with tongues, an ebony handle, and gilt at the end; a silver posnet to eggs; one caudle and two cordial cups, two cocoa-cups, and an egg, with rims and feet of silver narrow-spoon with a scoop at the end, a silver orange-strainer, eight meat spoons made with forks at the end, an agate-handle knife and fork case, a silver tongue-scraper, a tobacco-box, with a tulip graved top; and a Bible bound in shagreen with gilt leaves and clasps, never but once. Also a small cabinet, six drawers inlaid with tortoiseshell and brass gilt ornaments at the corners, in which were two leather d-cloths, three pair of oiled dog-skins, seven cakes of superfine wool, half a dozen of Portugal and a quire of paper from thence; six of bran-new plumpers, four lead combs, three pair of fashioners-brows, two sets of ivory teeth, the worse for wearing, and one box for common use; Adam and Eve, without fig-leaves, in canvas, curiously wrought with the ship's own hand; several filligories; a crocheted of one hundred and twenty-two diamonds, set deep and deep in silver, with a rumpster the same fashion; bracelets of hair, pomander and seed—a large old purple velvet purse lined, and shutting with a spring, lining two pictures in miniature, figures visible; a broad thick gold with a hand in hand graved upon within this posy—'While life I last, I'll hold thee fast;' another lined with small rubies and sparks, setting; another of Turkey stone, divided through the middle; an Elizabeth and four Jacobus's, one guinea, half of the coin, an angel with a red thread through, a broken half of a piece of gold, a crown-piece, the breeches, an old nine-pence, the ways by Lilly the almanack—for luck at langle-aloo, and of the shells called Blackmoor's

Tooth; one small amber box with apoplectic balsam, and one silver gilt of a larger size for cashu and carryaway-comfits, to be taken at long sermons, the lid enamelled, representing a Cupid fishing for hearts with a piece of gold on his hook; over his head this rhyme: 'Only with gold, you me shall hold.' In the lower drawer was a large new gold repeating watch made by a Frenchman; a gold chain, and all the proper appurtenances hung upon steel swivels, to wit, locketts with the hair of dead and living lovers, seals with arms, emblems and devices cut in cornelian, agate, and onyx, with cupids, hearts, darts, altars, flames, rocks, pickaxes, roses, thorns, and sun-flowers; as also variety of ingenious French mottoes; together with gold etuys for quills, scissors, needles, thimbles, and a sponge dipped in Hungary water, left but the night before by a young lady going upon a frolic incog. There was also a bundle of letters, dated between the years one thousand six hundred and seventy and one thousand six hundred eighty-two, most of them signed Philander, the rest Strephon, Amyntas, Corydon, and Adonis; together with a collection of receipts to make pastes for the hands, pomatums, lip-salves, white-pots, beautifying creams, water of talk, and frog-spawn water; decoctions for clearing the complexion, and an approved medicine to procure abortion.

Whoever can discover the aforesaid goods, so that they may be had again, shall have fifty guineas for the whole, or proportionable for any part.

N.B. Her ladyship is pleased to promise ten pounds for the packet of letters over and above, or five for Philander's only, being her first love. My lady bestows those of Strephon to the finder, being so written that they may serve to any woman who reads them.

## POSTSCRIPT.

As I am patron of persons who have no other friend to apply to, I cannot suppress the following complaint.

SIR,

I Am a Blackmoor boy, and have, by my lady's order, been christened by the chaplain. The good man has gone further with me, and told me a great deal of good news; as, that I am as

good as my lady herself as I am a Christian, and many other things: but for all this, the parrot, who came over with me from our country, is as much esteemed by her as I am. Besides this, the shock-dog has a collar that cost al-

most as much as mine. I desire also to know, whether, now I am a Christian, I am obliged to dress like a Turk, and wear a turban. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

POMPEY.

Nº CCXLVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1710.

VITIIS NEMO SINE NASCITUR; OPTIMUS ILLE  
QUI MINIMIS URGETUR.

HÆR. SAT. 3. LIB. I. VER. 68.

WE HAVE ALL OUR VICES, AND THE BEST  
IS HE, WHO WITH THE FEWEST IS OPPREST.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 3.

WHEN one considers the turn which conversation takes in almost every set of acquaintance, club or assembly, in this town or kingdom, one cannot but observe, that in spite of what I am every day saying, and all the moral writers since the beginning of the world have said, the subject of discourse is generally upon one another's faults. This in a great measure proceeds from Self-conceit, which were to be endured in one or other individual person; but the folly has spread itself almost over all the species; and one cannot only say—'Tom, Jack, or Will,' but in general—'That man is a coxcomb.' From this source it is, that any excellence is faintly received, any imperfection unmercifully exposed. But if things were put in a true light, and we would take time to consider that man in his very nature is an imperfect being, our sense of this matter would be immediately altered, and the word Imperfection would not carry an unkind idea than the word Humanity. It is a pleasant story that we, forsooth, who are the only imperfect creatures in the universe, are the only beings that will not allow of Imperfection. Some body has taken notice, that we stand in the middle of existencies, and are by this one circumstance the most unhappy of all others. The brutes are guided by instinct, and know no sorrow; the angels have knowledge, and they are happy; but men are governed by opinion, which is, I know not what mixture of instinct and knowledge, and are neither indolent nor happy. It is very observable, that Critics are a peo-

ple between the learned and the ignorant, and by that situation enjoy the tranquillity of neither. As Critics stand among men, so do men in general between brutes and angels. Thus every man, as he is a critic and a coxcomb, until improved by reason and speculation, is ever forgetting himself, and laying open the faults of others.

At the same time that I am talking of the cruelty of urging people's faults with severity, I cannot but bewail some which men are guilty of for want of admonition. These are such as they can easily mend, and no body tells them of, for which reason I shall make use of the penny-post (as I have with success to several young ladies about turning their eyes, and holding up their heads) to certain gentlemen, whom I remark habitually guilty of what they may reform in a moment. There is a fat fellow whom I have long remarked wearing his breast open in the midst of winter, out of an affectation of youth. I have therefore sent him just now the following letter in my physical capacity.

SIR,

FROM the twentieth instant to the first of May next, both days inclusive, I beg of you to button your waistcoat from your collar to your waistband. I am your most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF,  
PHILOMATH.

There is a very handsome well-shaped youth that frequents the coffee-houses about Charing Cross, and ties a very pretty ribband with a cross of jewels at his breast. This being something new,

and a thing in which the gentleman may offend the Herald's Office, I have addressed myself to him as I am Censor.

DEAR COUNTRYMAN,

**W**AS that ensign of honour which you wear, given you by a prince or a lady that you have served? If you bear it as an absent lover, please to hang it on a black ribband: if as a rewarded soldier, you may have my licence to continue the red. Your faithful servant,

BICKERSTAFF, CENSOR.

These little intimations do great service, and are very useful, not only to the persons themselves, but to inform others how to conduct themselves towards them.

Instead of this honest private method, or a friendly one face to face, of acquainting people with things in their power to explain or amend, the usual way among people is to take no notice of things you can help, and nevertheless expose you for those you cannot.

Plumbeus and Levis are constantly in each other's company: they would, if they took proper methods, be very agreeable companions; but they so extravagantly aim at what they are unfit for, and each of them rallies the other so much in the wrong place, that instead of doing each other the offices of friends, they do but instruct the rest of the world to laugh at them with more knowledge and skill. Plumbeus is of a saturnine and sullen complexion; Levis of a mercurial and airy disposition. Both these gentlemen have but very slow parts, but would make a very good figure did they pursue what they ought. If Plumbeus would take to business, he would in a few years know the forms of orders so well as to direct and dictate with so much ease, as to be thought a solid, able, and at the same time a sure man of dispatch. Levis, with a little reading, and coming more into company, would soon be able to write a song or lead up a country-dance. Instead of these proper pursuits, in obedience to their respective geniuses, Plumbeus endeavours to be a man of pleasure, and Levis the man of business. This appears in their speech, and in their dress: Plumbeus is ever egregious fine, and talking something like wit; Levis is ever

extremely grave, and with a silly face repeating maxims. These two pardon each other for affecting what each is incapable of, the one to be wise, and the other gay; but are extremely critical in their judgments of each other in their way towards what they pretend to. Plumbeus acknowledges Levis to be a man of great reach, because it is what Plumbeus never cared for being thought himself, and Levis allows Plumbeus to be an agreeable rake for the same reason. Now were these dear friends to be free with each other, as they ought to be, they would change characters, and be both as commendable, instead of being as ridiculous as their capacities will admit of.

Were it not too grave, all that I would urge on this subject is, that men are bewildered when they consider themselves in any other view than that of strangers, who are in a place where it is no great matter whether they can, or unreasonable to expect they should, have every thing about them as well as at their own home. This way of thinking is, perhaps, the only one that can put this being in a proper posture for the ease of society. It is certain, that this would reduce all faults into those which proceed from malice or dishonesty: it would quite change our manner of beholding one another, and nothing that was not below a man's nature would be below his character. The arts of this life would be proper advances towards the next; and a very good man would be a very fine gentleman. As it now is, human life is inverted, and we have not learned half the knowledge of this world before we are dropping into another. Thus, instead of the raptures and contemplations which naturally attend a well-spent life from the approach of eternity, even we old fellows are afraid of the ridicule of those who are born since us, and ashamed not to understand, as well as peevish to resign, the mode, the fashion, the ladies, the fiddles, the balls, and what not. Dick Reptile, who does not want humour, is very pleasant at our club when he sees an old fellow touchy at being laughed at for any thing that is not in the mode, and bawls in his ear—'Prythee do not mind him; tell him thou art mortal.'

N<sup>o</sup> CCXLVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1710.

IDEPOL, NÆ NOS ÆQUE SUMUS OMNES INVISÆ VIRIS  
PROPTER PAUCAS, QUÆ OMNES FACIUNT DIGNÆ UT VIDEAMUR MALO.  
TER. HECYR.

INDEED WE ARE ALL EQUALLY SLIGHTED BY THE MEN ON ACCOUNT OF SOME  
FEW OF OUR SEX, WHO MAKE US ALL APPEAR UNDESERVING OF THEIR  
ESTEEM.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-  
SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 6.

**M**Y brother having written the  
above piece of Latin, desired me  
to take care of the rest of the ensuing  
paper. Towards this he bid me answer  
the following letter, and said, nothing  
I could write properly on the subject of  
it would be disagreeable to the motto.  
It is the cause of my sex, and I there-  
fore enter upon it with great alacrity.  
The epistle is literally thus:

EDINBURGH, OCT. 23.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

**I** Presume to lay before you an affair  
of mine, and begs you will be very  
sincere in giving me your judgment and  
advice in this matter, which is as fol-  
lows.

A very agreeable young gentleman,  
who is endowed with all the good qua-  
lities that can make a man complete,  
has this long time maid love to me in  
the most passionate manner that was  
possible. He has left nothing unsaid to  
make me believe his affections real; and  
in his letters expressed himself so han-  
somly, and tenderly, that I had all the  
reason imaginable to believe him sincere.  
In short, he positively has promised me  
he would marry me: but I find all he  
said nothing; for when the question was  
put to him, he would not; but still  
would continue my humble servant, and  
would go on at the usual rate, repeating  
the assurances of his fidelity, and at the  
same time has none in him. He now  
writs to me in the same endearing stile  
he us'd to do, would have me speak to no  
man but himself. His estate is in his  
own hand, his father being dead. My  
fortune at my own disposal, mine being  
also dead, and to the full answers his  
estate. Pray, Sir, be ingenious, and  
tell me cordially, if you do not think I  
shall do myself an injury if I keep com-

pany or a correspondence any longer  
with this gentleman. I hope you will  
favor an honest North Britain, as I am,  
with your advice in this amour; for I am  
resolved just to follow your directions.  
Sir, you will do me a sensible pleasure,  
and very great honour, if you will please  
to insert this poor scrole, with your an-  
swer to it, in your Tatler. Pray fail  
not to give me your answer; for on it  
depends the happiness of,

DISCONSOLAT ALMEIRA.

MADAM,

**I** have frequently read over your letter,  
and am of opinion, that as lament-  
able as it is, it is the most common of  
any evil that attends our sex. I am  
very much troubled for the tenderness  
you express towards your lover, but re-  
joice at the same time that you can so  
far surmount your inclination for him  
as to resolve to dismiss him when you  
have my brother's opinion for it. His  
sense of the matter, he desired me to  
communicate to you. Oh Almeira!  
the common failing of our sex is to va-  
lue the merit of our lovers rather from  
the grace of their address, than the sin-  
cerity of their hearts. He has 'express-  
'ed himself so handsomely!' Can you  
say that, after you have reason to doubt  
his truth? It is a very melancholy thing,  
that in this circumstance of love, which  
is the most important of all others in  
female life, we women, who are, they  
say, always weak, are still weaker. The  
true way of valuing a man, is to con-  
sider his reputation among the men: for  
want of this necessary rule towards our  
conduct, when it is too late, we find  
ourselves married to the outcast of that  
sex; and it is generally from being dis-  
agreeable among men, that fellows en-  
deavour to make themselves pleasing to  
us. The little accomplishments of com-  
ing into a room with a good air, and  
telling while they are with us, what we  
cannot hear among ourselves, usually

p the whole of a woman's man's

But if we, when we began to upon our lovers, in the first place what figures they make in p, at the bar, on the Exchange, country, or at court, we should them in quite another view than nt.

we to behave ourselves accord- his rule, we should not have the utation of favouring the silliest als, to the great scandal of the who value our favour as it ad- their pleasure, not their reputa- n a word, Madam, if you would ight in love, you must look as in a case of friendship. Were tleman treating with you for any ut yourself, when you had con- o his offer, if he fell off, you all him a cheat and an impostor. s therefore nothing left for you but to despise him, and yourself ig it with regret. I am, Ma- cc.

e heard it often argued in con- n, that this evil practice is owing erved taste of the wits in the uration. A libertine on the could very easily make the land- the fashion turn his own way. t is, that woman is treated as a and not a wife. It is from the of these times, and the tradi- counts of the debauches of their pleasure, that the coxcombs days take upon them, forsooth, lse swains, and perjured lovers. ks I feel all the woman rise in en I reflect upon the nauseous that pretend to deceive us. es, that can never have it in wer to over-reach any thing liv- their mistresses! In the name of s, if we are designed by nature ple companions to the other sex, we not treated accordingly? If merit, as some allow, why is

it not as base in men to injure us as one another? If we are the insignificants that others call us, where is the triumph in deceiving us? But when I look at the bottom of this disaster, and recollect the many of my acquaintance whom I have known in the same condition with the Northern Lads that occasions this discourse, I must own I have ever found the perfidiousness of men has been generally owing to ourselves, and we have contributed to our own deceit. The truth is, we do not conduct ourselves as we are courted, but as we are inclined. When we let our imaginations take this unbridled swing, it is not he that acts best is most lovely, but he that is most lovely acts best. When our humble servants make their addresses, we do not keep ourselves enough disengaged to be judges of their merit; and we seldom give our judgment of our lover, until we have lost our judgment for him.

While Clarinda was passionately attended and addressed to by Strephon, who is a man of sense and knowledge in the world, and Cassio, who has a plentiful fortune and an excellent understanding, she fell in love with Damon at a ball: from that moment she that was before the most reasonable creature of all my acquaintance, cannot hear Strephon speak, but it is something so out 'of the way of ladies conversation:' and Cassio has never since opened his mouth before us, but she whispers me — 'How seldom do riches and sense go together!' The issue of all this is, that for the love of Damon, who has neither experience, understanding, or wealth, she despises those advantages in the other two which she finds wanting in her lover; or else thinks he has them for no reason but because he is her lover. This, and many other instances, may be given in this town; but I hope thus much may suffice to prevent the growth of such evils at Edinburgh.



N<sup>o</sup> CCXLVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

—MEDIA SPES TULIT OBVIA SILVA,  
VIRGINIS OS HABITUMQUE GERENS.—

VIRG.

TO! IN THE DEEP RECESSES OF THE WOOD  
BEFORE MY EYES A BEAUTIFUL FORM APPEARS,  
A VIRGIN'S DRESS AND MODEST LOOK SHE WEARS.

R. WYNN.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 7.

**I**T may perhaps appear ridiculous, but I must confess, this last summer, as I was riding in Enfield chace, I met a young lady whom I could hardly get out of my head, and for aught I know, my heart, ever since. She was mounted on a pad, with a very well-fancied furniture. She set her horse with a very graceful air; and when I saluted her with my hat, she bowed to me so obligingly, that whether it was her civility or beauty that touched me so much, I know not; but I am sure I shall never forget her. She dwells in my imagination in a figure so much to her advantage, that if I were to draw a picture of Youth, Health, Beauty, or Modesty, I should represent any or all of them in the person of that young woman.

I do not find that there are any descriptions in the ancient poets so beautiful as those they draw of nymphs in their pastoral dresses and exercises. Virgil gives Venus the habit of a Spartan huntress when she is to put Æneas in his way, and relieve his cares with the most agreeable object imaginable. Diana and her train, are always described as inhabitants of the woods, and followers of the chase. To be well diverted, is the safest guard to innocence; and, methinks, it should be one of the first things to be regarded among people of condition, to find out proper amusements for young ladies. I cannot but think this of riding might easily be revived among them, when they consider how much it must contribute to their beauty. This would lay up the best portion they could bring into a family, a good stock of health, to transmit to their posterity. Such a charming bloom, as this gives the countenance, is very

much preferable to the real or affected feebleness or softness, which appear in the faces of our modern beauties.

The comedy called, *The Ladies Cure*, represents the affectation of wan looks, and languid glances, to a very entertaining extravagance. There is, as the lady in the play complains, something so robust in perfect health, that it is with her a point of breeding and delicacy to appear in public with a sickly air. But the natural gaiety and spirit which shine in the complexion of such as form to themselves a sort of diverting industry, by chusing recreations that are exercises, surpass all the false ornaments and graces that can be put on by applying the whole dispensary of a toilet. An healthy body, and a cheerful mind, give charms as irresistible as inimitable. The beautiful *Dyctinna*, who came to town last week, has from the constant prospect in a delicious country, and the moderate exercise and journeys in the visits she made round it, contracted a certain life in her countenance, which will in vain employ both the painters and the poets to represent. The becoming negligence in her dress, the severe sweetness of her looks, and a certain innocent boldness in all her behaviour, are the effect of the active recreations I am talking of.

But instead of such, or any other as innocent and pleasing method of passing away their time with alacrity, we have many in town who spend their hours in an indolent state of body and mind, without either recreations or reflections. I am apt to believe, there are some parents imagine their daughters will be accomplished enough, if nothing interrupts their growth, or their shape. According to this method of education, I could name you twenty families, where all the girls hear of in this life is, that it is time to rise and to come to dinner, as if they were so insignificant as to be

ly provided for when they are fed  
leathed.

is with great indignation that I see  
crowds of the female world lost to  
a society, and condemned to a la-  
, which makes life pass away with  
liff than in the hardest labour.  
ris, in her drawing-room, is sup-  
d by spirits to keep off the returns  
een and melancholy, before she can  
ver half of the day for want of  
hing to do, while the wench in the  
n sings and scowrs from morning  
ht.

e next disagreeable thing to a lazy  
is a very busy one. A man of  
is in good company, who gives  
count of his abilities and dis-  
s, is hardly more insupportable  
er they call a notable woman, and  
ager. Lady Good day, where I  
l the other day at a very polite cir-  
ntertained a great lady with a re-  
or a poultice, and gives us to und-  
nd, that she had done extraordi-  
ures since she was last in town.  
ms a countryman had wounded  
lf with his scythe as he was mow-  
and we were obliged to hear of her  
y, her medicine, and her humi-  
n the harshest tone, and coarsest  
age imaginable.

at I would request in all this prat-  
that our females would either let  
re their persons, or their minds,  
h perfection as Nature designed

e way to this is, that those who  
the quality of gentlewomen, should  
se to themselves some suitable me-  
f passing away their time. This  
furnish them with reflections and  
ents proper for the companions of  
able men, and prevent the unna-

tural marriages which happen every day  
between the most accomplished women  
and the veriest oafs; the worthiest men  
and the most insignificant females. Were  
the general turn of womens education  
of another kind than it is at present, we  
should want one another for more rea-  
sons than we do as the world now goes.  
The common design of parents, is to  
get their girls off as well as they can,  
and make no conscience of putting into  
our hands a bargain for our whole life,  
which will make our hearts ake every  
day of it.

I shall therefore take this matter into  
serious consideration, and will propose,  
for the better improvement of the fair-  
sex, a 'Female Library.' This col-  
lection of books shall consist of such au-  
thors as do not corrupt while they di-  
vert, but shall tend more immediately  
to improve them, as they are women.  
They shall be such as shall not hurt a  
feature by the austerity of their reflec-  
tions, nor cause one impertinent glance  
by the wantonness of them. They shall  
all tend to advance the value of their in-  
nocence as virgins, improve their un-  
derstanding as wives, and regulate their  
tenderness as parents. It has been very  
often said in these Lucubrations, that  
the ideas which most frequently pass  
through our imaginations, leave traces  
of themselves in our countenances.  
There shall be a strict regard had to  
this in my Female Library, which shall  
be furnished with nothing that shall give  
supplies to ostentation or impertinence;  
but the whole shall be so digested for the  
use of my students, that they shall not  
go out of character in their enquiries,  
but their knowledge appear only a cul-  
tivated innocence.

## CCXLIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1710.

PER VARIOS CASUS, PER TOT DISCRIMINA BERUM,  
TENDIMUS

VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 203.

THROUGH VARIOUS HASARDS, AND EVENTS, WE MOVE.

DRYDEN.

MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 104  
as last night visited by a friend of  
ine who has an inexhaustible fund  
urie, and never fails to entertain

his company with a variety of thoughts  
and hints that are altogether new and  
uncommon. Whether it were in com-  
plaisance to my way of living, or his  
real opinion, he advanced the following  
paradox,  
4 C

paradox, That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table—'I duty,' says he, 'any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelve penny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life.'

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

I methought the Shilling that lay upon the table, reared itself upon it's edge, and turning the face towards me, opened it's mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures.

'I was born,' says he, 'on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shitted me to fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with an hammer. This we

found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a Non-conformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we Shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templer at a twelve-penny ordinary, or carry him with three friends to Westminster Hall.

'In the midst of this pleasant progress, which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greaty purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, that while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's Shilling about her, she should never be without money. I continued here a close prisoner for many months, until at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings. I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for being of a very tempting breadth, a serjeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and lift them into the service of the parliament.

'As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a Shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the Crown, until my officer chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid. This wench heut me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of—  
"To my love and from my love."  
This ungenerous gallant marrying her within a few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy; and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat

with an hammer, and again set a running.

After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited, and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirted me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamster laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our matter; being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means

I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a Shilling.

I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of sheers cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring; and in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shewn my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and, as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire, appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time I shall only repeat two adventures; as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, intitled from me—"The Splendid Shilling." The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year one thousand seven hundred and three, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by mistake, the person who gave me having thrown me heedlessly into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings.

N<sup>o</sup> CCL. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1710.SCIS ETYPM JUSTUM GEMINA SUSPENDERE LANCE  
ANCIPITIS LIBRA?

PERE. SAT. 4. VER. 10.

KNOW'ST THOU, WITH EQUAL HAND, TO HOLD THE SCALE?

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 13.

**I** Last winter erected a Court of Justice, for the correcting of several enormities in Dress and Behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other courts of this realm. The Vintner's case, which I there tried, is still fresh in every man's memory. That of the Petticoat gave also a general satisfaction, not to mention the more important points of the Cane and Perspective; in which, if I did not give judgments and decrees according to the strictest rules of equity and justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my understanding. But as for the proceedings of that court, I shall refer my reader to an account of them, written by my secretary; which is now in the press, and will shortly be published under the title of Lillie's Reports.

As I last year presided over a Court of Justice, it is my intention this year to set myself at the head of a Court of Honour. There is no court of this nature any where at present, except in France; where, according to the best of my intelligence, it consists of such only as are marshals of that kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable board at present, who has not been driven out of the field by the Duke of Marlborough: but whether this be only an accidental or a necessary qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

As for the Court of Honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as president, with several men of honour on my right-hand, and women of virtue on my left, as my assistants. The first place on the bench I have given to an old Tangereen captain with a wooden leg. The second is a gentleman of a long twisted periwig without a curl in it, a muff with very little hair upon it, and a thread-bare coat with new buttons; being a person

of great worth, and second brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman-usher, extremely well read in romances, and a grandson to one of the greatest wits in Germany, who was some time master of the ceremonies to the Duke of Wolfenbuttel.

As for those who sit further on my right-hand, as it is usual in public courts, they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left-hand are,

An old maiden Lady, that preserves some of the best blood of England in her veins.

A Welsh woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old Prude, that has censured every marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young rake.

Having thus furnished my bench, I shall establish correspondencies with the Horse-guards, and the veterans of Chelsea College; the former to furnish me with twelve men of honour as often as I shall have occasion for a grand jury; and the latter, with as many good men and true for a petty jury.

As for the women of Virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about midnight at crimp and basset.

Having given this public notice of my court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day seven-night, being Monday the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common laws of this land, whether they be short bows, cold salutations, supercilious looks, unreturned smiles, distant behaviour, or forced familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous expression, accidental juggle, or unkind repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their right to the wall, tricked out of the upper end of the table, or have been suffered to play them-  
selves.

selves, in their own wrong, on the back-seat of the coach: these, and all of these, I do, as I above said, invite to bring in their several cases and complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very sensible, that the office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points, that daily perplex the youth of the British nation; and therefore I have already discussed several of them for my future use; as, How far a man may brandish his cane in telling a story, without insulting his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts to the lye? How a man shall resent another's flaring and cocking a hat in his face? If asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes? Whether a man may put up with a box on the ear, received from a stranger in the dark? Or, Whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife? With several other subtilties of the like nature.

For my direction in the duties of my

office, I have furnished myself with a certain astrological pair of Scales, which I have contrived for this purpose. In one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The first are represented by little weights made of a metal resembling iron, and the other of gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in Avoirdupois, but also than such as are used in Troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries amount but to a scruple; and decrease by so many subdivisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine microscope. I might acquaint my reader, that these Scales were made under the influence of the Sun when he was in Libra, and describe many signatures on the weights both of injury and reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own art than any care for the public, I shall pass it over in silence.

## Nº CCLI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1710.

QUISVAM IGITUR LIBER? SAPIENS; SIBI QUI IMPERIOSUS;  
QUEM NEQUE PAUPERIES, NEQUE MORI, NEC VINCULA TERRENT;  
RESPONSARE CUPIDINIBUS, CONTEMNERE HONORES  
PORTIS, ET IN SUIPAO TOTUS; TERRE ATQUE ROTUNDUS,  
EXTERNI NE QUID VALEAT PER LÆVE MORARI;  
IN QUEM MANCA RUIT SEMPER FORTUNA.

HOR. SAT. 7. LIB. 2. VER. 83.

WHO THEN IS FREE?—THE WISE, WHO WELL MAINTAINS  
AN EMPIRE O'ER HIMSELF; WHOM NEITHER CHAINS  
NOR WANT, NOR DEATH, WITH SLAVISH FEAR INSPIRE,  
WHO BOLDLY ANSWERS TO HIS WARM DESIRE,  
WHO CAN AMBITION'S VAINEST GIFT: DESPISE,  
FIRM IN HIMSELF WHO ON HIMSELF RELIES,  
POLISH'D AND ROUND WHO RUNS HIS PROPER COURSE,  
AND BREAKS MISFORTUNE WITH SUPERIOR FORCE.

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 15.

**I**T is necessary to an easy and happy life, to possess our minds in such a manner as to be always well satisfied with our own reflections. The way to this state is to measure our actions by our own opinion, and not by that of the rest of the world. The sense of other men ought to prevail over us in things of less consideration, but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we look into the bottom

of things, what at first appears a paradox is a plain truth; and those professions, which for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a sort of romantic philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are so reasonable, that it is direct madness to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our desires, and to conquer the impulses of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward sentiments approve, is so much our interest, and so absolutely necessary to our

real

real happiness, that to condemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honour, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

Did we consider that the mind of a man is the man himself, we should think it the most unnatural sort of self-murder to sacrifice the sentiment of the soul to gratify the appetites of the body. Bless us! Is it possible, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful? When we meet a poor wretch, urged with hunger and cold, asking an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve than submit to? But yet how much more despicable is his condition, who is above necessity, and yet shall resign his reason and his integrity to purchase superfluities? Both these are abject and common beggars; but sure it is less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. But custom and general prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking world, that those necessitous creatures, who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from making a contemptible figure, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than successful vice. But if a man's appeal in cases that regard his honour were made to his own soul, there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be, than appear honourable. Mr. Collier, in his Essay on Fortitude, has treated this subject with great wit and magnanimity. 'What,' says he, 'can be more honourable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us? To be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself? I mean so far as not to do any thing that is scandalous or sinful to avoid them; to stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution? To do this, is to be great above title and fortune. This argues the soul of an heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity.'

What a generous ambition has this man pointed to us? When men have settled in themselves a conviction by such noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable which is not accompanied with innocence; nothing mean

but what has guilt in it: I say, when they have attained thus much, though poverty, pain, and death, may still retain their terrors; yet riches, pleasures, and honours, will easily lose their charms, if they stand between us and our integrity.

What is here said with allusion to fortune and fame, may as justly be applied to wit and beauty; for these latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the essence of the soul. They are all laudable in the man who possesses them, only for the just application of them. A bright imagination, while it is subservient to an honest and noble soul, is a faculty which makes a man justly admired by mankind, and furnishes him with reflections upon his own actions, which add delicacies to the seat of a good conscience: but when wit descends to wait upon sensual pleasures, or promote the base purposes of ambition, it is then to be condemned in proportion to its excellence. If a man will not resolve to place the foundation of his happiness in his own mind, life is a bewildered and unhappy state, incapable of rest or tranquillity. For to such a one, the general applause of valour, wit, nay of honesty itself, can give him but a very feeble comfort; since it is capable of being interrupted by any who wants either understanding or good-nature to see or acknowledge such excellencies. This rule is so necessary, that one may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true relish of our being without it. Look about you in common life among the ordinary race of mankind, and you will find merit in every kind is allowed only to those who are in particular districts or sets of company: but since men can have little pleasure in these faculties which denominate them persons of distinction, let them give up such an empty pursuit; and think nothing essential to happiness but what is in their own power, the capacity of reflecting with pleasure on their own actions, however they are interpreted.

It is so evident a truth, that it is only in our own bosoms we are to search for any thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a disgrace to our nature to talk of taking our measures from thence only, as a matter of fortitude. When all is well there, the vicissitudes and distinctions of life are the mere scenes of a

na; and he will never act his part  
l, who has his thoughts more fixed  
n the applause of the audience than  
design of his part.

he life of a man who acts with a  
dy integrity, without valuing the in-  
retation of his actions, has but one  
orm regular path to move in, where  
cannot meet opposition, or fear am-  
ade. On the other side, the least  
iation from the rules of honour in-  
ludes a train of numberless evils,  
involves him in inexplicable mazes.  
that has entered into guilt, has bid

adieu to rest; and every criminal has his  
share of the misery expressed so empha-  
tically in the tragedian—

Macbeth shall sleep no more!

It was with detestation of any other  
grandeur but the calm command of his  
own passions, that the excellent Mr.  
Cowley cries out with so much justice—

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,  
With any thought so mean as to be great,  
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove  
The humble blessings of that life I love.

## 1<sup>o</sup> CCLII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1710.

NARRATUR ET PRISCI CATONIS  
SÆPE MERO CALUISSE VIRTUS.

HOR. OD. 21. LIB. 3. VER. 11.

OF OLD.

CATO'S VIRTUE, WE ARE TOLD,  
OFTEN WITH A BUMPER GLOW'D,  
AND WITH SOCIAL RAPTURES FLOW'D. FRANCIS.

IN MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 17.

THE following letter, and several  
others to the same purpose, accuse  
of a rigour of which I am far from  
g guilty, to wit, the disallowing the  
eful use of wine.

IN MY COUNTRY-HOUSE, OCT. 25.

R. RICKERSTAFF,

OUR discourse against drinking, in  
Tuesday's Tatler, I like well enough  
ie main; but in my humble opinion  
are become too rigid, where you say  
his effect: 'Were there only this  
gle consideration, that we are the  
s masters of ourselves if we drink  
least proportion beyond the ex-  
nce of thirst.' I hope no one drinks  
to allay this appetite. This seems  
e designed for a loftier indulgence  
ature; for it were hard to suppose,  
the Author of Nature, who im-  
l upon her necessities and pains,  
not allow her proper pleasures; and  
may reckon among the latter the  
erate use of the grape: and though  
as much against excess, or what-  
approaches it, as yourself; yet I  
eive one may safely go farther than  
ounds you there prescribe, not only  
out forfeiting the title of being  
own master, but also to possess it

in a much greater degree. If a man's  
expressing himself upon any subject with  
more life and vivacity, more variety of  
ideas, more copiously, more fluently,  
and more to the purpose, argues it, he  
thinks clearer, speaks more ready, and  
with greater choice of comprehensive and  
significant terms. I have the good for-  
tune now to be intimate with a gentle-  
man remarkable for this temper, who  
has an inexhaustible source of wit to en-  
tertain the curious, the grave, the hu-  
morous, and the frolic. He can trans-  
form himself into different shapes, and  
adapt himself to every company; yet in  
a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course  
of affairs, he appears rather dull than  
sprightly. You can seldom get him to  
the tavern; but when once he is arrived  
to his pint, and begins to look about  
and like his company, you admire a  
thousand things in him, which before  
lay buried. Then you discover the  
brightness of his mind, and the strength  
of his judgment, accompanied with the  
most graceful mirth. In a word, by this  
enlivening aid, he is whatever is polite,  
instructive, and diverting. What makes  
him still more agreeable is, that he tells  
a story, serious or comical, with as much  
delicacy of humour as Cervantes him-  
self. And for all this, at other times,  
even after a long knowledge of him, you  
shall



shall scarce discern in this incomparable person a wit more than what might be expected from one of a common capacity. Doubtless, there are men of great parts that are guilty of downright bashfulness, that, by a strange hesitation and reluctance to speak, murder the finest and most elegant thoughts, and render the most lively conceptions flat and heavy.

In this case, a certain quantity of my white or red cordial, which you will, is an easy, but an infallible remedy. It awakens the judgment, quickens the memory, ripens the understanding, dispels melancholy, cheers the heart; in a word, restores the whole man to himself and his friends, without the least pain or indisposition to the patient. To be taken only in the evening, in a reasonable quantity, before going to bed. Note, my bottles are sealed with three flower-de-luces and a bunch of grapes. Beware of counterfeits. I am,

Your most humble servant, &c.

Whatever has been said against the use of wine, upon the supposition that it enfeebles the mind, and renders it unfit for the duties of life, bears forcibly to the advantage of that delicious juice in cases where it only heightens conversation, and brings to light agreeable talents, which otherwise would have lain concealed under the oppression of an unjust modesty. I must acknowledge, I have seen many of the temper mentioned by this correspondent, and own, wine may very allowably be used in a degree above the supply of mere necessity by such as labour under melancholy, or are tongue-tied by modesty. It is certainly a very agreeable change, when we see a glass raise a lifeless conversation into all the pleasures of wit and good humour. But when Cæsar adds to his natural impudence the flush of a bottle, that which fools could fire when he was sober, do men shudder as outrage when he is drunk. Thus he, that in the morning was only fancy, is in the evening tumultuous. It makes one sick to hear one of these fellows say, they love a friend and a bottle. Noisy mirth has something too rustic in it to be considered without terror by men of politeness: but while the discourse improves in a well-chosen company, from the addition of spirits which flow from moderate use, it must be acknowledged, that

leisure time cannot be more agreeable, or perhaps more usefully, employed than at such meetings: but there is a certain prudence in this and all other circumstances which make right or wrong in the conduct of ordinary life. Sir Jeffrey Wildacre has nothing so much at heart as that his son should know the world betimes: for this end he introduces him among the sots of his own age, where the boy learns to laugh at his father from the familiarity with which he sees him treated by his equals. This the old fellow calls living well with his heir, and teaching him to be too much his friend to be impatient for his estate. But for the more exact regulation of society, in this and other matters, I shall publish tables of the characters and relations among men, and by them instruct the town in making sets and companies for a bottle. This humour of Sir Jeffrey shall be taken notice of in the next place; for there is, methinks, a sort of inept in drunkenness, and sons are not to behold fathers stripped of all reverence.

It is shocking in nature for the young to see those whom they should have an awe for in circumstances of contempt. I shall therefore utterly forbid, that those whom nature should admonish to avoid too gross familiarities, shall be received into parties of pleasure where there is the least danger of excess. I should run through the whole doctrine of Drinking, but that my thoughts are at present too much employed in the modelling my Court of Honour, and altering the seats, benches, bar, and canopy, from that of the court wherein I, last winter, sat upon causes of less moment. By the way, I shall take an opportunity to examine, what method is to be taken to make joiners and other artificers get out of a house they have once entered; not forgetting to tie them under proper regulations. It is for want of such rules that I have, a day or two longer than I expected, been tormented and deafened with hammers; inasmuch that I neither can pursue this discourse, nor answer the following, and many other letters of the highest importance.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

WE are man and wife, and have a boy and a girl; the lad seventeen, the maiden sixteen. We are quarrelling about some parts of their education. I

Relap

Ralph cannot bear that I must pay for the girl's learning on the spinnet, when I know she has no ear. I Bridget have not patience to have my son whipped because he cannot make verses, when I know he is a blockhead. Pray, Sir, inform us, is it absolutely necessary that all who wear breeches must be taught

to rhyme, all in petticoats to touch an instrument? Please to interpose in this and the like cases, to end much solid distress which arises from trifling causes, as it is common in wedlock, and you will very much oblige us and ours,

RALPH, } Yokefellow.  
BRIDGET, }

Nº CCLIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1710.

—PIETATE GRAVEM AC MERITIS SI FORTE VIRUM QUEM  
CONSPEXERE, SILENT, ARRECTISQUE AURIBUS ASTANT.

VIRG. ÆN. I. VER. 155.

IF THEN SOME GRAVE AND PIOUS MAN APPEAR,  
THEY HUSH THEIR NOISE, AND LEND A LIST'NING EAR. DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 20.

EXTRACT OF THE JOURNAL OF THE  
COURT OF HONOUR, 1710.

DIE LUNÆ VICESIMO NOVEMBERIS, HORA  
NONA ANTEMERIDIANA.

THE Court being sat, an oath prepared by the Censor was administered to the assistants on his right-hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The women on his left-hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse-guards were impannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon, who is their right-hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. Bickerstaff received it; and after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaff, after having received the compliments on his right-hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low courtesy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their forewoman was a professed Platonist, that

had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and, after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge, which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

‘The nature of my office, and the solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my first session with a speech, I shall cast what I have to say under two principal heads.

‘Under the first, I shall endeavour to shew the necessity and usefulness of this new erected Court; and under the second, I shall give a word of advice and instruction to every constituent part of it.

‘As for the first, it is well observed by Phœdrus, an heathen poet—

*Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.*

‘Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say—“It would be of no reputation to me to be president of a Court, which is of no benefit to the public.” Now the advantages that may arise to the weal-public from this institution will more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers, for the want of it. Are not our streets daily filled with wild pieces of justice, and

‘ random penalties? Are not crimes undetermined, and reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the lye punished by death, and the liar himself deciding his own cause? nay, not only asking the judge, but the executioner? Have we not known a box on the ear more severely accounted for than manslaughter? In these extrajudicial proceedings of mankind, an unmannerly jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated murder.

‘ But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who suffers the injury must put himself upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty.

‘ I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because both sexes are concerned in it, and which, therefore, you gentlemen, and you ladies of the jury, will the rather take notice of; I mean that great and known case of Cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered insults in his dearer and better half; supposing, I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender wife, what is the reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor lady, run through the body, and left breathless upon the bed of honour. What then, will you on my right-hand say, must the man do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins broken? Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress, be taken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a frown, toss up his arm, or pish at what we say, and must the villain live after it? Is there no redress for injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is the design of the Judicature we have here established.

‘ A Court of Conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the determining of several points of property, that were too little and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts of justice. In the same manner, our Court of Honour is appointed for the examination of several niceties and punctilios, that do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. But notwith-

standing no legislators of any nation have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late for their redress.

‘ Besides, I appeal to you, ladies, (Here Mr. Bickerstaff turned to his left-hand)

‘ if these are not the little stings and thorns in life, that makes it more uneasy than it’s most substantial evils? Confess ingenuously, did you never lose a morning’s devotions, because you could not offer them up from the highest place of the pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as those that are below you? Or have you any favourites that walk on your right-hand? You have answered me in your looks; I ask no more.

‘ I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the Court, in which I shall be very brief.

‘ As for you gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right-hand, because I know you very jealous of your honour; and you on my left, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others; for which reason I expect great exactness and impartiality in your verdicts and judgments.

‘ I must in the next place address myself to you, gentlemen of the council: you all know, that I have not chose you for your knowledge in the litigious parts of the law; but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to you is, only that in your pleadings you will be short and expressive: to which end, you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplications of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words Also and Likewise; and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle Or, I shall instantly order him to be stripped

' stripped of his gown, and thrown over  
' the bar.'

This is a true copy.

CHARLES LILLIE.

N. B. The sequel of the proceedings  
of this day will be published on Tuesday  
next.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

SPLENDIDE MENDAX—

HOR. OD. II. LIB. 3. VER. 35.

GLORIOUSLY FALSE—

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 22.

**T**HERE are no books which I more delight in than in Travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of shewing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself, by the copiousness of his invention, and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the Travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that

the author of Hudibras alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile—

Like words congeal'd in northern air.

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows:

' We were separated by a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, informed much that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in the conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gapping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman, that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and

and tearing his throat; but all in vain.

— *Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.* OVID.

— Nor voice, nor words ensu'd.

R. WYNN.

' We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquified in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet to my surprize, I heard some body say—" Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man open his mouth. In the midst of this great surprize we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on shipboard.

' I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the

midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as " Dear Kate! Pretty Mrs. Peggy! When shall I see my Sue again?" This betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

' When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile further up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing; though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done—

— *Et timidi verba intermissa retentat.*

OVID. MET. LIB. I. VER. 747.

And try'd his tongue, his silence softly broke.  
DRYDEN.

' At about half a mile's distance from our cabin, we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon enquiry, we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barking of a fox.

' We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unfavourable sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

' After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion, than I ever

heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell afunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error, into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath: but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me, it would play there above a week longer, if the thaw continued; for," says he, "finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon

"one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, et *tuer le temps*."

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems by his quotations to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

Nº CCLV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1710.

—NEC TE TUA PLURIMA, PANTHEU,  
LABENTEM PIETAS, NEC APOLLINIS INFULA TEXIT.

VIRG. ÆN. 2. VER. 439.

NOR, PANTHEUS, THEE THY MITRE, NOR THE BANDS  
OF AWFUL PROEBUS, SAV'D FROM IMPIOUS HANDS.

DRYDEN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 24.  
TO THE CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

I Am at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is. I am Chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at second course, I found my patron and his lady very sullen and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of the house, otherwise a devout woman, told me, that it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food: but as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the butler, that his lordship had no farther occasion for my service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by, Sir, your most humble servant, &c.

The case of this gentleman deserves pity; especially if he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discharging the holiest man from the table, as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth, as they call it, is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the most rigid virtue gives offence by any excesses in plumb-pudding or plumb-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plumbs are a very innocent diet, and preserves of a much colder nature than your common pickles. I have sometimes thought that the ceremony of the Chaplain's flying away from the desert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratification.

tifications that are most pleasing to them; or at least, to signify that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating: but most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the lay-masters of families, and not have disturbed other mens tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original therefore of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The Chaplain retired, out of pure complaisance, to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the desert. This by degrees grew into a duty, until at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tithe, or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the priest in old times to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion; or, as the late Lord Rochester describes it, in a very lively manner—

And while the priest did eat the people star'd.

At present the custom is inverted; the laity feast, while the priest stands by as an humble spectator. This necessarily puts the good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him; and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask those stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a Chaplain, that in his grace after meat should return thanks for the whole entertainment with an exception to the desert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a proceeding he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman Catholic priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweetmeats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff-paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet to do ridiculous

a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas pye, which in it's very nature is a kind of consecrated cake, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange! that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but, if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plumbs and sugar, changes it's property, and, forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case I know not which to censure, the Patron, or the Chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blush'd to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the university upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it.

Some think themselves exalted to the sky,  
If they light in some noble family:  
Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a year,  
Besides the advantage of his lordship's ear,  
The credit of the bus'ness, and the state,  
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.

Little the inexperienced wretch does know,  
What slavery he oft must undergo.  
Who, tho' in silken scarf and cassock dress,  
Wears but a gayer livery at best.  
When dinner calls, the implemant must wait  
With holy words to consecrate the meat,  
But hold it for a favour seldom known,  
If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.  
Soon as the tarts appear; Sir Crape, with-  
draw,

Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.  
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand  
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand:  
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,  
Till the kind voider comes for your relief.  
Let others, who such meanesses can brook,  
Strike countenance to your great man's look;  
I raise my freedom higher.

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend; and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule; but is a just censure on such persons as take advan-

tage from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLVI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1710.

—NOSTRUM EST TANTAS COMPOSERE LITES.

VIRG. ECL. 3. VER. 108.

'TIS OURS SUCH WARM CONTENTIONS TO DECIDE.

R. WYNNE.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, HELD IN SHEER-LANE ON MONDAY THE TWENTIETH OF NOVEMBER, 1710, BEFORE ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

**P**ETER Plumb, of London, merchant, was indicted by the honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule Hall in the county of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did, in Lombard Street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and after a short salutation, put on his hat, value five pence, while the honourable Mr. Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal, that during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner, that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alledged, that he was the cadet of a very ancient family; and that according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honour, than do any thing beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked, what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the honourable Mr. Gules; as, that he was not worth a groat; that no body in the city would trust him for a half-penny; that he owed him money, which he had promised to

pay him several times, but never kept his word; and in short, that he was an idle beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public. This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the criminal, that he spoke in contempt of the Court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his stile. The prisoner therefore desired to be heard by his counsel, who urged in his defence, that he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident. They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman who deposed, that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Censor having consulted the men of honour, who sat at his right-hand on the bench, found they were all of opinion, that the defence made by the prisoner's counsel, did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat, were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the jury; without going out of court, declared their opinion unanimously by the mouth of their foreman, that the prosecutor was bound in honour to make the sum



sun shine through the criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themselves, to whip him through the lungs.

The Censor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, that this Court was erected for the finding out of penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he expected they should moderate their verdict. The jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Censor, after an hour's consultation, declared their opinion as follows:

That in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any *Malice prepense* in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was only *Se defendendo*, the prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the flitting of his nose, and the cutting off both his ears. Mr. Bickerstaff, smiling upon the Court, told them, that he thought the punishment, even under it's present mitigation, too severe; and that such penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading nation. He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner: That his hat, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the Court; that the criminal should go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's Coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any of the family of the Plumbs, should hereafter appear in the streets of London, out of their coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters.

Dathan, a pedling Jew, and T. R—, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an alehouse in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earthen mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended, that the Welsh were an ancients people than the Jews;—'Whereas,' says he, 'I can shew by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Mesheck, that was the son of Naboth, that was the son of

'Shalem, that was the son of ———.' The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, that he could produce shennalogy as well as himself; for that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenken, ap Shones. He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, that the Jew would needs uphold, that King Cadwallader was younger than Issachar. Mr. Bickerstaff seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew; but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a Præ-Adamite, he suffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict, That it appearing the persons at the bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree on it between themselves. The Censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major Punto, for having used the words —'Perhaps it may be so,' in a dispute with the said major. The major urged, that the word Perhaps was questioning his veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the lye. Richard Newman had nothing more to say for himself, than that he intended no such thing; and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court. The jury brought in their verdict special.

Mr. Bickerstaff stood up, and after having cast his eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the Court; —'I mean,' says he, 'never to allow of the lye being given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself.' He then proceeded to shew the great mischiefs that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the grounds and made

great havock in the army; that it had sometimes weakened the city trained bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the isle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the jury to present the word itself as a nuisance in the English tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their preferment, publish an edict of the Court, for the entire banish-

ment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversations of all civil societies.

This is a true copy,

CHARLES LILLIE.

Monday next is set apart for the trial of several female causes.

N. B. The case of the Hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

## Nº CCLVII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS MUTATAS DICERE FORMAS  
CORPORA: DEI, CORPTIS, NAM VOS MUTASTIS ET ILLAS,  
ASPIRATE MEIS! OVID. MET. LIB. I. VER. I.

OF BODIES CHANG'D TO VARIOUS FORMS I SING,  
YE GODS, FROM WHOM THESE MIRACLES DID SPRING,  
ASSIST ME IN THIS ARDUOUS TASK!

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 29.

EVERY nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in Religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is a show at this time carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the religions of Great Britain, in wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter, in which the images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures; my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many screwed faces and wry features, as appeared in several of the figures that composed the show. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the German artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner.

'I have often,' says he, 'been present at a show of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other strange creatures; but I never saw so great an assembly of spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our

seats: the curtain that hung before the show was made by a matter of tapestry, who had woven it in the figure of a monstrous Hydra that had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; insomuch that, for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred of a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden,' says my friend, 'I was startled with a flourish of many musical instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune, if it might be so called, wholly made up of jars and discords. Among the rest there was an organ, a bagpipe, a groaning board, a stentorophonic trumpet, with several wind instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish the curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary assembly of figures that ever entered into a man's imagination. The design of the workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an Englishman to comprehend the meaning of it.

'The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress were, the beaver with the steeple crown, the scarf that was darker than sable, and the lawn apron that was whiter than ermin. Her gown was of the richest black velvet, and just upon her heart she wore several large diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her aspect; and though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much love and reverence at the sight of her, that the tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On it's right-hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and, what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surprized at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned tower of grey hairs. Her head-dress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them; and were embroidered with crosses in gold, silver, and silk: she had nothing on, so much as a glove or a slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of ribbands, silks, and jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my reader, that the lady before described was Popery, or that the I am going to describe is Presbytery.

'She sat on the left-hand of the venerable matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seemed her sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation; but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, soured with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the matron for the shape of her hat, as too much resembling the triple coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissented from the white apron and the cross; for which reasons she had made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the sectaries that sat on her left-hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron, lest she should see the harlot by her.

'On the right-hand of Popery sat Judaism, represented by an old man embroidered with phylacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a temple; but instead of weeping over it, which I should have expected from him, he was counting out a bag of money upon the ruins of it.

'On his right-hand was Deism, or Natural Religion. This was a figure of an half-naked awkward country-wench, who, with proper ornaments and education, would have made an agreeable and beautiful appearance; but for want of those advantages, was such a spectacle as a man would blush to look upon.

'I have now,' continued my friend, given you an account of those who were placed on the right-hand of the matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and Popery. On the left-hand, as I told you, appeared Presbytery. The next to her was a figure which somewhat puzzled me: it was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a silver basin filled with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at first that he was to express that kind of distraction which the physicians call the Hydro-Phobia.

but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded it to be Anabaptism.

The next figure was a man that sat under a most profound composure of mind: he wore an hat whose brims were exactly parallel with the horizon: his garment had neither sleeve nor skirt, nor so much as a superfluous button. What they called his cravat, was a little piece of white linen quilled with great exactness, and hanging below his chin about two inches. Seeing a book in his hand, I asked our artist what it was, who told me it was the Quakers Religion; upon which I desired a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned Grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary discourse. The nouns were reduced to a very small number, as the Light, Friend, Babylon. The principal of his pronouns was Thou; and as for You, Ye, and Yours, I found they were not looked upon as parts of speech in this Grammar. All the verbs wanted the second person plural; the participles ended all in Ing or Ed, which were marked with a particular accent. There were no adverbs besides Yea and Nay. The same thrift was observed in the prepositions. The conjunctions were only Hem! and Hal and the interjections brought under the three heads of Sighing, Sobbing, and Groaning.

There was at the end of the Grammar a little nomenclature, called, "The Christian Man's Vocabulary," which gave new appellations, or, if you will, christian names, to almost every thing in life. I replaced the book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of it's garb, speech, and behaviour.

Just opposite to this row of Religions, there was a statue dressed in a fool's coat, with a cap of bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This idiot is supposed to say in his heart, what David's fool did some thousands of years ago, and was there-

fore designed as a proper representative of those among us, who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-thinkers by themselves.

There were many other groupes of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both sexes turning their backs upon the company, and laying their heads very close together, I enquired after their religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the family of Love.

In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the Sweet Singers of Israel.

I must not omit, that in this assembly of wax there were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. Behind the matron there stood one of these figures, and behind Popery another, which, as the artist told us, were each of them the Genius of the person they attended. That behind Popery represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The first of these moved by secret springs towards a great heap of dead bodies, that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were were written on the foreheads of these dead men several hard words, as Præ-Adamites, Sabbatarians, Cameronians, Muggletonians, Brownists, Independants, Masonites, Camisars, and the like. At the approach of Persecution, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody flag, the whole assembly of dead men, like those in the Rehearsal, started up and drew their swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of Moderation moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed—"Liberty of Conscience," immediately fell into a heap of carcases, remaining in the same quiet posture in which they lay at first.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1710.

OCCIDIT MISEROS; CRAMBE REPETITA.

JUV. SAT. 7. VER. 154.

THE SAME STALE VIANOS, SERV'D UP O'ER AND O'ER,  
THE STOMACH NAUSEATES.

R. WYTHE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 2.

**W**HEN a man keeps a constant table, he may be allowed sometimes to serve up a cold dish of meat, or tols up the fragments of a feast in a ragout. I have sometimes, in a scarcity of provisions, been obliged to take the same kind of liberty, and to entertain my reader with the leavings of a former treat. I must this day have recourse to the same method, and beg my guests to sit down to a kind of Saturday's dinner. To let the metaphor rest, I intend to fill up this paper with a bundle of letters, relating to subjects on which I have formerly treated; and have ordered my bookseller to print at the end of each letter the minutes with which I indorfed it, after the first perusal of it.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR, NOV. 22, 1710.

**D**INING yesterday with Mr. South-British and Mr. William North-Briton, two gentlemen, who, before you ordered it otherwise, were known by the names of Mr. English and Mr. William Scot: among other things, the maid of the house, who in her time, I believe, may have been a North-British warming-pan, brought us up a dish of North-British collops. We liked our entertainment very well; only we observed the table-cloth being not so fine as we could have wished, was North-British cloth. But the worst of it was, we were disturbed all dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at North-British hoppers; so we paid our North-Briton sooner than we designed, and took coach to North-Briton yard, about which place most of us live. We had indeed gone a-foot, only we were under some apprehensions lest a North-British mist should wet a South-British man to the skin.

We think this matter properly expressed, according to the accuracy of the new style, settled by you in one of your

late papers. You will please to give your opinion upon it to, Sir, your most humble servants,

J. S. M. P. N. R.

See if this letter is conformable to the directions given in the Tatler above-mentioned.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

SIR, KENT, NOV. 22, 1710.

**A** Gentleman in my neighbourhood, who happens to be brother to a lord, though neither his father nor grandfather were so, is perpetually making use of this phrase—'A person of my quality.' He has it in his mouth fifty times a day, to his labourers, his servants, his children, his tenants, and his neighbours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, drunk or sober, angry or pleased, it is the constant burden of his style. Sir, as you are Centor of Great Britain, as you value the repose of a loyal county, and the reputation of my neighbour, I beg you will take the cruel grievance into your consideration; else, for my own particular, I am resolved to give up my farms, sell my flock, and remove with my wife and seven children next spring to Palmouth or Berwick, if my strength will permit me, being brought into a very weak condition. I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient and  
languishing servant, &c.

Let this be referred to the Court of Honour.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

**I** Am a young lady of a good fortune, and at present invested by several lovers, who lay close siege to me, and carry on their attacks with all possible diligence. I know which of them has the first place in my own heart, but would freely cross my private inclinations to make choice of the man who loves me best, which it is impossible for

me to know, all of them pretending to an equal passion for me. Let me therefore beg of you, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, to lend me your Ithuriel's spear, in order to touch this troop of rivals; after which I will most faithfully return it to you again, with the greatest gratitude.

I am, Sir, &c.

**QUERY 1.** What figure doth this lady think her lover will appear in? Or what symptoms will he betray of his passion upon being touched?

2. Whether a touch of her fan may not have the same efficacy as a touch of Ithuriel's spear?

GREAT LINCOLN'S-INN SQUARE,  
NOV. 29.

HONOURED SIR,

**G**RATITUDE obliges me to make this public acknowledgment of the eminent service you have done myself in particular, and the whole body of Chaplains, I hope, in general. Coming home on Sunday about dinner-time, I found things strangely altered for the better; the porter smiled in my face when he let me in, the footman bowed to me as I passed him, the steward shook me by the hand, and Mrs. Beatrice dropped me a courtesy as he went along. I was surprized at all this civility, and knew not to what I might ascribe it, except to my bright beaver and shining scarf, that were new that day. But I was still more astonished to find such an agreeable change at the table: my lord helped me to a fat slice of venison with his own hand, and my lady did me the honour to drink to me. I offered to rise at my usual time; but was desired to sit still, with this kind expression—'Come, Doctor, a jelly or a conserve will do you no harm; do not be afraid of the desert.' I was so confounded with the favour, that I returned my thanks in a most awkward manner, wondering what was the meaning of this total transformation: but my lord soon put an end to my admiration, by shewing me a paper that challenged you, Sir, for it's author, and rallied me very

agreeably on the subject, asking me, which was best handled, the Lord or his Chaplain? I owned myself to think the banter sharpest against ourselves, and that these were trifling matters, not fit for a philosopher to insist on. His lordship was in so good a humour, that he ordered me to return his thanks with my own; and my lady joins in the same, with this one exception to your paper, that the chaplain in her family was always allowed minced-pies from All-hallows to Candlemas. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

T. W.

Requires no answer.

MR. CENSOR, OXFORD, NOV. 27.

**I** Have read your account of Novæ Zembla with great pleasure, and have ordered it to be transcribed in a little hand, and inserted in Mr. Tonsen's late edition of Hudibras. I could wish you would furnish us with more notes upon that author, to fill up the place of those dull annotations with which several editions of that book have been incumbered. I would particularly desire of you to give the world the story of Taliacotius, who makes a very eminent figure in the first canto; not having been able to meet with any account of the said Taliacotius in the writings of any other author. I am, with the most profound respect, the most humble of your admirers,

Q. Z.

To be answered next Thursday, if nothing more material intervenes.

MR. CENSOR,

**I**N your survey of the people, you must have observed crowds of single persons that are qualified to increase the subjects of this glorious island, and yet neglect that duty to their country. In order to reclaim such persons, I lay before you this proposal. Your most obedient servant,

THO. CL.

This to be considered on Saturday next.

N<sup>O</sup> CCLIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1710.

—VENAT CENSURA COLUMBAS.

JUV. SAT. I. VER. 63.

CENSURE ACQUITS THE CROW, CONDEMNS THE DOVE. ANON.

A CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, HELD IN SHEER-LANE ON MONDAY THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER, BEFORE ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

**ELIZABETH** Makebate, of the parish of St. Catharine's, spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the hassock from under the Lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the twenty-sixth of November. The prosecutor deposed, that as she stood up to make a courtesy to a person of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the hassock by stealth; insomuch that the prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at church, or to say her prayers in a posture that did not become a woman of her quality. The prisoner pleaded inadvertency; and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medley, had not several witnesses been produced against the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the Sunday before she had detracted from a new petticoat of Mrs. Mary Doelittle, having said in the hearing of several credible witnesses, that the said petticoat was scoured, to the great grief and detriment of the said Mary Doelittle. There were likewise many evidences produced against the criminal, that though she never failed to come to church on Sunday, she was a most notorious Sabbath-breaker; and that she spent her whole time, during divine service, in disparaging other people's clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the indictment, and received sentence to ask pardon of the prosecutor upon her bare knees, without either cushion or hassock under her, in the face of the Court.

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open Court with the utmost se-

verity, the first lady of the bench on Mr. Bickerstaff's right-hand stood up, and made a motion to the Court, That whereas it was impossible for women of fashion to dress themselves before the church was half done, and whereas many confusions and inconveniencies did arise thereupon, it might be lawful for them to send a footman, in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated assemblies. The motion was ordered to be entered in the books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, linen-draper, in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the Lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the prosecutor and her woman going in a stage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same coach, at which time the prisoner talked bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The prosecutor alledged, that over-against the Old Fox at Knights-Bridge, he mentioned the word Linen: that at the further end of Kensington he made use of the term Smock; and that before he came to Hammer-smith, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon Wedding-shifts. The prosecutor's woman confirmed what her lady had said, and added further, that she had never seen her lady in so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was during the whole discourse of the criminal. The prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said. The jury however found him guilty, and represented by their forewoman, that such discourses were apt to fully the imagination, and that by a contatenation of ideas, the word Linen implied many things that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the prosecutor's quality, and therefore gave it as their verdict, that the linen-draper should lose his tongue. *Mr. Bickerstaff*

staff said, he thought the prosecutors were as much to blame as the prisoner's tongue, and therefore gave evidence as follows: That they should be placed over-against one another in the midst of the Court, there to restore the space of one quarter of an hour during which time the linen was to be gagged, and the lady showed her hands close upon both her cheeks, which was executed accordingly. Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accessory to Charles Cambrick, for that the said Edward Callicoat did, in silence and smiles, seem to approve and abet the said Charles Cambrick in every thing he said. It appeared, that the prisoner was foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambrick, and, by his post, obliged him at every thing that the other was pleased to say; upon which he acquitted.

John Shallow was indicted in the case of Dame Winifred, sole relict of John Dainty, Esquire, for having been several times in company, and in the presence of several persons there present, that he was extremely obliged to John Dainty, and that he should be able sufficiently to express his affection. The prosecutor urged, that he might blast her reputation, and that in effect a boasting of favours he had never received. The prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the instruction which was put upon him, and said, that he meant nothing more, but that the widow had bestowed him in a lease, and was very kind to his younger sister. The jury thought him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the Court, brought in their verdict Ignorant.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the Lady Betty Wou'dbe, for having said, that she the Lady Betty Wou'dbe was painted. The prisoner brought several persons of good credit to witness to her reputation, and proved by undeniable evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The Censor, observing the behaviour of the prosecutor, found reason to believe, that she had indicted the prisoner for no other reason, but to make her complexion be taken notice of; which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: he therefore asked the offender with a very stern voice, How she could presume to spread so groundless a report? And whether she saw any colours in the Lady Wou'dbe's face that could produce credit to such a falsehood? 'Do you see,' says he, 'any lilies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability?' The prosecutor not able to bear such language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his wisdom: but she was soon put to silence, and sentenced to wear her mask for five months, and not to presume to shew her face until the town should be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Esquire, was indicted for having told the Lady Everbloom at a public ball, that she looked very well for a woman of her years. The prisoner not denying the fact, and persisting before the court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *Non compos mentis*.

The Court then adjourned to Monday the eleventh instant.

*Copia vera,*

CHARLES LILLIE.

CCLX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

NON CUICUNQUE DATUM EST HABERE NASUM.

MART,

THE NOSE, 'TIS SAID, SHOWS BOTH OUR SCORN AND PRIDE;  
AND YET THAT FEATURE IS TO SOME DENY'D.

R. WYNNE.

MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 6.  
I have a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon thumbs, Montaigne's Essays, and another up-

on ears in the Tale of a Tub. I am here going to write one upon Noses, having chosen for my text the following verses out of Hudibras.



So learned Taliacotius from  
The brawny part of porter's bum  
Cut supplemental noses, which  
Lasted as long as parent breech;  
But when the date of rock was out,  
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination; I must, for my own quiet, desire the critics, who in all things have been famous for good Noses, to refrain from the lecture of this curious tract. These gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little rhinocercal Nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision; and which they were used to cock, tofs, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not, therefore, for this generation of men that I write the present translation,

— *Minus aptus acutis*  
*Nuribus borum hominum* —

Unfit  
For the brisk petulance of modern wit.  
FRANCIS.

but for the sake of some of my philosophical friends in the Royal Society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper, which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting it's spight upon the Nose. I have seen a little burlesque poem in Italian, that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars the god of war, having served during the siege of Naples in the shape of a French colonel, received a visit one night from Venus the Goddess of Love, who had been always his professed mistress and admirer. The poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a furling wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it was by reason of any bad food that his father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the Stars that reigned at his nativity,

came into the world with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the Nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder brothers, who had made a human heart their butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the Noses of mankind; but in spite of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an envenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftener in the Nose than in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a Cupid taking his lesson from Mercury, conformable to this poem; nor that the poem itself was designed as a burlesque upon Fracastorius.

It was a little after this fatal siege of Naples, that Taliacotius began to practise in a town of Germany. He was the first clap-doctor that I meet with in history, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated Doctor Wall. He saw his species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a manufacture of Noses; having first got a patent that none should presume to make Noses besides himself. His first patient was a great man of Portugal, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his Nose. Taliacotius grafted a new one on the remaining part of the gristle or cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters M or N, and in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural Nose. There was, however, one misfortune in this experiment: the Portuguese's complexion was a little upon the subsuse; with very black eyes and dark eye-brows; and the Nose being taken from a porter that had a white German skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellowen. In a word,

word, the Comde resembled one of those maimed antique statues that has often a modern Nose of fresh marble grafted to a face of such a yellow, ivory complexion, as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the Doctor got together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, fair, brown, dark, fallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a patient of the most out-of-the-way colour, not to find a Nose to match it.

The Doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of college, or rather hospital, for the fashionable cripples of both sexes, that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brazen-Nose College in Oxford; and as it is usual for the learned in foreign universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the Doctor writ underneath this great golden Proboscis two verses out of Ovid.

*Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido,  
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnes amans.*

OVID. AMOR. EL. 9. VER. 1.

The toils of love require a warrior's art,  
And every lover plays the soldier's part.

R. WYNNER.

It is reported that Taliacotius had at one time in his house twelve German counts, nineteen French marquisses, and a hundred Spanish cavaliers, besides one solitary English esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the Doctor had the monopoly of Noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed, if a man had occasion for a high Roman Nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle Nose likewise bore an excessive rate; but for your ordinary short turned-up Noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

The sympathy betwixt the Nose and it's parent, was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the Nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the Nose, in order to have it inter-

red with it's first owner. The Nose was likewise afflicted by the pain as well as death of the original proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whose Noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely; upon which they sent to know, how the porter did? and heard upon enquiry, that the parent of the Noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruises it had received. This was highly relented by the Spaniards, who found out the person that had used the porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own Noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the porters led the gentlemen by the Nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the Nose, the porter felt the effects of it; inasmuch that it was generally articulated with the patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should, on no pretence whatsoever, smell pepper, or eat mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made, was seized with unpeakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the learned Taliacotius, that in the space of two years he wore out five Noses; and by that means so tormented the porters, that if he would have given five hundred pounds for a Nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honest parents, and passed his first years in fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the beauties of the playhouse, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune, which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany, 'the Englishman of five Noses,' and, 'the gentleman that had thrice as many Noses as he had ears;' such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young men of this town; which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance

ance in it this winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making Noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town Rakes, who live as if there was a Taliacotius to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the Nose is a very becoming part of the face; and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing, un-

til they have lost it. The general precept therefore I shall leave with them is, to regard every town woman as a particular kind of Siren, that has a design upon their Noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humorous phrase of old Plautus;

*Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicus.*

‘Keep your face out of my way, or I will bite off your Nose.’

## Nº CCLXI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1710.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 8.

IT is the duty of all who make philosophy the entertainment of their lives, to turn their thoughts to practical schemes for the good of society, and not pass away their time in fruitless searches, which tend rather to the ostentation of knowledge than the service of life. For this reason, I cannot forbear reading even the common bills, that are daily put into people's hands as they pass the streets, which give us notice of the present residence, the past travels, and infallible medicines of Doctors useful in their generation, though much below the character of the renowned Taliacotius: but upon a nice calculation of the successes of such adepts, I find their labours tend mostly to the enriching only one sort of men, that is to say, the society of Upholders. From this observation, and many others which occur to me when I am numbering the good people of Great Britain, I cannot but favour any proposal which tends to repair the losses we sustain by eminent cures. The best I have met with in this kind; has been offered to my consideration, and recommended in a letter subscribed, ‘Thomas Clement.’ The title to his printed articles runs thus: ‘By the Profitable Society, at the Wheat-sheaf over-against Tom's Coffee-house in Ruffel Street, Covent-Garden, new proposals for promoting a contribution towards raising two hundred and fifty pounds to be made on the baptizing of any infant born in wedlock.’ The plan is laid with such proper regulations, as serve, to such as fall in with it for the sake of their posterity, all the uses, without any of the

inconveniencies of settlements. By this means, such whose fortunes depend upon their own industry, or personal qualifications, need not be deterred by fear of poverty from that state which nature and reason prescribe to us, as the fountain of the greatest happiness in human life. The Censors of Rome had power vested in them to lay taxes on the unmarried; and I think I cannot shew my impartiality better, than in enquiring into the extravagant privileges my brother bachelors enjoy, and fine them accordingly. I shall not allow a single life in one sex to be reproached; and held in esteem in the other. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if an old bachelor, who lives in contempt of matrimony, were obliged to give a portion to an old maid, who is willing to enter into it. At the same time I must allow, that those who can plead courtship, and were unjustly rejected, shall not be liable to the pains and penalties of celibacy. But such as pretend an aversion to the whole sex, because they are ill-treated by a particular female, and cover their sense of disappointment in women under a contempt of their favour, shall be proceeded against as bachelors convicted. I am not without hopes, that from this slight warning all the unmarried men of fortune, taste, and refinement, will, without further delay, become lovers and humble servants to such of their acquaintance as are most agreeable to them, under pain of my censures: and it is to be hoped the rest of the world, who remain single for fear of the incumbrances of wedlock, will become subscribers to Mr. Clement's proposal. By these means we shall have a much more numerous account of births in the

year 1711, than any ever before known in Great Britain, where merely to be born is a distinction of Providence, greater than being born to a fortune in another place.

As I was going on in the consideration of this good office which Mr. Clement proposes to do his country, I received the following letter, which seems to be dictated by a like modest and public spirit, that makes use of me also in it's design of obliging mankind.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

**I**N the royal lottery for a million and a half, I had the good fortune of obtaining a prize. From before the drawing I had devoted a fifth of whatever should arise to me to charitable uses. Accordingly I lately troubled you with my request and commission for placing half a dozen youths with Mr. More, writing-master in Castle Street, to whom it is said, we owe all the fine devices, flourishes, and the composition of all the plates, for the drawing and paying the tickets. Be pleased therefore, good Sir, to find or make leisure for complying therewith, for I would not appear concerned in this small matter. I am very much your humble servant, &c.

It is no small pleasure to observe, that in the midst of a very degenerate age, there are still spirits which retain their natural dignity, and pursue the good of their fellow creatures: some in making themselves useful by professed service, some by secret generosity. Were I at liberty to discover even all the good I know of many men living at this time, there would want nothing but a suitable historian, to make them appear as illustrious as any of the noblest of the ancient Greeks or Romans. The cunning some have used to do handsome and worthy actions, the address to do men services, and escape their notice, has produced so many surprising incidents, which have been laid before me during my Censorship, as, in the opinion of posterity, would absolve this

age of all it's crimes and follies. I know no way to deal with such delicate minds as these, but by assuring them, that when they cease to do good, I shall tell all the good they have done already. Let therefore the benefactor to the youths above-mentioned continue such bounties, upon pain of being publicly praised. But there is no probability of his running into that hazard; for a strong habit of virtue can make men suspend the receiving acknowledgments due to their merit, until they are out of a capacity of receiving them. I am so very much charmed with accidents of this kind, that I have made a collection of all the memorable handsome things done by private men in my time. As a specimen of my manner of noting such actions, take the following fragment, out of much more, which is written in my year-book on the remarkable will of a gentleman, whom I shall here call Celamico.

'This day died that plain and excellent man, my much honoured friend Celamico, who bequeathed his whole estate to a gentleman no way related to him, and to whom he had given no such expectation in his life-time.'

He was a person of a very enlarged soul, and thought the nearest relation among men to be the resemblance of their minds and sentiments. He was not mistaken in the worth of his successor, who received the news of this unexpected good fortune with an air that shewed him less moved with the benefit, than the loss of the benefactor.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that on Monday the eleventh instant, the Case of the Visit comes on, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Court of Honour; where both persons are to attend, the meeting there not being to be understood as a Visit, and the right of the next Visit being then to be wholly settled, according to the prayer of the plaintiff.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1710.

VERBA TOGE SEQUERIS, JUNCTURA CALLIDUS ACRI,  
ORE TERES MODICO, PALLENTES RADERE MORES  
DOCTUS, ET INGENUO CULPAM DEFIGERE LUDO.

PERS. SAT. 5. VER. 14.

SOFT ELOCUTION DOES THY STYLE RENOWN,  
AND THE SWEET ACCENTS OF THE PEACEFUL GOWN;  
GENTLE OR SHARP, ACCORDING TO THY CHOICE,  
TO LAUGH AT FOLLIES, OR TO LASH AT VICE.

DRYDEN.

## JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, &amp;c.

**T**IMOTHY Treatall, gentleman, was indicted by several ladies of his sister's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tuesday the seventh of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment set forth, that the said Mr Treatall, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority; for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to years. The indictment added, that this produced an unspeakable confusion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crowded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that Mrs. Frontley had the insolence to clap herself down at the very lowest place of the table; that the widow Partlet seated herself on the right-hand of Mrs. Frontley, alledging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a round table; that Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Fescue disputed above half an hour for the same chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause until it was decided by the Parish Register, which happened to be kept hard by. The indictment further saith, that the rest of the company who sat down did it with a reserve to their right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mrs. Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several mothers of families among her inferiors. The criminal alledged in his defence,

that what he had done was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony; and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeness until the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity. The Censor, frowning upon him, told him, that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature; and, upon the jury's bringing him in guilty, sentenced him to treat the whole assembly of ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to persons of their quality.

Rebecca Shapely, spinster, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her silk slippers, which the prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two inches higher than they really were. The prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the prisoner was herself guilty of the same kind of forgery which she had laid to the prosecutor's charge, for that she the said Rebecca Shapely did always wear a pair of steel-bodice, and a false rump. The Censor ordered the slippers to be produced in open Court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the grand jury to search the criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the bodice, but found her guilty of the rump; upon which she received sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippet, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, brought his action against the Lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those volunteers, who officiate every night behind the boxes as gentleman waiters of the play-house: that he had been at a considerable

able charge in white gloves, pe- and snuff-boxes, in order to himself for that employment, hopes of making his fortune by ie counsel for the defendant re- hat the plaintiff had given out was within a month of wedding ent, and that she had refused her him in ceremony, lest he should it as a promise that she would him in marriage. As soon as adings on both sides were finish- Centor ordered the plaintiff to ered from his office of gentle- her to the play-house, since it plain that he had undertaken it ill design; and at the same time the defendant either to marry the intiff, or to pay him half a crown new pair of gloves and coach- at he was at the expence of in ice.

Lady Townly brought an ac- debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for said Mrs. Flambeau had not been ie Lady Townly, and with her ce her marriage with Sir Ralph, standing she the said Lady Town- aid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon coming to town. It was urged ehalf of the defendant, that the had never given her any regular of her being in town: that the alledged had been made on a y, which she knew was a day on Mrs. Flambeau was always a- having set aside that only day in k to mind the affairs of her fa- that the servant, who enquired she was at home, did not give ing knock: that it was not be- re hours of five and eight in the : that there were no candles up: that it was not on Mrs. au's day: and, in short, that is not one of the essential points l that constitute a visit. She proved by her porter's book, ras produced in court, that she d the Lady Townly a visit on

the twenty-fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year seventeen hundred and nine-ten, for which she was still creditor to the said Lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied, that she was now under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single woman. Mr. Bickerstaff finding the cause to be very intricate, and that several points of honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it until the next session day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left-hand to present to the court a table of all the laws relating to visits.

Winifred Leer brought her action- gainst Richard Sly, for having broken a marriage-contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said Winifred Leer. She al- ledged, that he had ogled her twice at an opera, thrice in Saint James's church, and once at Powell's puppet-show, at which time he promised her marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that sat by her. Mr. Bickerstaff find- ing that the defendant had made no fur- ther overture of love or marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent seducers are to lead the ladies hearts astray, ordered the criminal to stand upon the stage in the Hay- market, betwen each act of the next opera, there to be exposed to public view as a false ogler.

Upon the rising of the Court, Mr. Bickerstaff having taken one of the coun- terfeits in the very fact as he was ogling a lady of the grand jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the statute of ogling. He likewise directed the clerk of the Court to draw up an edict against these common cheats, that make women believe they are distracted for them by staring them out of coun- tenance, and often blast a lady's reputa- tion, whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks and distant familiarities.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1710.

MINIMA CONTENTOS NOCTE BRITANNOS.

JUV. SAT. 2. VER. 161.

BRITONS CONTENTED WITH THE SHORTEST NIGHT.

R. WYNN.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 13.

**A**N old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an-hour or two, and talk over old stories; but upon enquiring after him, his servant told me he was just gone to bed. The next morning as soon as I was up and dressed, and had dispatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit; but upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just fat down to dinner. In short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain, that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep, at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad day-light. This

irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And if the humour increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the bellman going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sunshine, has made me enquire, whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reason, I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know, whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly? and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour? My friend has answered me, that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and the beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours, that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still dine at eleven, and sup at six, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster Hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The land marks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed, and planted further up into the day; insomuch, that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix no body knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up  
a law.

trial in the behalf of Supper against  
er, setting forth, That the said Din-  
as made several encroachments  
the said Supper, and entered very  
on his frontiers; that he has ba-  
l him out of several families, and  
has driven him from his head  
ers, and forced him to make his re-  
into the hours of midnight; and,  
ort, that he is now in danger of  
entirely confounded and lost in a  
fast. Those who have read Lu-  
and seen the complaints of the let-  
against S. upon account of many  
es and usurpations of the same na-  
will not, I believe, think such a  
trial forced and unnatural. If  
r has been thus postponed, or, if  
lease, kept back from time to time,  
ay be sure that it has been in com-  
e with the other business of the  
and that supper has still observed a  
rtionable distance. There is a ve-  
le proverb, which we have all of  
ard in our infancy, of 'putting  
children to bed, and laying the  
le to the fire.' This was one of  
ecular sayings of our forefathers,  
ay be properly used in the literal  
at present. Who would not won-  
this perverted relish of those who  
ckoned the most polite part of man-  
that prefer sea coals and candles  
sun, and exchange so many clear-  
orning hours, for the pleasures of  
ght revels and debauches? If a  
was only to consult his health, he  
l choose to live his whole time, if  
le, in day-light; and to retire out  
world into silence and sleep, while  
aw damps and unwholesome va-  
stly abroad without a sun to dis-  
moderate, or controul them. For  
own part, I value an hour in the  
ing as much as common libertines  
hour at midnight. When I find  
f awakened into being, and per-  
my life renewed within me, and at  
me time see the whole face of na-  
ecovered out of the dark uncon-  
le state in which it lay for several  
, my heart overflows with such  
sentiments of joy and gratitude,  
a kind of implicit praise to the  
Author of Nature. The mind in  
early seasons of the day is so re-  
d in all its faculties, and borne up  
uch new supplies of animal spirits,

that she finds herself in a state of youth,  
especially when she is entertained with  
the breath of flowers, the melody of  
birds, the dews that hang upon the plants,  
and all those other sweets of nature that  
are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have  
this relish of being, this exquisite taste of  
life, who does not come into the world  
before it is in all it's noise and hurry;  
who loses the rising of the sun, the still  
hours of the day, and immediately upon  
his first getting up plunges himself into  
the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

I shall conclude this paper with Mil-  
ton's inimitable description of Adam's  
awakening his Eve in Paradise, which  
indeed would have been a place as lit-  
tle delightful as a barren heath or des-  
ert to those who slept in it. The fond-  
ness of the posture in which Adam is  
represented, and the softness of his whis-  
per, are passages in this divine poem that  
are above all commendation, and rather  
to be admired than praised.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep  
Was airy light with pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only  
sound

Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve,  
With tresses compos'd and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love,  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces. Then with voice  
Mild as when Zephyrus or Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus:—

Awake,

' My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
' Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight.  
' Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
' Call us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
' Our tended plants, how blow the citron grove,  
' What drops the myrrh, and what the palmy

reed,

' How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
' Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.'

Such whispering wak'd her, but with start-  
led eye

On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:

' O so! in whom my thoughts find all re-  
pose,

' My glory, my perfection, glad I see

' Thy face, and morn return'd——'



N° CCLXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1713.

FAVETE LINGUIS—

HOR. OD. I. LIB. 3. VER. 2.

FAVOUR YOUR TONGUES.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 15.

**B**OCCALINI, in his Parnassus, indicts a Laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two, and sentences him for his punishment to read over all the works of Guicciardini. This Guicciardini is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman Doctor Donne, speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, that 'if such an author as Guicciardini were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of it's creation.'

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a Story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside when he grows dull and tiresome; but such liberties are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's Chronicle to almost every part of her Majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors who had very different beauties in their style, That if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense. I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the last of those authors, is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen: but it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs

and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a Story-teller. I would earnestly desire those gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story can atone for the half-hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? And whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross the time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them; but think they have a right to tell any thing that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story; and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprizing, but because they are true.

My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff, used to say—'The life of man is too short for a story-teller.'

Methusalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was: but as for us postdiluvians, we ought to do every thing in haste; and in our speeches as well as actions, remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight and fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the threescore and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's boring, takes

him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth part of his convertible life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this, That men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider, whether what they speak be worth hearing? Whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say? And, whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken?

For the utter extirpation of these Orators and Story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours; and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, that shall lie upon the table as an hour-glass is often placed near the pulpit, to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute, to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any can make it appear he is turned of three-score, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch, without giving offence. Provided also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair-sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any incumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of the story short, and hurry to a conclusion. I shall only add, that this watch, with a paper of directions how to use it, is sold at Charles Lillie's.

I am afraid a Tatler will be thought a very improper paper to censure this humour of being talkative; but I would have my readers know, that there is a great difference between Tattle and Loquacity, as I shall shew at large in a following lucubration; it being my design to throw away a candle upon that subject, in order to explain the whole art of Tatling in all it's branches and subdivisions,

## Nº CCLXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1710.

ARBITER NIC IGITUR FACTUS DE LITE JOCOSA.

OID. MET. LIB. 3. VER. 331.

— HIM THEREFORE THEY CREATE  
THE SOV'RN UMPIRE OF THEIR DROLE DEBATE.

### CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, &c.

AS soon as the Court was sat, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force, relating to visits and visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, Esquire, was indicted by Colonel Touchy of her Majesty's Trained Bands, upon an action of assault and battery; for that he the said Mr. Heedless, having espied a feather

upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking-staff, value three-pence. It appeared, that the prosecutor did not think himself injured, until a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The council for the prosecutor alledged, that the shoulder was the tenderest part of a man of honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a stick; and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion

to examine into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence, that might be given by the touch of crab-tree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazel stick. The jury, after a short perusal of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, that the substance of the staff was British oak. The Cenfor then observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid oaken plant. 'And thus,' said the Cenfor, 'I shall decide this cause by the law of retaliation: if Mr. Heedless did the Colonel a good office, the Colonel will by this means return it in kind; but if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the Colonel, or laid his staff over his shoulders, the Colonel might boast, in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, or, to use the phrase of an ingenious author, that he has rubbed him down with an oaken towel.'

Benjamin Busy of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esquire, for having pulled out his watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said

tenant commanded and told his usualness of upon him impertinently according injured precious.

Sir Paed by Pe returning the said the sixth Haymar receipt in his de ostentim that who tor, he bow to the othe ledged, ed of th them a making turn the observir cutor's he talke the jury was a

at they were going to execute a rage, which had been made above before the Court of Honour was held. The Censor finding some reason suspect, by the sturdiness of their our, that they were not so very as they would have the Court be- nem, ordered them to be searched grand jury, who found a breast-upon the one, and two quires of upon the other. The breast-plate immediately ordered to be hung

upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaff's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their Bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the Court, and retired to their respective lodgings.

The Court then adjourned until after the holidays.

*Copia vera,*

CHARLES LILLIE.

## CCLXVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1710.

VIDEAT ET PULSET LASCIVA DESCENTIVS ETAS.

HOR. EP. 2. LIB. 2. VER. ULT.

LET YOUTH, MORE DECENT IN THEIR FOLLIES, SCOFF  
THE NAUSEOUS SCENE, AND MISS THEIR REELING OFF.

FRANCIS.

MY OWN APARTMENT, NOV. 20.

would be a good Appendix to The t of Living and Dying, if any ould write 'The Art of Growing and teach men to resign their pres- to the pleasures and gallantries ith, in proportion to the altera- ey find in themselves by the ap- of age and infirmities. The in- es of this stage of life would be fewer, if we did not affect those attend the more vigorous and ac- urt of our days; but instead of ig to be wiser, or being contented ur present follies, the ambition y of us is also to be the same fort s we formerly have been. I have argued, as I am a professed lover nen, that our sex grows old with r worse grace than the other does; ave ever been of opinion, that re more well-pleased old women, ld men. I thought it a good re- ar this, that the ambition of the k being confined to advantageous ges, or shining in the eyes of heir parts were over sooner, and uently the errors in the perform- f them. The conversation of ening has not convinced me of trary; for one or two fop-w- all not make a balance for the s of coxcombs among ourselves, fied according to the different pur- f pleasure and business.

Having come home this evening a little

before my usual hour, I scarce had seat- ed myself in my easy chair, stirred the fire, and stroked my cat, but I heard some body come rumbling up stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human fi- gure advancing towards me, so fantas- tically put together, that it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend Sam Trusty. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered, was — 'Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cher- ry-brandy, before you offer to ask any question.' He drank a lusty draught; sat silent for some time, and at last broke out — 'I am come,' quoth he, 'to in- sult thee for an old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending the wo- men. I have this evening visited two widows, who are now in that state I have often heard you call an After- life; I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past en- tertainments, and is an untimely de- light in the satisfactions, which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience,' continued he, 'until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure. They are much of an age, but very different in their characters: the one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her

'teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, petts, and favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them; their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble; for both live in the very next street. I went first to my Lady Camomile, and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour, and told me, though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady, that I was come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosinella, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were. "Very well," says he: "this is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old school-fellow and great crony of her ladyship's; and 'this the answer.'" I enquired in what country she lived. "Oh dear!" says he, "but just by in the neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. 'They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names; but for all that they love one another hugely.'" By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her; for she could not possibly see me, nor any body else, for it was opera-night.

'Methinks,' says I, 'such innocent folly, as two old women's courtship to each other, should rather make you merry, than put you out of humour.' — 'Peace, good Isaac,' says he, 'no interruption, I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's, she that was

formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her; Tom Feeble of Brazen Nose fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula, without further ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can infest a family; an old stock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great grey squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the mantle-tree, for I am a pretty curious observer, stood a pot of lambetive electuary, with a stick of liquorish, and near it a phial of rose-water and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax-candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, and supported by cushions; and in this attitude (would you believe it, Isaac?) she was reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me; where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of sheers, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility, and so being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new bob wig, and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singing the foretop. I put it on, and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered

'break.



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‘breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and with great eloquence, and a numerous train of words, lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my fore-finger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beaters skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed

‘her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down stairs with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together.’ Here my friend concluded his narrative; and, with a composed countenance; I began to make him compliments of condolance; but he started from his chair, and said—‘Isaac, you may spare your speeches, I expect no reply: when I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one.’

Nº CCLXVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1710,

QUI GENUS HUMANUM INGENIO SUPERAVIT, ET OMNES  
RESTINEIT STELLAS, EXORTUS UTI AERIUS SOL.

LUCR. LIB. 3. VER. 1036.

HIS GENIUS QUITE OBSCUR'D THE BRIGHTEST RAY  
OF HUMAN THOUGHT, AS SOL'S EFFULGENT BEAMS,  
AT MORN'S APPROACH, EXTINGUISH ALL THE STARS. R. WYNNE.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 22.

I Have heard, that it is a rule among the Conventuals of several orders in the Romish church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity; and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented crimes, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and, if I may so say, the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious, and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to shew, how those in our own nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because Priestcraft is the common cry of every cavilling, empty scribbler, I shall shew that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall in this paper only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say, to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents, which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive,



comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age; whom, I must confess, I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary man a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours, which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind; which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title with it, as it was found amongst his lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my readers with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A PRAYER, OR PSALM, MADE BY MY LORD BACON, CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

**M**OST gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, founder and searcher the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite;

thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. The Vine, which thy right-hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been, as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples.

Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions; but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

O Lord, my strength! I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence. As thy favours have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion

thy mercies; for what are the sands the sea? Earth, heavens, and all else, are nothing to thy mercies. Be-  
s my innumerable sins, I confess be-  
thee, that I am debtor to thee for  
gracious talent of thy gifts and  
ces, which I have neither put into a  
kin, nor put it, as I ought, to ex-

changers, where it might have made  
best profit, but mispent it in things for  
which I am least fit: so I may truly say,  
my soul hath been a stranger in the  
course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful  
unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's  
sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or  
guide me in thy ways.

CCLXVIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1710.

— O TE, BOLANE, CEREBRI  
FELICEM! AIREBAM TACITUS, CUM QUIDLIBET ILLE  
GARRIRET.

HOR. SAT. 9. LIB. 1. VER. 12.

I THUS IN MUTTERING SILENCE FRETTE;  
' BOLANUS, HAPPY IN A SCULL  
' OF PROOF, IMPENETRABLY DULL,  
' O FOR A PORTION OF THY BRAINS!

FRANCIS.

IN MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 25.

At my coming home last night, I  
found upon my table the follow-  
petition or project, sent me from  
yd's Coffee-house in the city, with  
resent of Port wine, which had been  
ght at a late auction held in that  
ce.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE,  
CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

LOYD'S COFFEE-HOUSE, LOMBARD  
STREET, DECEMBER 23.

'E the customers of this Coffee-  
house, observing that you have  
en into your consideration the great  
chiefs daily done in this city by Cof-  
house Orators, do humbly beg leave  
epresent to you, That this Coffee-  
se being provided with a pulpit for  
benefit of such auctions that are fre-  
ntly made in this place, it is our cus-  
upon the first coming in of the  
s, to order a youth, who officiates  
ne kidney of the Coffee-house, to get  
the pulpit, and read every paper with  
ad and distinct voice, while the whole  
ience are sipping their respective li-  
rs. We do therefore, Sir, humbly  
ose, that there be a pulpit erected  
in every Coffee-house of this city  
the adjacent parts; that one of the  
ers of the Coffee-house be nominated  
ader to the said pulpit; that after

the news of the day has been published  
by the said lecturer, some politician of  
good note do ascend into the said pul-  
pit; and after having chosen for his text  
any article of the said news, that he do  
establish the authority of such article,  
clear the doubts that may arise there-  
upon, compare it with parallel texts in  
other papers, advance upon it wholesome  
points of doctrine, and draw from it sa-  
lutory conclusions for the benefit and  
edification of all that hear him. We  
do likewise humbly propose, that upon  
any such politician's quitting the pulpit,  
he shall be succeeded by any other Ora-  
tor that finds himself moved by the same  
public spirit, who shall be at full liberty  
either to enforce or overthrow what the  
other has said before him, and may in  
the same manner be succeeded by ano-  
ther politician, who shall with the same  
liberty confirm or impugn his reasons,  
strengthen or invalidate his conjectures,  
enlarge upon his schemes, or erect new  
ones of his own. We do likewise fur-  
ther propose, that if any person, of what  
age and rank soever, do presume to ca-  
vil at any paper that has been read, or  
to hold forth upon it longer than the  
space of one minute, that he be im-  
mediately ordered up into the pulpit, there  
to make good any thing that he has sug-  
gested upon the floor. We do likewise  
further propose, that if any one plays  
the Orator in the ordinary Coffee-house  
conversation, whether it be upon peace

or war, on plays or sermons, business or poetry, that he be forthwith desired to take his place in the pulpit.

This, Sir, we humbly presume may in a great measure put a stop to those superficial statesmen, who would not dare to stand up in this manner before a whole congregation of politicians, notwithstanding the long and tedious harangues and dissertations which they daily utter in private circles, to the breaking of many honest tradesmen, the seducing of several eminent citizens, the making of numberless mal-contented, and to the great detriment and disquiet of her Majesty's subjects.

I do heartily concur with my ingenious friends of the above-mentioned Coffee-house in their proposals; and because I apprehend there may be reasons to put an immediate stop to the grievance complained of, it is my intention, that until such time as the aforesaid pulpits can be erected, every Orator do place himself within the bar, and from thence dictate whatsoever he shall think necessary for the public good.

And further, because I am very desirous, that proper ways and means should be found out for the suppressing of story-tellers and fine talkers in all ordinary conversations whatsoever, I do insist, that in every private club, company, or meeting over a bottle, there be always an elbow-chair placed at the table; and that as soon as any one begins a long story, or extends his discourse beyond the space of one minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said elbow-chair, unless upon any of the company's calling out, to the chair, he breaks off abruptly, and holds his tongue.

There are two species of men, notwithstanding any thing that has been here said, whom I would exempt from the disgrace of the elbow-chair. The first are those buffoons that have a talent of mimicking the speech and behaviour of other persons, and turning all their patrons, friends, and acquaintance, into ridicule. I look upon your Pantomime as a legion in a man, or at least to be, like Virgil's monster, with an hundred mouths and as many tongues.

—*Lingæ centum sunt, orâque centum.*

And therefore would give him as much time to talk in, as would be allowed to the whole body of persons he represents,

were they actually in the company which they divert by proxy. Provided, however, that the said Pantomime do not, upon any pretence whatsoever, utter any thing in his own particular opinion, language, or character.

I would likewise, in the second place, grant an exemption from the elbow-chair to any person who treats the company, and by that means may be supposed to pay for his audience. A guest cannot take it ill, if he be not allowed to talk in his turn by a person who puts his mouth to a better employment, and stops it with good beef and mutton. In this case the guest is very agreeably silenced, and seems to hold his tongue under that kind of bribery which the ancients called, *Bos in lingua*.

If I can once extirpate the race of solid and substantial humdrums, I hope, by my wholesome and repeated advices, quickly to reduce the insignificant tittle-tattles and matter-of-fact-men that abound in every quarter of this great city.

Epictetus, in his little system of morality, prescribes the following rule with that beautiful simplicity which shines through all his precepts. 'Beware that thou never tell thy dreams in company; for notwithstanding thou mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dreams, the company will take no pleasure in hearing them.'

This rule is conformable to a maxim which I have laid down in a late paper, and must always inculcate into those of my readers who find in themselves an inclination to be very talkative and impertinent, that they should not speak to please themselves, but those that hear them.

It has been often observed by witty essay-writers, that the deepest waters are always the most silent; that empty vessels make the greatest sound, and tinkling cymbals the worst music. The Marquis of Halifax, in his admirable advice to a daughter, tells her, that good sense has always something fallen in it: but as fullness does not imply silence, but an ill-natured silence, I wish his lordship had given a softer name to it. Since I am engaged unwearied in quotations, I must not omit the *sententia* which Horace has written against this impertinent talkative compassion, and which, I think, is fuller of humour than any other *sententia* he has written. This great author, who had the most perfect conversation, and was himself a most agreeable

agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid some time or other it would be mortal to him; as he has very humorously described it in his conversation with an impertinent fellow, who had like to have been the death of him.

*Interpellandi locus hic eras! Est tibi mater,  
Cognavi, quis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi  
quisquam.*

*Omnes composui. Felice! nunc ego resto;  
Confice; namque instas fatum mibi triste, Sabella  
Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna.  
Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,  
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.  
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque, liquaces,  
Si sapias, vitet, simul atque adoleverit aetas.*

HOR. SAT. 9. LIB. I. VER. 26.

Have you no mother, sister, friends,  
Whose welfare on your health depends?—  
Not one; I saw them all by turns  
Securely settled in their urns.  
Thrice happy they, secure from pain!  
And I thy victim now remain;  
Dispatch me; for my goody nurse  
Early presag'd this heavy curse.  
She con'd it by the sieve and shears,  
And now it falls upon my ears—  
Nor poison fell, with ruin stor'd,  
Nor horrid point of hostile sword,  
Nor pleurisy, nor asthma-cough,  
Nor cripple-gout, shall cut him off:  
A noisy tongue and babbling breath  
Shall tease, and talk my child to death.  
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,  
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.

FRANCIS.

Nº CCLXIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1710.

—HÆ NUGÆ SERIA DUCUNT  
IN MALA—

HOR. ART. POET. VER. 451.

—TRIFLES SUCH AS THESE  
TO SERIOUS MISCHIEFS LEAD—

FRANCIS.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 27.

I Find my correspondents are universally offended at me for taking notice so seldom of their letters, and I fear people have taken the advantage of my silence to go on in their errors; for which reason I shall hereafter be more careful to answer all lawful questions and just complaints, as soon as they come to my hands. The two following epistles relate to very great mischiefs in the most important articles of life, Love and Friendship.

DORSETSHIRE, DECEMBER 20.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

IT is my misfortune to be enamoured of a lady, that is neither very beautiful, very witty, nor at all well-natured; but has the vanity to think she excels in all these qualifications, and therefore is cruel, insolent, and scornful. When I study to please her, she treats me with the utmost rudeness and ill manners: if I approach her person, she fights, she scratches me: if I offer a civil salute, she bites me; insomuch that very lately, before a whole assembly of ladies and gentlemen, she ripped out a considerable

part of my left cheek. This is no sooner done, but she begs my pardon in the most handsome and becoming terms imaginable, gives herself worse language than I could find in my heart to do, lets me embrace her to pacify her while she is railing at herself, protests she deserves the esteem of no one living, says I am too good to contradict her when she thus accuses herself. This atones for all; tempts me to renew my addresses, which are ever returned in the same obliging manner. Thus, without some speedy relief, I am in danger of losing my whole face. Notwithstanding all this, I doat upon her, and am satisfied she loves me, because she takes me for a man of sense, which I have been generally thought, except in this one instance. Your reflections upon this strange amour would be very useful in these parts, where we are over-run with wild beauties and romps. I earnestly beg your assistance, either to deliver me from the power of this unaccountable enchantment, or, by some proper animadversions, to civilize the behaviour of this agreeable rustic. I am Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ERASTUS.

4 H

MR.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I Now take leave to address you in your character of Censor, and complain to you, that among the various errors in conversation which you have corrected, there is one which, though it has not escaped a general reproof, yet seems to deserve a more particular severity. It is an humour of jesting on disagreeable subjects, and insisting on the jest, the more it creates uneasiness; and this some men think they have a title to do as friends. Is the design of jesting to provoke? Or does friendship give a privilege to say things with a design to shock? How can that be called a jest, which has nothing in it but bitterness? It is generally allowed necessary for the peace of company, that men should a little study the tempers of each other; but certainly that must be in order to shun what is offensive, not to make it a constant entertainment. The frequent repetition of what appears harsh, will unavoidably leave a rancour that is fatal to friendship; and I doubt much, whether it would be an argument of a man's good-humour, if he should be roused by perpetual teasing, to treat those that do it as his enemies. In a word, whereas it is a common practice to let a story die, merely because it does not touch, I think such as mention one they find does, are as troublesome to society, and as unfit for it, as Wags, Men of Fire, good Talkers, or any other apes in conversation; and therefore, for the public benefit, I hope you will caution them to be branded with such a name as they deserve. I am, Sir, your's,

PATIENT FRIENDLY.

The case of Ebenezer is a very common one, and is always cured by neglect. These fantastical returns of affection proceed from a certain vanity in the other sex, supported by a perverted taste in our's. I must publish it as a rule, That no faults which proceed from the will, either in a mistress or a friend, are to be tolerated; but we should

be so complaisant to ladies, as to let them displease when they aim at doing it. Pluck up a spirit, Ebenezer; recover the use of your judgment, and her faults will appear, or her beauties vanish. 'Her faults begin to please me as well as my own,' is a sentence very prettily put into the mouth of a lover by the comic poet; but he never designed it for a maxim of life, but the picture of an imperfection. If Ebenezer takes my advice, the same temper which made her insolent to his love, will make her submissive to his indifference.

I cannot wholly ascribe the faults, mentioned in the second letter, to the same vanity or pride in companions who secretly triumph over their friends, in being sharp upon them in things where they are most tender. But when this sort of behaviour does not proceed from that source, it does from barrenness of invention, and an inability to support a conversation in a way less offensive. It is the same poverty which makes men speak or write smuttily, that forces them to talk vexingly. As obscene language is an address to the lewd for applause, so are sharp allusions an appeal to the ill-natured. But mean and illiterate is that conversation, where one man exercises his wit to make another exercise his patience.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Plagius has been told again and again, both in public and private, that he preaches excellently well, and still goes on to preach as well as ever, and all this to a polite and learned audience: This is to desire, that he would not hereafter be so eloquent, except to a country congregation; the proprietors of Tillotson's Works having consulted the learned in the law, whether preaching a sermon they have purchased, is not to be construed publishing their copy?

Mr. Dogood is desired to consider, that his story is severe upon a weakness, and not a folly.

N<sup>o</sup> CCLXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1710.

CUM PULCHRIS TUNICIS SUMET NOVA CONSILIA ET SPES.

HOR. EP. 18. LIB. 1. VER. 33.

IN GAY ATTIRE WHEN THE VAIN COXCOMB'S DRESS,  
STRANGE HOPES AND PROJECTS FILL HIS LABOURING BREST.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, DEC. 29.

**A**CCORDING to my late resolution, I take the holidays to be no improper season to entertain the town with the addresses of my correspondents. In my walks every day, there appear all around me very great offenders in the point of Dress. An armed taylor had the impudence yesterday in the Park to smile in my face, and pull off a laced hat to me, as it were in contempt of my authority and censure. However, it is a very great satisfaction, that other people as well as myself are offended with these improprieties. The following notices, from persons of different sexes and qualities, are a sufficient instance how useful my Lucubrations are to the public.

JACK'S COFFEE-HOUSE NEAR  
GUILDHALL, DEC. 27.

COUSIN BICKERSTAFF,

**I**T has been the peculiar blessing of our family to be always above the smiles or frowns of fortune, and, by a certain greatness of mind, to restrain all irregular fondnesses or passions. From hence it is, that though a long decay, and a numerous descent, have obliged many of our house to fall into the arts of trade and business, no one person of us has ever made an appearance that betrayed our being unsatisfied with our own station of life, or has ever affected a mien or gesture unsuitable to it.

You have up and down in your writings very justly remarked, that it is not this or the other profession or quality among men that gives honour and esteem, but the well or ill behaving ourselves in those characters. It is therefore with no small concern, that I behold in coffee-houses and public places my brethren, the tradesmen of this city, put off the smooth, even, and ancient decorum of thriving citizens, for a fantastical dress and figure, improper for

their persons and characters, to the utter destruction of that order and distinction which of right ought to be between St. James's and Milk Street, the Camp and Cheapside.

I have given myself some time to find out, how distinguishing the frays in a lot of muslins, or drawing up a regiment of thread laces, or making a pægyric on pieces of sagathy or Scotch plaid, should entitle a man to a laced hat or sword, a wig tied up with ribbands, or an embroidered coat. The College say, this enormity proceeds from a sort of delirium in the brain, which makes it break out first about the head, and, for want of timely remedies, fall upon the left thigh, and from thence in little mazes and windings, run over the whole body, as appears by pretty ornaments on the buttons, button-holes, garterings, sides of the breeches, and the like. I beg the favour of you to give us a discourse wholly upon the subject of habits, which will contribute to the better government of conversation among us, and in particular oblige, Sir, your affectionate cousin,

FELIX TRANQUILLUS.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE,  
CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.THE HUMBLE PETITION OF RALPH  
WAB, HABERDASHER OF HATS, AND  
MANY OTHER POOR SUFFERERS OF  
THE SAME TRADE,

SHewETH,

**T**HAT for some years last past the use of gold and silver galloon upon hats has been almost universal; being undistinguishably worn by Soldiers, Esquires, Lords, Footmen, Beaux, Sportsmen, Traders, Clerks, Prigs, Smarts, Cullies, Pretty Fellows, and Sharpers.

That the said use and custom has been two ways very prejudicial to your petitioners. First, in that it has induced men, to the great damage of your petitioners,

to wear their hats upon their heads; by which means the said hats last much longer whole, than they would do if worn under their arms. Secondly, in that very often a new dressing and a new lace supply the place of a new hat, which grievance we are chiefly sensible of in the spring-time, when the company is leaving the town; it so happening commonly, that a hat shall frequent, all winter, the finest and best assemblies without any ornament at all, and in May shall be tricked up with gold or silver to keep company with rustics, and ride in the rain.

All which premises your petitioners humbly pray you to take into your consideration, and either to appoint a day in your Court of Honour, when all pretenders to the galloon may enter their claims, and have them approved or rejected, or to give us such other relief as to your great wisdom shall seem meet.

And your petitioners, &c.

Order my friend near Temple Bar, the author of the Hunting-cock, to assist the Court when this petition is read, of which Mr. Lillie is to give him notice.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE,  
CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF ELIZABETH SLENDER, SPINSTER,

SHEWETH,

**T**HAT on the twentieth of this instant December, her friend Rebecca Hide and your petitioner walking in the Strand, saw a gentleman before us in a gown, whose periwig was so long, and so much powdered, that your petitioner took notice of it, and said, she wondered that lawyer would so spoil a new gown with powder. To which it was answered, that he was no lawyer, but a clergyman. Upon a wager of a pot of coffee we overtook him, and your petitioner was soon convinced she had lost.

Your petitioner therefore desires your worship to cite the clergyman before you, and to settle and adjust the length of canonical periwigs, and the quantity of powder to be made use of in them, and to give such other directions as you shall think fit.

And your petitioner, &c.

**Query.** Whether this gentleman be not a chaplain to a regiment, and in such case allow powder accordingly.

After all that can be thought on these subjects, I must confess, that the men who dress with a certain ambition to appear more than they are, are much more excusable than those who betray, in the adorning their persons, a secret vanity and inclination to shine in things, wherein if they did succeed, it would rather lessen than advance their character. For this reason I am more provoked at the allegations relating to the clergyman, than any other hinted at in these complaints. I have indeed a long time, with much concern, observed abundance of Pretty Fellows in sacred orders, and shall in due time let them know, that I pretend to give ecclesiastical as well as civil censures. A man well-bred and well-dressed in that habit, adds to the sacredness of his function an agreeableness not to be met with among the laity. I own I have spent some evenings among the men of wit of that profession with an inexpressible delight. Their habitual care of their character gives such a chastisement to their fancy, that all which they utter in company is as much above what you meet with in other conversation, as the charms of a modest, are superior to those of a light woman. I therefore earnestly desire our young missionaries from the universities to consider where they are, and not dress, and look, and move like young officers. It is no disadvantage to have a very handsome white hand; but were I to preach repentance to a gallery of ladies, I would, methinks, keep my gloves on: I have an unfeigned affection to the class of mankind appointed to serve at the altar, therefore am in danger of running out of my way, and growing too serious on this occasion; for which reason I shall end with the following epistle, which, by my interest in Tom Trot the penny-post, I procured a copy of.

TO THE REVEREND MR. RALPH INCENSE, CHAPLAIN TO THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF BRUMPTON.

612,

**I** Heard and saw you preach last Sunday. I am an ignorant young woman, and understood not half you said; but, ah! your manner, when you held up both your hands towards our poor

Did you design to win me to Heaven or yourself? Your humble servant,  
PENITENCE GENTLE.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Proctorstaff of Clare Hall in

Cambridge, is received as a kinsman, according to his request, bearing date the twentieth instant.

The distressed son of *Æsculapius* is desired to be more particular.

Nº CCLXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1710.

**T**HE Printer having informed me, that there are as many of these Papers printed as will make four Volumes, I am now come to the end of my ambition in this matter, and have nothing further to say to the world under the character of Isaac Bickerstaff. This work has indeed for some time been disagreeable to me, and the purpose of it wholly lost by my being so long understood as the author. I never designed in it to give any man any secret wound by my concealment, but spoke in the character of an old Man, a Philosopher, an Humourist, an Astrologer, and a Censor, to allure my reader with the variety of my subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the weight of reason with the agreeableness of wit. The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend Truth, Innocence, Honour, and Virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered, that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess, my life is at best but pardonable. And with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit that would have lost both its beauty and efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele.

As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value; but I should err against that candour which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the soul, the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of

religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them. I must acknowledge at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour in Mr. Bickerstaff's Lucubrations, are those for which he also is beholden to him.

As for the satirical part of these writings, those against the gentlemen who profess gaming are the most licentious; but the main of them I take to come from losing gamesters, as invectives against the fortunate; for in very many of them I was very little else but the transcriber. If any have been more particularly marked at, such persons may impute it to their own behaviour, before they were touched upon, in publicly speaking their resentment against the author, and professing they would support any man who should insult him. When I mention this subject, I hope Major-general Davenport, Brigadier Bisset, and my Lord Forbes, will accept of my thanks for their frequent good offices, in professing their readiness to partake any danger that should befall me in so just an undertaking, as the endeavour to banish fraud and cozenage from the presence and conversation of gentlemen.

But what I find is the least excusable part of all this work is, that I have in some places in it touched upon matters which concern both Church and State. All I shall say for this is, that the points I alluded to are such as concerned every Christian and Freeholder in England; and I could not be cold enough to conceal my opinion on subjects which related to either of those characters. But politics apart. I must confess, it has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to frame characters of domestic life, and put those parts of it which are least observed into an agreeable view; to enquire into the seeds of vanity and affectation.



fection, to lay before the readers the emptiness of ambition: in a word, to trace human life through all its mazes and recesses, and shew much shorter methods than men ordinarily practise, to be happy, agreeable, and great.

But to enquire into men's faults and weaknesses, has something in it so unwelcome, that I have often seen people in pain to act before me, whose modesty only makes them think themselves liable to censure. This, and a thousand other nameless things, have made it an irksome task to me to personate Mr. Bickstaff any longer; and I believe it does not often happen, that the reader is delighted where the author is displeased.

All I can do for the further gratification of the town, is to give them a faithful explication of passages and allusions, and sometimes of persons intended in the several scattered parts of the work. At the same time, I shall discover which of the whole have been written by me, and which by others, and by whom, as far as I am able, or permitted \*.

Thus I have voluntarily done what I think all authors should do, when called upon. I have published my name to my writings, and given myself up to the mercy of the town, as Shakespeare expresses it, with all my imperfections on my head. The indulgent reader's most obliged, most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

\* This is done in the Preface to this Volume.

# I N D E X

TO THE

FOUR VOLUMES OF THE TATLER.

VOL. I.

**A**BSOLUTE power represented in a dance, page 35.  
Advice not to be given to every body, 74. Not asked for information, but out of fulness and perplexity of heart, *ibid*.

*Æsculapius*, his recipe for love, 136. Falls in love with the divine *Hebe*, 126.

*Africanus*, his character, 106. His magnanimity and manner of purchasing annuities, *ibid*.

Age, what renders it most agreeable, 131. Indecent when not spent in virtue, 133.

*Alchymist*, a comedy by Ben Johnson, remarks on it, 44.

*Alicant*, castle of, surrenders, 33. Account of officers killed there, 64.

*Allen*, Mr. a player, founder of Dulwich College, 60.

*Almanack*, Oxford, for 1709, considered, 113.

*Alost*, attempt to surprize the garrison there, 7.

*Amanda*, the happy wife of Florio; character of her, 141.

*Annihilation*, described by Milton and Dryden, 19.

*Annuities*, how purchased by *Africanus*, 106.

*Argyle*, John, Duke of, his character, 134.

*Artillery Company of London*, description of an exercise of arms performed by them, 118, 119.

*Aspasia*, a most excellent woman; her character, 121. The first of the beauteous order of love, 140.

*Asturias*, Prince of, acknowledged heir to the crown of Spain, 17.

*Avaro*, a mean-spirited rich man, described, 75.

*Aurengezebe*, an Indian stock-jobber, his history, and indecent manner of spending old age, 131, 132.

**B**ACHELOR's scheme to govern a wife, 31.

*Bajados*, account of a battle there, 52.

*Bankers*, why they should take poems for bills, 124.

*Barrymore*, Earl of, made prisoner at the battle of *Bajados*, 52.

*Barry*, Mrs. an excellent player, 6. Desired to act the widow at Mr. Bickerstaff's funeral, 23.

*Bath*, commotions among the good company there, 48, 49.

*Battle of Bajados*, 52.

*Bays*, his expedient to procure applause at the playhouse, 21.

*Beadlestaff*, his testimony of a reformation and puppet-show at Oxford, 129.

*Bear*, meaning of that word explained, 109.

*Bear-garden*, of great antiquity, 91.

*Beauty*, the force and efficacy of it, 31, 32. Every temper to be softened by it, *ibid*.

*Belfry*, Mr. an ignorant clown, his behaviour at Lady Dainty's, 107.

Bernard

- Bernard, Mr. a French banker, consequences of his failure, 12, 17, 87. His offer to his creditors, page 31.
- Betterton, Mr. a celebrated player, account of his benefit play, 6.
- Bickerstaff, Isaac, his genealogy, 35, 36. An adept in astronomical speculations, 10. Gives advice for his own sake, 19. Expects hush-money, 77. Did not compound with the milliners and toymen, 90. His will, 22. Extraordinary cures performed by him at his lodgings, 99. Disposes of his three nephews, 88.
- Bicknell, or Bignell, Mrs. a comedian, commended, 10.  
acts the Country Wife, *ibid*.
- Billet-deux concerning a rival, 86.
- Birth, to be proud of it, the greatest of vanities, 35.
- Bodily wits, who, 130.
- Bracegirdle, Mrs. an excellent player, 6.
- Bribery, a treatise thereon, 121. A poem on that subject, *ibid*.
- Brunette, Colonel, a Very Pretty Fellow, 70.
- Brunk's Postscript, remarks on that poem, 133.
- Buckley, Mr. a Drawcanfir, 55.
- Bullock and Puckerinan, the comedians, to attend Mr. Bickerstaff's funeral, 23.
- Busy Body, character of that comedy, 57.
- But, that particle used too frequently, 121.
- CADOGAN**, Major-general, arrives at Brussels, 7.
- Cælia, why so long a maid, 15.
- Cæsar, Julius, compared with Alexander, 21.
- Camilla, account of the person who performed that character in the opera, 60.
- Campaign, by Addition, character of that poem, 125.
- Cancrum, his merit, 71.
- Can., of modern men of wit, 37.
- Cards take the place of poetry, 6.
- Careless, Frank, opposed to Fop Nice, 44.
- Ceremony, the invention and use of it, 89.
- Challenge, the stile of it, 74.
- Children, manner of nursing them, 46.
- Chloe, love of her makes coxcombs, 13.
- Circumspection water, Bickerstaff's, wonderful effects of it, 8, 99.
- Citizens distinguished from cits, 75.
- Clarissa, love of her makes madmen, 13.
- Clidamira, a woman of distinction, a pretty lady, 100.
- Comment on stone-walls, 53.
- Companions, what sort most desirable, 130, 131.
- Compassion, often the weakest part about us, 120.
- Conscience described, 139.
- Contention between two ladies for the title of Very Pretty, 100.
- Conversation, mutual good-will the quintessence of conversation, 131. The most necessary talent therein, 61. Repartees, 93.
- Copenhagen, poetically described by Ambrose Philips, 39.
- Coquetry, what, 80.
- Coquettes, a mischievous sect, *ibid*.
- Cerinna, a kept mistress, her manner of life with Limberham, 141.
- Country Wife, remarks on that comedy, 10.
- Country, ignorant of Mr. Bickerstaff's writings, 91.
- Credit described, 139.
- Critics, of all mortals the silliest, 86. Opposed to wits, *ibid*. A great critic falls into a fit at the opera, 14.
- Custom, the cause of duels, 85.
- Cynthia falls in love, 6. The effects of a bow from his mistress, 16. Dictating on the passion of love, 65. His adventure at the playhouse, *ibid*. His resolution and letter to his mistress thereon, 102.
- Czar of Muscovy, account of his victory over the Swedes, 25.

**DAMIA**, a woman of distinction, a very pretty lady, page 100.

Dancing displays beauty, *ibid.*

Dassapa, Tom, his potions, 139.

Dawks, honest Icabod, the news-letter-writer, an account of him, 55.

Decius, the character of a lewd person, 128.

Dedications, the abuse of them, 123. A play dedicated to a city-knight, *ibid.*

Denmark, King of, runs for a prize at Dresden, 99. Account of his tour, 9, 16, 20, 25, 26, 64.

Distaff, Jenny, Mr. Bickerstaff's half-sister, her discourse on love; the command and power of women, 31. Her reflections on her brother's writings, 96. Her conduct in an amour, 97, 98.

Diversions for the King of Denmark at Dresden, 99.

Divito (or Christopher Rich, Esq;) sale of his goods, celestial and terrestrial, 122, 123.

Dogs, account of the loss of a lady's lap-dog, 137.

Dryden, his verses on empire applied, 40.

Duel, enquiry into the genealogy of that monster, 85.

Duellers, how treated after death, 78.

Duelling and it's terms explained, 74. Custom the source of it, 85. Stripped of it's pretensions to credit and reputation, 82. How used by different nations, *ibid.* Dialogue thereon, 113.

Dulwich College founded by Allen the player, 66.

Dumb fortune-teller, some account of him, 44.

D'Urfey, Mr. the lyric poet, account of his great abilities, 35. Writes state plays and political dances, *ibid.* Dedication to his modern prophets, 123.

Durley, Lord, sea-engagement between him and the French, 48.

**EARL** of Essex, character of that play, 43.

Ease in writing, what it is, 28.

Emblem of the Parrot and Dove, a poem, 81.

Engagement at sea between the English and French, 48.

Epigram on marriage, 118.

Epithets of Homer and Virgil compared, 19.

Epsom, diversions there, 105. Adventures of a fortune-hunter there, 134, 135.

Epom Wells, a comedy by Shadwell, account of it, 24.

Esquire, the appellation of it notoriously abused, 56.

Exercise of arms in the city of London, with remarks thereon, 118, 119.

Extasy described by Dryden, 19.

**FELICIA**, the island of, happy in good ministers of state, 15.

Fits, a lady cured of them by a whisper, 68.

Flemming, General, design of his to visit Berlin, 9.

Florimel and Picket, their courtship, 49.

Florio, a gentleman fitted for conversation, 130.

Fly-blow, a fool, who deserves to be treated like a knave, 111.

Fools, how they differ from madmen, 117.

Foot-race by damsels at Epsom, 105.

Fox, a play by Ben Johnson, applauded, 62.

France, misery of that kingdom, 10, 20, 25, 33, 54, 58, 108.

Free state, represented in a dance, 35.

Free-thinkers, who call themselves so, 37.

French King, Lewis XIV. Answer of his subjects to his letter, 87.

Frontlet, an awful beauty, characterized, 72.

**GALWAY**, Earl of, his bravery and conduct in Portugal, 55.

Gamesters, their misery and alternate state described, 47. What, men of honour and wealth play against them, *ibid.*

Gatty, Mrs. foremost in the rank of toasts, 71.

Genealogy of the Bickerstaffs, 35, 36.

Genii, their good offices to men, page 137.  
 Gentleman, what meant by that term, 61.  
 Good-breeding, what, 89.  
 Good-natured old man the best companion, *ibid.*  
 Good-will (mutual) the quintessence of conversation, 131.  
 Guardeloup, the French taylor, account of his wedding, 23.  
 Guilt applies the satire, 120.

**HAMLET**, his directions to players, 103.  
 Hamman, disputes between Papists and Protestants in that town, 21.  
 Hanover, Elector of, remonstrance of his minister to the council at Ratibon, 9.  
 Signifies his intentions to the Imperial court, 14.  
 Holt, Lord Chief Justice, his integrity described in the character of Verus, 43.  
 Homer indiscreet in his epithets, 19. His *Iliad* in a journal, *ibid.*  
 Honest fellows as companions described, 130.  
 Hunters, a meeting of them described, 107.  
 Hustl-money expected by Mr. Bickerstaff, 77.

**JACK Spruce**, made half mad by a smile, 142.  
 Idiots, an enquiry after one who put the city of London in great consternation, 116. Distinguished from politicians, *ibid.*  
 Jervase, Mr. a great painter, 13.  
*Iliad* of Homer put into an exact journal, 19.  
 Impressions made on us by pictures, 26.  
 Indolence turned into philosophy, 32.  
 Instructions to Vanderbank, remarks on that poem, 17.  
 Insurrections at Marseilles, 20.  
 Invention to have one's name concealed, 47.  
 Inventory of the playhouse goods belonging to Christopher Rich, Esq. to be sold, 122.  
 Johnson, Ben, his manner of writing, 62.  
 Journal of Homer's *Iliad*, 19.  
*Jx*, antiquity of that family, 104.

**KIDNEY**, master of St. James's Coffee-house, has the ear of the greatest politicians, 7.  
 Knaves, proved fools, 116.

**LADIES**, their trifling endearments give us mean ideas of their souls, 118. A lady thankful to her husband for curing her of fits, 68. A young lady enchanted by an old rake, 67.  
 Le Brun's picture of the battle of Porus, it's effect, 26.  
 Legacy of Noy, the attorney-general, to reclaim his son, 30.  
 Letter from Amanda to Penelope, giving an account of her conquests, 66. From Isaac Bickerstaff to Lewis the XIVth, 69. From Bread to Lewis XIV. 71. From Lewis XIV. to Isaac Bickerstaff, 77. From Powel to Isaac Bickerstaff, 143.  
 Letters of gallantry, directions for writing them, 89.  
 Linberham the keeper, his manner of life with Corinna, 141.  
 London in a great consternation about the trial of an idiot, 116.  
 — cries, compared with Italian operas, 13.  
 Love, the most effectual cure for it, 136. Distinguished from lust, 140. Change the natural man, 13, 31.  
 Love-letter, by Cynthia, 102. Directions for writing them, 89.  
 Lucubrations of Mr. Bickerstaff, the design of them, 142.

**MADMEN**, difference between them and fools, 117.  
 Madonella, account of a revolution in her Platonic nunnery, 95.  
 Maintenon, Madame, her letter to Monsieur Torcy on the peace, 58.  
 Maria, account of the loss of her lap-dog, 137.  
 Marlborough, John, Duke of, his merit, 18.

Marriage, 2, described, page 23. The safest and happiest state this world affords, 141. Epigram on it, 118.

Maricilles, account of an insurrection there, 20.

May Fair, the downfall thereof reduced the price of curiosities, 60.

Medicine to cure a scold, 8.

Meeting of hunters described, 107.

Men in love, generally poetical, 81. Men of sense, the women's humble servants, 108.

Merry fellows described, 130.

Massalina, the professed mistress of mankind, 141.

Military achievements of London by the Artillery-company, 118, 119.

Milton and Suckling, in a parallel case, shew the duty of men in love, 117.

Millennium, when to commence, 124.

Monoculus, a grave sharper, his eloquent reflections on Africanus, 106.

Moveables of the playhouse, sale of them frustrated, 126.

Mountebanks, their artifice to ensnare the vulgar, 12.

Music and poetry cures the spleen, 136.

**N**AKED Truth, a pamphlet, an account of it, 51, 52.

Naturalization act, wherein dangerous, 42.

News-writers in a panic on the approach of peace, 55. The shifts they are put to, *ibid.* Chelsea College proposed as a residence for them, *ibid.*

Nice, Will, a fop, his character, 44.

Nobilis declared to be no rake, 80.

Noy, his expedient to reclaim his son by a legacy, 30.

Nurses, their abuse of infants exposed, 46.

Nunnery erected by a Platonic, an account of it, 94.

**O**GLING gains women, 65.

Old Bachelor, account of that comedy, 28.

Opera, Italian, considered, 13, 14. The understanding has no part therein, *ibid.*

Orlando the Fair, his history, 142. His speech to the boys who followed his chariot, 143.

Oxford university described, 112. Almanack for 1709, considered, 113. Discipline applauded, 88. Puppet-show here, 129.

**P**ACOLET, a guardian angel, his first appearance to Bickerstaff, 40. Account of his former wards, 41. His life of a month, 46. His checks and admonitions, 43. His observations on gamblers and sharpers, 47.

Panegyric, the true nature of it, 51.

Parisius, manner of converting her niece Pastorella from coquetry, 30.

Paris Gazette, burlesqued, 10.

Parrot, verses on one, 81.

Partridge, John, his death demonstrated, 7.

Pastorella, the history of her conversion from coquetry, 30.

Paulo, the character of an eminent generous merchant, 75.

Penkethman, the comedian, relation of the progress of his company to Greenwich, 14. Sale of his animals at May Fair, 60.

Philander, the most skilful in addressing the fair-sex, 41.

Philosophy, plan for a system of it, with an appendix, 124.

Picket, Colonel, his character and manner of courtship, 23.

Pictures, the impression they make on us, 26.

Places of trust, pretended to, not out of merit, but because they are convenient, 120.

Platonne, 2, described, 94. Nunnery established by Platonnes, *ibid.*

Players instructed by Shakespeare, 103.

Playhouse at Amsterdam supports an alms-house, 60.

Plays, proper incitements to good behaviour, 10.

Politicians, the distinction scarce discernible between them and idiots, 116.

Poluglossa, acquainted with all the world but herself, 122.

Pope in distress, 16, 20, 24.

Postscript to Brussels Letter, a poem, considered, 133.

Puppet-show supplies the want of an act at O  
the Exchange, 60.

**Q**UANTITY, people of, should always pay th  
Quarrel at Epsoin about precedence, 105.

Questioners described, 119, 120.

Quidnunc, his character of laziness, &c. 32.

**R**AKES characterized, 79.

Ranter, Colonel, civilized at the sight of L

Reconsiderations on Instructions to Vanderbanh

Recruiting Officer, character of that comedy, 5

Religion, a project for the advancement thereof

Richards, Major-general, blown up by a mine

**S**ACHARISSA, an excellent young lady,

Sagissa, her intrigue discovered by taking in

Saltero, Don, at Chelsea, his descent, qualifica

Sappho, a fine lady, her character and discours

Saraband, Mrs. her puppet-show at the Excha

Satisfaction, a term in duelling, explained, 74.

Satire, apology for it by Shakespeare, 120. G

Scoggin, Mr. what Mr. Bickerstaff claims thi

Scolding, a medicine for that vice, 8.

Seignior, Grand, sets all his Christian slaves in

Sempronia, Lady, her scheme to betray Jenny

Senecio, the character of a good old man, 150

Shakespeare, his excellencies, 26. His apolo

should be encouraged, 26.

Sibourgh, Colonel, blown up by a mine at Al

Smart Fellow described, 77. Whether an aff

Smile, a man made half mad with one, 142.

Snuff, taking of it censured, 101, 102.

Sophronius, why he is the darling of all that

- Toasts, origin of that institution, pages 71, 72. By whom, and to what purpose that name was found out, 92.  
 Tom Drybones, how he purchased that name, 71.  
 Torcy, Monsieur, the French plenipotentiary, appointed to treat of a peace, 31, 42, 57, 68. Letter to him from Madame Maintenon, 58. His sense of the greatness of France, 50.  
 Tois, pretty Miss, the coquette, her behaviour, 80.  
 Tournay invested, 104. Surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough, 127, 128.  
 Townshend, Lord, the English plenipotentiary to the States-General, 54.  
 Tragedy, materials for making one, 66, 67.  
 Tragical passion, how it should be expressed, 136.  
 Treaty of peace broken off by the French, 68.  
 Trippet, Sir Taffety, account of his amours at Epsom and Tunbridge, 134.  
 Trip to the Jubilee, character of that comedy, 57.  
 Tumult at Paris, on account of the dearth of bread, 33.  
 Tunbridge Wells, adventures of a fortune-hunter there, 134.

**VALENTINE**, a soldier, his uncommon generosity, 17.

Vanity, the greatest under the sun, 35.

Verdes, Brussels Postscript, 133, 134. Out of Addison's Campaign, 125. Describing Copenhagen, by Ambrose Philips, 39. From Dryden's play of *Almanzor*, 40. On the Morning, in town, 29. On marriage, 118, 142. On a partial judge, 121. A tale for the ladies, 8. Lamentations of a witty author, 15. To Lewis the XIVth, 73. From Milton, 19, 117, 143. On a parrot, 81. From Sir John Suckling, 117. Simile of the sun eclipsed, 34. Instructions to Vanderbank, 11.

Verus, the character of an impartial chief justice, 43.

Vignolles, Major, blown up by a mine at Alicant, 64.

Villaria, the beautiful object of Orlando's affection, 143.

Virgil compared with Homer, 19. More judicious in his epithets than Homer, *ibid.*

Underhill, Cave, an excellent comic actor for three generations, 66.

Union, Corporal, account of his death, 17.

**WALPOLE**, Mr. going to England with the preliminaries of peace, 57, 58.

Water, Circumspection, wonderful effects of it, 8.

Wedlock, a picture of it, 23.

Welsh, a nation of gentlemen, 91.

Whisperers without business censured, 110.

Whitaker, Admiral, arrives at Barcelona with troops from Naples, 16.

Wife, the most amiable term in life, and derided only by fools, 96. Scheme to govern one, 31.

Winter-piece, a poem, by Ambrose Philips, from Copenhagen, 39.

Withers, General, his distinguishing character, 134.

Wits opposed to Critics, 86. Bodily, described, 130.

Witchcraft described and explained, 63.

Women, natural to them to talk of themselves, 32. More understanding than men in their own affairs, 89.

## V O L. II.

**A**CTÆON, his manner of life, page 168.

Action, a very necessary qualification in an orator, 187. Neglected by English clergymen, *ibid.* Applauded in Dean Atterbury, 188.

Actors censured for adding words of their own in their parts, 247.

Advice to young married people, 187.

Affectation of vice and imperfections censured, 217.

Affection, paternal, described, 259, 260, 298.

Affections, how governed, 155.

Afterwit, Solomon, his observation on the town, 233.

Alexander



- Alexander the Great**, a memorable saying of his, page 255.  
**Allegory of Virtue and Pleasure** making court to Hercules, 264.  
**Anne, Queen**, eulogiums on her government, 249.  
**Arria**, the wife of Pætus, manner of her death, 206.  
**Atheist**, behaviour of one in a storm, 297.  
**Atterbury**, Dean, his eloquent manner of preaching, 182.  
**Attornies**, solve difficulties by increasing them, 268.  
**BACON**, Sir Francis, his opinion of poetry, 290.  
**Boufflers**, Marshal, his letter to Lewis the XIVth after the battle of the woods, 218.  
**Battle-critics**, what, 185.  
**Battle near Mons**, account of it, 182, 183.  
**Beauty**, how long it ought to be the chief concern of the fair-sex, 174.  
**Bennet**, Madam, her maxim for the ladies, 234.  
**Betterton**, Mr. applauded in the part of Hamlet, 204.  
**Bickerstaff**, Mr. account of his ancestors, 213. How his race was improved, *ibid.*  
 Not in partnership with Lillie, 263. Caught writing nonsense, 169. His amours, 288. A design to marry him, 250. Contents of his scrutoir, 219.  
 Epitome of his life, 246. Account of his sister Jenny's marriage, 222. His advice to her on her wedding-day, 221. Account of the wedding, 222.  
**Blaregnies**, the victory there described, 185.  
**Blindness**, cured by Dr. Grant, with an account of the patient when he recovered his sight, 158.  
**Blunder**, Major, buys musquets without touch-holes, 176.  
**Boatwain**, Dampier's, his disinterested arguments to his companions to prevent being eaten by them, 178.  
**Bombardiers**, who to be accounted such, 243.  
**Books**, how to be valued, 223.  
**Bradley**, Sir Arthur de, candidate for Alderman of Queenhithe ward, his expedient to prevent bribery at the election, 209.  
**Brains**, spirit of, in orange flower water, sold by Charles Lillie, 258.  
**Bribery**, reflections on bribery with coals, 209. A notable expedient to prevent it at elections, *ibid.*  
**Brisk**, Sir Liberal, saved from sharpers, 208.  
**Bromeo**, his character, 180.  
**Bruyere**, Mr. his satire on the French, 164.  
**CADOGAN**, Major-general, wounded before Mons, 216.  
**Cæsar**, Julius, an instance of his modesty, 240.  
**Canes**, worn out of affectation, 217. Part of the dress of a prig, *ibid.* Petition to wear one, 225, 278. Trials concerning them, *ibid.*  
**Cato**, a beauty in his character, 299.  
**Chapel-clerk**, the word explained, 207. Caught in a garret with two of the fair-sex, 199.  
**Chastity**, it's value instanced in Scipio, 165.  
**Christmas Eve** described by Shakespeare, 296.  
**Cicercius**, an instance of his modesty, 240.  
**Cleonira** censured for painting her face, 175.  
**Clergy**, dumb, recommended to the speaking doctor at Kensington, 201.  
**Clergyman**, character of a good one described, 206, 302. Deficient in oratory, 182, 200. Wherein their discourses may receive addition, 183. Their laziness the principal cause of dissensions, 196.  
**Clerk of a chapel** reprov'd, 199. The term explained, 207.  
**Commendation of one's self**, when necessary, 251.  
**Common-prayer**, advice to the readers thereof, 188.  
**Compassion**, how moved in men and women, 195. Instanced in a passage in *Macbeth*, *ibid.*  
**Conjugal affection** described, 302.  
**Conversation**, what only gives true relish thereto, 261.

- Coppersmith, that name explained, page 174. Harry and Will, their characters compared with the sharpers, 163.  
 Coquettes are chaste jilts, 287.  
 Coquetry, it's effects on a young gentleman, 286. How to overcome the power of it, 287.  
 Cornwall, a tragical accident there, 229.  
 Country gentlemen, very ceremonious, 238.  
 Coxcombs, described by Sir John Suckling, 165. The greatest plague of them, 251. Required to set marks upon themselves, 262.  
 Crassus, his character compared with Lorio, 249.  
 Cynthio, his passion for Clarissa, his death, monument, and epitaph, 237, 238.

# DANCING-Master, account of one who danced by book, 244.

Daniel, Mr. Bickerstaff's merry companion, his manner of preaching described, 188.

Dapper, Parson, his way of preaching, *ibid*.

——, Tim, head of a species, 237.

Dappers, their habit and manner described, 237. Usefulness of that family, *ibid*.

Dead men, who are to be so accounted, 262. Heard and adjudged, 293, 294.

Delamira, account of her amours, and the virtues and management of her fan, 149.

Dissentions owing to the laziness of the clergy, 196.

Distaff, Jenny, Mr. Bickerstaff's half-sister, her marriage, and character of her and her husband, 212. Her happiness with her husband Tranquillus, 280, 281. Quarrel between her and her husband, and her brother's advice to her thereon, 236.

Distress, contemplating thereon softens the mind and betters the heart, 228.

Divito (alias Mr. Christopher Rich) ejected from his palace, 268.

Dogs, a kennel of them to be disposed of, 177.

Dress of rural Squires described, 263.

Dromio, the character of a sharper, 161.

Dryden, Mr. mistaken in a remark on Milton, 303.

Duomvir, his way of life, and behaviour to his wife and mistress, 156.

# EBORACENSIS, the character of a good governor of a plantation, 197.

Elmira, her character and manner of living with her husband, 152. Vindicated for not grieving at the death of her husband, 154.

Eloquence described, 187, 199, 200.

Elysium, wherein it's happiness may be supposed to consist, 258.

Emilia, an excellent and uncommon character, 163. Her complaint of the country, *ibid*. Advice to her thereon, *ibid*.

Engagements between the English and French, 182.

Equipage, proper to be set off with a rent-roll, 190.

Euphrosius, a man whose good-nature is hurtful to him, 215.

# FAME, the love of it dwells in heroic spirits, 253. Fame, the bank of, 242.

Plan of the Chamber of Fame, 191. Table of Fame, 225. Mountain and Temple of Fame, 226.

Family, a family scene, 191, 302.

Fan, it's motions discovers ladies thoughts, 150.

Favonius, the character of a good clergyman, 302.

Fellow, various significations of that term, 152.

Fellows of Fire described, 173.

Fencing, how learned by Mr. Bickerstaff, 256.

Fire, men of, described, 173.

Flattery, force of it instanced in Don Quixote, 198.

Flavia, an imaginary mistress, 284.

Florinda, her pretensions to life, 286.

Fondness of wife and children, instanced, 259, 302.

Fop, inventory of his effects seized for the charge of his interment, 300.

For, and for as much, discussed, 166.

Free-thinkers considered in distress, page 297. Censured and cudgelled, 290.  
 French, characterized by Bruyere, 164. Defeated by the Allies, 182. Their shifts and subterfuges, *ibid*.  
 French writers of memoirs exploded, 235.  
 Friendship founded on reason and choice, 229.  
 Futurity, wherein the happiness thereof may be supposed to consist, 258.

**G**ALLANTRY, true, wherein it ought to consist, 166. The heroic virtue of private life, 257. What effects it has on men, instanced in a theatre on fire, 258.

Gamesters, a speech concerning them, 161. Defended, 163. Represented under the characters of a pack of hounds, 168, 176, 184, 186, 190, 194, 202.

Gentleman, a character the most difficult to support with propriety, 189.

Goldsmiths distinguished from coppersmiths, 174.

Greenhat, Obadiah, his criticism upon Mr. Bickerstaff's writings, and Bickerstaff's remarks thereon, 168, 169.

Greenhats, their character and relation to the Staffs, *ibid*.

Groggram, Jeffery, his acknowledgment that he is dead, and petition for interment, 286.

Gunner and Gunster distinguished, 243.

Gunster in conversation, who to be so accounted, *ibid*.

**H**ALL, Serjeant, his letter to his comrade, and criticisms thereon, 241.

Hamlet, his exclamation on his mother's hasty marriage, 285. Effect of that tragedy when well performed, 204.

Hard words exploded, 165.

Hawkfly, his ruffling-shop at Hampstead, 168.

Hercules, Prodicus's allegory concerning him, 264.

Hero, how distinguished from a plain honest man, 267.

Heyday, Jack, whom he reduced by gaming, 161.

Hippocrates, the character of a generous physician, 220.

Horror, described by Shakespeare, 249.

Humanity inspired by the Muses, 267. No true greatness without it, *ibid*.

Human nature, considered in its true dignity, 240.

Humphry, 'Squire, bubbled at Bath, 186.

Husband, qualities necessary to make a good one, 281.

Hussars, civil and wild, who, 160.

**J**ACKS, Harry, why he deserved a statue, 177.

Idleness, more destructive than the plague, 264.

Imagination the most active principle of the mind, 267.

Immortality, two kinds of it, 225.

Inconstancy described by Hamlet, 285.

Indibilis's wife restored by Scipio, 166.

Industry, knights of, an account of them, 208.

**K**NIGHTS of the Industry, their designs on a young heir, 208.

Knockers, exercise of them taught, 284.

**L**ABOUR for the public, unsuccessful, 190.

Ladies, treating them in organ-lofts, censured, 175.

Lalo, Colonel, killed in a battle with the French, 184.

Landlord, Alexander, his laconic love-letter, 210.

Laura, her perfections and excellent character, 155. Despised by her husband, 156.

Learning, what it is, and what it is not, 178. Only improves nature, *ibid*.

Letter from Marthal Boufflers to the French King, 218. Should be the produce of the place, 254. Instanced in one from Switzerland, *ibid*. Penny-post letters sent as reprimands, 192.

Libellers censured, 252. Distinguished from scurrilists, *ibid*.

Lights, well disposed in assemblies, enlarge the thoughts, 289.

- Lillie, Charles, his letter, page 254. Recommended, *ibid.* Catalogue of his wares, 258, 274. Ordered to prepare blank licences for wearing canes, 278.  
 Lifander and Corinna, a married couple, among Mr. Bickerstaff's dead, 157.  
 Living men, who, 262.  
 Lizard, that friendly animal compared to a satirist, 235.  
 Lorio, Maria's lover, his character, 249.  
 Love founded on reason and choice, 229. Sentiments of it the same in all nations, 247. It's effects and cure, 257. Life insipid without it, 248. A mixture of pleasure and pain, *ibid.* The history of it in an allegory by Plato, *ibid.* Complain'd of by Diana Doubtful, 265, 266.  
 Love-letters between Mr. Bickerstaff and Maria, 232, 233. Found in a grave, 281.  
 Lucetta, her story, merit, and character, 234. Why excluded the Temple of Fame, *ibid.*

**M**ACBETH, a scene of distress in that play, 195.

- Madonna, the Platonic, her scheme, 181.  
 Mævius writes verses in commendation of his own works, 251.  
 Maria, perplexed in her choice between a man of merit and a man of fortune, 249, 250.  
 Marinus, a good sea-officer, opposed to a Fellow of Fire, 174.  
 Marlborough, John, Duke of, his merit, 160, 183, 190.  
 Marriages unhappy, from what proceeding, 221, 222. How men's minds and humours may be changed by it, 213. Verses on marriage out of Milton, 222, 223. Two ladies desired to marry the same man, to prevent parting, 198.  
 Married persons often overlook their enjoyments, 259.  
 Martius, the character of an unlearned wit, 166.  
 Mathematical sieve to sift impertinences, 149.  
 Matrimony, no medium therein, 221.  
 Melancholy, the delight of men of knowledge and virtue, 245.  
 Men, wherein they may distinguish themselves, 265.  
 Mercer, account of one who could not enjoy a thousand pounds a year, 189.  
 Merit, obscure, should be produced to public view, 235.  
 Milton, his description of Eve's pleasure in the society of Adam, 303.  
 Miner, who so in conversation, 243.  
 Mirrour, Tom, the pantomime, an account of him, 148.  
 Modest Men distinguished from Modest Fellows, 152.  
 Modesty described, 151. Different in men and women, *ibid.* The chief ornament of the fair-sex, 234. It's advantages in men, 240.  
 Monoculus, a grave sharper, 161.  
 Mons invested by the English, 179, 216. Taken, 233.  
 Morphew, John, appointed Mr. Bickerstaff's chamber-keeper, 278. Made general of the dead men, 279.

**N**ASSAU, Prince of, his gallantry, 199.

- Nestor, a great, but too modest an architect, 151.  
 No, when to be used by young people, 233.  
 Nonfence, a prevailing part of eloquence among ladies, 171, 172.  
 Nunnery erected by a Platonne, 181. The manner of receiving young ladies into some nunneries in popish countries, 261, 262.

**O**RLANDO the Fair, his history, 147. His way of contemning the world, *ibid.*

- Organ-lost, a treat given to ladies there censured, 175.  
 Orsop Thickett, his character and passion for Cleora, 266.  
 Osynyn, the inconstant husband, his character and behaviour to his wife, 152.

**P**ÆTUS, manner of his death, and the magnanimity of his wife, 205, 206.  
 Painting the face censured, 175.

- Panegyric, a theme for Mr. Bickerstaff, 180. On Mr. Bickerstaff for confessing his faults, 181.

- Partridge, Mr. John, his manner of surprizing sharpers, page 162. Account of his intendd funeral, 269, 270. Walks, and denies his death, 169, 170. Adversitiment in his Almanack that he is alive, and calling Mr. Bickerstaff a knave, 262.
- Pendergrafs, Sir Thomas, killed in a battle, 184.
- Penny-post letters sent as private reprimands, 192.
- Perhaps, when that word betrays a certain decay of affection, 153.
- Physicians, good ones, of great use in a commonwealth, 220. Ordered from Bath, 218. Character of a generous one, 220.
- Pirates, in printing and book-selling, complained of and censured, 273.
- Pistols, a fatal accident occasioned by loaded pistols, 231.
- Plato, his history of love, 248.
- Platonic nunnery established, 181.
- Players blamed for inserting words of their own in their parts, 247.
- Playhouse on fire in Denmark, 257.
- Poetafters ridiculed, 285. Catalogue of the labours of one, *ibid.*
- Poetry, efficacy of it on the mind, 267. Sir Francis Bacon's account of it, 290.
- Posture-master, his beholders censured, 289.
- Powell, junior, an excuse for writing against him, 148.
- Praise, generous and heroic spirits most sensible of it, 253. How coveted by great men, *ibid.* To be regarded only as relating to things strictly true, *ibid.*
- Præ-Adamites threatened, 199. No wit or humour in their practices, *ibid.*
- Priesthood, when the highest honour, 196.
- Prodicus, a noble allegory of his, 264.
- Prudes, a name for courtly hypocrites, 277.
- Punctuality, a suspicious circumstance in visiting, 292.
- Pythagoras, one of his golden sayings, 290.
- Q**UARREL, matrimonial, prevented, and advice thereon, 236.
- R**AFFLING-Shop kept by a lawyer at Hampstead, 168.
- Rape-trials, most attended by women, 233, 234.
- Richard the Third, effect of reading that tragedy, 249.
- Riches, the use and abuse of them, 163.
- Ridicule, how to be used, 180. When the effect of reason, *ibid.*
- Risibility, the effect of reason, *ibid.*
- Rochefoucault, his writings censured, 290.
- Rosin, Will, the Wapping fiddler, history of his life, 283. Stratagem of his wife to prevent the marriage of her gallant, *ibid.*
- Round-stool, a gentleman affronted by being placed on one, 223, 224.
- S**ALLUST, wherein partial, 178.
- Satire, in what cases useful, 174.
- Satirists censured when they depreciate human nature, 290. Distinguished from libellers, 252.
- Scorn, the cause of laughter, 181.
- Serpents, who to be accounted such in conversation, 244.
- Shakespeare, his excellence, 195. His mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, *ibid.*
- Sharpers represented by a pack of hounds, 168. Their character and reception, 160. Their practices at Bath, 186. Defended, 163.
- Sieve, mathematical, to sift impertinences, 149.
- Smith, Dr. Mr. Bickerstaff's corn-cutter, 278.
- Smyrna Coffee-house recommended for music, poetry, and politics, 229.
- Snap-dragon illustrated and described, 237.
- Society, the pleasures thereof described by Milton, 303.
- Soul, human, considered, 240.
- Spaw-water, design of the coquettes to buy it all up, 289.
- Speaking, what manner of it most offensive, 252.
- Doctor at Kensington, account of him, 291.
- Speech, in it's greatest perfection in an accomplished woman, 177, 178.

Spleen, a never-failing remedy for it, page 224.  
 Squibs a branch of gunners, who to be so accounted, 244.  
 Squires, country, described, 263.  
 Starembergh, General, overthrows the army of the Duke of Anjou, 212. Takes Balaguier, 216, 217.  
 Stentor, a singer at St. Paul's, reproved, 156. Injuries done by his bawling, *ibid.*  
 Admonished by one at St. Peter's, 174.  
 Strephon, his manner of winning a lady, 172.  
 Sweden, King of, defeated by the Russians, 159, 167.  
 Switzerland, a prospect of it described, 254.

**TABIO**, his character, 180.  
 Tenderness and humanity inspired by the Muses, 267. No true greatness of mind without it, *ibid.*  
 Theatres recommended as useful, 268.  
 Tillotson, Archbishop, what the copy of his sermons sold for, 274.  
 Tournay, bravery of the besiegers there, 170. Surrendered, 179.  
 Travelling, useless to many, 255. Will not make a fool a wise man, *ibid.*  
 Trials for rapes, mostly attended by women, 233, 234.  
 Trifram, Sir, the banker, his character, 164.  
 Triumphs, abused by the Romans with regard to captives, 179.  
 Trubies, character of that family, 181.  
 Trump, Tom, his defence of gamesters and sharpers, 163.

**VAFER**, Will, his speech concerning sharpers, 161.  
 Valetudinarians, pretended ones, 217.  
 Varillus, truly happy in the possession of modesty, 151.  
 Verses on the death of Arria, 206. From Dryden, 148. From Garth's *Dispensary*, 284. On marriage, 222. From Milton, *ibid.* 267, 277, 303. On the death of Pætus and Arria, 206. From Shakespeare, 154, 285, 296. From Sir John Suckling, 165.  
 Virtue, it's recommendation and great ornaments, 257.  
 Vision of the Mountain, and Temple of Fame, 226, &c. Of Justice, 270, &c.  
 Visits ridiculed and censured, 292. When unseasonable, 246. A day-book kept of them, 292.  
 Upholders Company, their petitions and proposals, 269. Permitted to bury the dead, *ibid.* Their advertisement for the funeral of Dr. Partridge, 269, 270.  
 Vulgar, who to be accounted so, 197.

**WALTER** Wisdom, his character and manner of courting Cleora, 266.  
 Wealthy persons fix characters and wit to circumstances, 164.  
 Whittington, Alderman, account of him and his cat, 219.  
 Wildair, Tom, his character, and how reformed by the generosity of his father, 170, 171.  
 William, the Third, King of England, an eulogium on him, 249.  
 Window-breakers with halfpence censured, 218.  
 Wit defined by Dryden, 177. Judged by men's purses, 164.  
 Wives, an infallible sign of their loving their husbands, 281.  
 Women want regular education, 175. Those of the present age compared with those of the last, *ibid.* Never taken by their reason, but always by their passions, 171, 172.  
 Wren, see Nestor.

**XERXES**, why he burst into tears, 263.

## V O L. III.

- A**BSURDITY is importunate and foolish, page 415. Wherein it resembles impudence, *ibid.*
- Action, a necessary qualification in an orator, *ibid.*
- Actors, their chief perfection, 413. The consequence of considering their talents, 444.
- Æneas, his descent into, and adventures in, the Empire of Death, 386.
- Æsop, a fable of his applied on the receipt of a letter, 309.
- Afflictions, imaginary, often the most insupportable, 370.
- Agamemnon, his invective against women, 382.
- Age, the glory of the present age, in regard to England, 338.
- Album Græcum; prescribed to a sick lap-dog, 321.
- Aldobrandini, description of a Grecian picture in that palace, 447.
- Allegory, application of an allegory in Homer, 370.
- Ambition, middle age of man most addicted to it, 317. In the good, becomes true honour, *ibid.*
- Angelo, Michael, his picture of the Last Judgment censured, 391.
- Anger, it's ill consequences, 423. A tragical instance of surprize in anger, *ibid.*
- Animals, cruelty towards them condemned, 347.
- Anne, Queen, eulogium on her government, 338.
- Anticyra, an island assigned by the Romans to madmen, 329. It's product, *ibid.* Compared to Montpelier, *ibid.*
- Aristeus, the character of a man who has the mastery of himself, 431.
- Arthur, King, the first who sat down to a whole roasted ox, 373.
- Athenians, a remarkable instance of their public spirit and virtue, 323.
- Avarice, what age of man most devoted to it, 317. It's region, temple, attendants, adherents, and officers, described, 325. Effects of Bickerstaff's discourse thereon, 326.
- Audience at a play, their general behaviour, 323.
- Autumn, Lady, her behaviour at church, 359.
- B**ACON, Lord, his legacy to his countrymen and foreigners, 345.
- Bagpipe, to what sort of persons applicable in conversation, 384. A club of Bagpipes, *ibid.*
- Ballance, Merchant, his treatment of one who attempted to debauch his wife, 351.
- Barbarity, an attendant on tyranny, 403.
- Barnes, Joshua, his edition of Homer recommended, 365.
- Bas-viol, to what sort of persons applied to in conversation, 384. Where to be found, *ibid.* With what instrument matched, 394. Exposed to sale by lottery, 412.
- Baubles, by whom brought to perfection, 362.
- Bear garden diversions condemned, 347.
- Bedlam, project for erecting a new one, 329, 330. For whom designed, 427. Distribution of the apartments there, *ibid.*
- Beef, the food of our robust ancestors, 373. The breakfast of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, *ibid.*
- Beef-eaters, the order of, *ibid.*
- Belvidera, a woman of good sense without affectation, 330.
- Betterton, Mr. the player, invitation to his benefit play, 395. His death and character, 413, &c.
- Bickerstaff, Mr. an adept in astronomical observations, 327. His amours, 322. Received at the playhouse with extraordinary civility and distinction, 322. Entertained at the house of a friend who eats well, 374. Purchases a ticket in the lottery, 327. Margery, methods used to divert her from marriage, 322. Samuel, his advice to his son and daughter, 457, 458.
- Black Horse ordinary in Holborn, an adventure there, 350.
- Bladder and string, modern music, applied, 385.
- Bourignon, Madame de, foundress of the pietists, her extraordinary gift or talent, 331.
- Bribery, a solicitor in the Temple of Avarice, 325.
- Brutes, cruelty towards them condemned, 347.
- Bullock and Penkethman, parallel drawn between them, 455.

- C**ARDAROUQUE, meaning of that word, page 421. To whom applied by the French King, *ibid*.  
 Cambray, Archbishop of, his Telemachus formed in the true spirit of Homer, with a tincture of Christianity, 390.  
 Canes different in the price, according to the purchaser's estate, 363.  
 Careless Husband, a comedy, born within the theatre, 444.  
 Castabella, an eminent prude, 331.  
 Cebes, table of, a beautiful allegory, 401.  
 Censor, such an officer very necessary, 365. Roman and British censors compared, 403, 404.  
 Censurers, punished severely after death, 391.  
 Cervantes, Michael, author of *Don Quixote*, his exquisite genius and discerning spirit, 434.  
 Cestus of Venus described, 372.  
 Chanticleer, Job, his petition, 346.  
 Charles, the toyman, his great genius; a nice judge of canes; publishes a new edition of his snuff-boxes, 362, 363.  
 Chicken, a modern diet, 373.  
 Church, indecent and irregular behaviour there reprov'd, 359.  
 Cibber, Colley, a celebrated comedian, his talents, 444.  
 Cicero, his letters to his wife, 397, &c.  
 City politicians reprov'd, 390.  
 Coaches, the expence and affectation of them expos'd, 365. Why they should be taxed, *ibid*. What coaches ought to be call'd in, 366.  
 Coach-painting, a method to make it useful, *ibid*.  
 Cobler on Ludgate Hill, his contrivance to gratify his pride, 331.  
 Colchester, Corporation of, their offers to Mr. Bickerstaff, 315.  
 Comma, Mrs. a subtle casuist, 411.  
 Command of temper, the greatest of human perfections, 430.  
 Commerce, a goddess in the region of Liberty, 403.  
 Commonwealth, genius of, described, 402.  
 Competency, a guide in the Temple of Avarice, 325.  
 Complacency, a guide in the Temple of Hymen, 319.  
 Complainers, their importunity, 369.  
 Complaisance, reciprocal, very necessary in the married state, 375.  
 Consort, female, described, 393.  
 Contention, a guide in the Temple of Hymen, described, 319.  
 Contradiction, an occasion of it, 422. More odious than calumny, *ibid*.  
 Coquettes, the most mischievous sect, 330. Labyrinth of, 318. Compared to prudes, 331. Compared to kits, 393. Story of a coquette widow, 331.  
 Corruption, an officer in the Temple of Avarice, 325.  
 Country, the modern entertainments and diversions of it, 417.  
 Country gentleman, character of a true one, 418.  
 Country life, the true pleasures thereof, *ibid*.  
 Courant, in what it differs from other newspapers, 435.  
 Credit, how obtained in the city, 431.  
 Critics, a description of them, 409. Always bad poets, 410.  
 Cruelty to animals censured, 347.  
 Cupid, a lady's lap-dog, dangerously ill, 320.
- D**ANCING Shoes, to be carried in a stage-coach gratis, 441.  
 Daniel the historian, account of what provisions were taxed in his time, 373.  
 David, Saint, his day, why observ'd by Mr. Bickerstaff, 358.  
 Dawks, honest Isabod, the news-writer, his style of writing, 435.  
 Dead men, account of them, 313. Dressed in lace, &c. contrary to the act, *ibid*.  
 A dead one resuscitated, 314.  
 Dedications, the nature and abuse of them, 432. Difference between ancient and modern ones, 433.  
 Degeneracy of the age, 445.  
 Delicates, false, pernicious, 374.



- Demosthenes, his speech to the Athenians, page 446.  
 Deities, their speech and present to Jupiter, 371.  
 Diet, difference between ancient and modern, 407.  
 Dimple, Lady, her good-breeding, 411.  
 Discourse, different talents in it, 383.  
 Discretion, a guard to one of Hymen's gates, 319.  
 Distaff, Jenny, Mr. Bickerstaff's half-sister, sets up an equipage, 363, 364.  
 Dodwell, Mr. some account of his epistolary discourse from Palquin, 452.  
 Dogget, Mr. the comedian, his letter to Mr. Bickerstaff, 319. His civilities to him at the theatre, 322.  
 Dog, recipe for a lady's lap-dog, 320.  
 Dorchester Stage-coach, advertisement about it, 364.  
 Dover Cliff described by Shakespeare, 313.  
 Dream of the Band of Lovers, 317. Of the Temple of Virtue, 324. Of Jupiter and the Deities, 370. Of the Region of Liberty, 402.  
 Drinking the vice of the country, 417.  
 Drum, who may be so called in conversation, and with what other musical instruments matched, 383, 384.  
 Dulcimer, who to be so accounted, and with what other musical instrument joined, 394.  
 Dutch, their manner of expressing their wit, 336.

**EASTCOURT**, Dick, the comedian, Mr. Bickerstaff's apothecary, his benefit play, 339, 340.

- Education, various errors therein, 456. Regulations therein proposed, *ibid*.  
 Elpenor, a warning to drunkards, 381.  
 Flysium joys described by the author of Telemachus, 392.  
 England, the glorious figure it made in 1709, 338.  
 Envy, the wonderful effects of it, 428. Causes distraction, *ibid*.  
 Equanimity of temper, the greatest of human perfections, 430.  
 Esquires, why enemies to Mr. Bickerstaff, 308.  
 Esteem, how distinguished from credit, 431.  
 Eucrates, effects of the natural softness of his temper, *ibid*.  
 Eustace, Mr. a melancholy instance of heat and passion, 424.  
 Eutrapelus, mischievous in his presents, 380.  
 Extortion, office of, in the Temple of Avarice, 325.  
 Eye, language of the, 368.

**FARDINGALE**, the use of it allowed for a time, 322.

- Fashion, by whom accounted the only liberal science, 411.  
 Female consort, the music of it described, 393.  
 Fidget, Lady, a general visitant, the occasion of her madness, 428.  
 Flagelet, an instrument in the female consort, how esteemed by that sex, 393.  
 Flattery, an instance of the ill consequence of flattering women, 357.  
 Flavia, a coquette, her interview with Myrtillo, the ogler, at the play, 368.  
 Flea, skeleton of one, 316.  
 Flute, has extraordinary effects in a female consort, 393. With what other instrument matched, 394.  
 Folio, Tom, a broker in learning, some account of him and his visit, 395. His criticism on a passage in Virgil, *ibid*. A letter from him, 401.  
 Footman free from avarice, 328.  
 Fortitude, when most conspicuous, 431. A remarkable instance of it in a Roman soldier, 433.  
 Fortune, the way to be above her, 419. Emblem of her' at the lottery-office, 420. Bickerstaff's address to her, *ibid*.  
 Fraud, an officer in the Temple of Avarice, 325.  
 Free-thinkers, distinction between ancient and modern, 348.  
 Friendship, the tenderness thereof, 423. A necessary ingredient in the marriage-state, *ibid*.

Funerals, behaviour at them discovers the state of the mind, page 447.  
 Future state, Platonic notions concerning the happiness and torments thereof, described by Homer, Virgil, and the author of *Telemachus*, 381, 386, 390.  
 Futurity, benefits arising from the prospect of it, 392.

**G**ASCON, adventures of one with a widow, of whose favours he had boasted, 331, 332.  
 Ghost of Anticlea, Ulysses's mother, 381. Of beauties, 382. Of heroes, *ibid.*  
 Of lovers, 387. Of the damned, 383.  
 Glory, true, inseparable from true merit, 433.  
 Gotham petition, 361.  
 Grandeur, wherein it truly consists, 419.  
 Green-house, a magnificent one described, 437. Criticisms on the plan, 454.  
 Grief, the benefit of it, 441, 442.  
 Gyges, his invisible ring, allegorically applied, 355.

**H**AMMOND, John, recovered his watch, 328.  
 Handkerchief, religious, much wore in England, 453.  
 Hannibal, the Carthaginian, his speech upon being recalled out of Italy, *ibid.*  
 Hannibal, Sir, his death, funeral, character, and escutcheon, 398.  
 Harpsichord, the excellency of it's music applied to discourse, 385. With what instrument joined, 394.  
 Hart, the player, an observation of his of the players, 354.  
 Hautboy, in a female consort, 393. Matched with the harpsichord, 394.  
 History, the usefulness and variety of it, 311.  
 Homer's description of a future state, 381.  
 Horace, his excellencies considered under different views, 416.  
 Hornpipe, Lancashire, it's part in a female consort, 393. With what instrument matched, 394.  
 Husbands, an ill husband a private tyrant, and the greatest affliction that can happen to a woman, 375. What makes a man an ill husband, 377. Sullen husband as bad as a foolish one, 376.  
 Hymen, the god of Marriage, a guard at the temple of Virtuous Love, his habit described, 318.  
 Hymn to the Supreme Being, what, 315.

**J**AMBEE, the best sort of canes, 363.  
 Janglings, matrimonial, 375.  
 Idolatry, in what manner inverted, 332.  
 Jealousy, her garments, complexion, and office, 319.  
 Jesuits, account of their discipline, 415, 416.  
 Imperceptibles, natural history of them, 315, 316.  
 Impudence compared with absurdity, 415.  
 Incumbent distinguished from a landlord, 417.  
 Indian kings, their return to the civilities of their landlord, 420.  
 Insipids, who to be accounted of that order, 411.  
 Juno, her method to regain Jupiter's affection, 371.

**K**ETTLE-DRUM, an instrument in a female consort, 394. How matched, *ibid.*  
 Kings, wicked, how punished in a future state, 391.  
 Kit, an instrument in a female consort, 394. How matched, *ibid.*

**L**AMB, a modern diet, 373.  
 Landlord, distinguished from an incumbent, 417.  
 Langham, Doctor, the astrologer, his peculiar generosity, 427.  
 Letter from Cicero to Terentia, 397. Corporal W. B. to his wife, 409. From Humdrum to Bickerstaff, 385. Pasquin of Rome to Isaac Bickerstaff of Great Britain, 337. Pliny to Calphurnia, 376. From an Upholsterer to Bickerstaff, 400.  
 Levity, her post in the Temple of Hymen, 329.

Libels,

- Libels, panegyrics may be turned into them, page 433.  
 Liberty, it's region described, 402.  
 Life, human, how to be considered, 317.  
 Lightning, in operas, of what it must be made, 354. True perfume, where sold, *ibid*.  
 Long, Major, advertises his wine vaults, 372.  
 Lottery, reflections thereon, 326. A bass-viol to be disposed of by way of lottery, 412.  
 Love, the effects of disappointment therein, 449.  
 Love-letters, directions for writing them, 357.  
 Lovemore, a happy husband, described, 378.  
 Lovers, the band of, 317.  
 Lust, in whom virtuous love, *ibid*.  
 Lute, the part it bears in a consort or conversation, 385. With what instrument matched, 394.  
 Lydia, the character of a finished coquette, 350.

- MACHIAVEL**, author of a mischievous sect, 452. An office suited to him in a vision, 325.  
 Madmen, who, and whither sent by the Romans, 329. An edifice intended for their reception and cure, *ibid*.  
 Madness, the first symptoms thereof, 428.  
 Maids of honour, their allowance of beef for breakfast in Queen Elizabeth's time, 373.  
 Marlborough, John, Duke of, his merit, 353.  
 Marriage, an account of it from experience, 377. Unhappy, from what proceeding, 456. Table of marriage, 394, 395.  
 Marrow-bone and cleaver, modern musical instruments, 385.  
 Masquerade, a lady in danger of her life from being left out of a masquerade, 370.  
 Matchlock, Major, a member of the Trumpet-club in Sheer Lane, 343.  
 Mechanics in learning, who, 426.  
 Microscopes, their use, 315.  
 Minucio, his spirit of contradiction, 422.  
 Mirtillo, the ogler, has an interview with Flavia at the opera, 368.  
 Modely, Tom, his knowledge of the fashion, 411. Head of the order of Infipids, *ibid*.  
 Monarchy, the genius thereof described, 402.  
 Montpellier compared to Anticyra, 329.  
 Mopsa, her good fortune in the lottery prognosticated, 327.  
 Mourning, a proper dress for a beautiful lady, 379.  
 Mutton, the food of our hardy ancestors, 373.

- NATURE**, the prevalency of it, 423.  
 News-papers hurtful to weak heads, 436.  
 Nicolini, Signior, his excellencies on the stage, 307.  
 Northern parts fruitful in bagpipes, 324.  
 Notch, Sir Jeffery, a member of the Trumpet-club, 343.  
 Novelists, effects of their writings, 434.

- OGLEERS** complained of by the ladies, 367.  
 Oppression, an attendant on tyranny, 403.  
 Orangery described, 437.  
 Orator, in a night-gown and laced cap, 451.  
 Ox roasted whole, who first practised it, 373.

- PANEGYRIC** may be turned into a libel, 433.  
 Parsimony, a favourite in the Temple of Avarice, 329.  
 Partridge, a letter from him, intimating some hints of refutation, 374.  
 Pasquin, account of him to prevent mistakes, 339. His letters to Bickerstaff, 337, 452.  
 Passion, a tragical instance of surprise therein, 424.

- Passing-bell, who to be accounted such in conversation, page 385.  
 Pedants of several classes, 395. In what light to be considered, *ibid*.  
 Pedantry in learning compared to hypocrisy in religion, 409.  
 Penkethman the comedian compared with Bullock, 456.  
 Persecution an attendant on tyranny, 403.  
 Petticoat, it's cause tried, 309.  
 Philosophers, minute, an account of some, 348.  
 Philosophy, the business, use, and excellency of it, 419. Wherein is it's greatest eminence, *ibid*. Not inconsistent with courts and riches, *ibid*.  
 Picture, walking picture at an auction, 414. An ancient picture of a wedding described, 447.  
 Plato, his notion of the human soul, 386.  
 Platonists, their opinions, *ibid*.  
 Players, why they should be esteemed, 444. Must forget they are before an audience, 354. Parallels between them, 444, 456.  
 Plenty, a goddess in the region of Liberty, 403.  
 Pliny, his letters to his wife, 376. His compliment and advice to Trajan, 338.  
 Pluto, his palace and throne described, 391.  
 Politicians, city politicians reproved, 390.  
 Pope sick of the tooth-ach, 337. His modesty overcome in relation to the Neapolitan horse, *ibid*.  
 Postman, the extraordinary talent of the author of that paper, 434.  
 Powell, jun. disputes between him and Mr. Bickerstaff, 307. Why he locked up the legs of his company, 365.  
 Present of wine to Mr. Bickerstaff, 372.  
 Pride, the cause and consequences thereof, 332. Makes men odious, and creates envy, 451. A remarkable instance of it in a cobbler, 332. The chief introduction to madness, *ibid*.  
 Prim, Penelope, the clear-starcher, her petition, 314.  
 Prize-fighting, and other bear-garden diversions, a reproach to the English nation, 347.  
 Protestants superior in numbers to the Papists, 390.  
 Prudence in women the same as wisdom in men, 423.  
 Prudes distinguished from coquettes, 331. What part they bear in a female consort, 393.  
 Public spirit should be the first motive to all men's actions, 445. A great instance of it in Regulus, 446.  
 Puppets, Mr. Powell's, whence taken, 308.  
 Purgatory believed by the Platonists, 387.  
 Puzzlepoet, Ned, how improved in writing, 363.

**QUALITY**, the weaknesses of persons of quality, 439.  
 Quixote, Don, the first symptoms of his madness, 389.

- RAGOUTS** prejudicial to the stomach, 374.  
 Rakes, midnight, advice to them, 364.  
 Rapin, his observations on the English theatre, 347.  
 Rapine, an attendant on licentiousness, 403.  
 Rattle-snake, artifice of that animal, 368.  
 Read, Sir William, an eminent oculist, *ibid*.  
 Reading, the exercise of the mind, 371.  
 Regulus, a great instance of public spirit, 446.  
 Religious war discussed, 390.  
 Reptile, Dick, a member of the Sheer Lane club, his character, 352. His reflections on the abuse of speech, *ibid*.  
 Reputation, the only just means of obtaining and establishing it, 450, 451.  
 Respect only to be procured by obligations, 439.  
 Revenge of two French ladies on a Gascon, 331, 332.  
 Ring, invisible, 355, 357.

Sexes, the comparative perfections of them, 422.  
 Shallow, Sir Timothy, a customer to Charles Bubbs.  
 Sheep-biter, why a term of reproach, 373.  
 Shrove-Tuesday, persecution of cocks on that day.  
 Silence, instances of it's significancy, 345.  
 Slippers, wrought, great eye-sores, 365.  
 Snuff-boxes, a new edition of them by Charles Bu.  
 Socrates, his behaviour at the Athenian theatre, 3:  
     to inculcate, 348.  
 Softly, Ned, a very pretty poet, 405. A sonnet b  
 Speech, reflections on the abuse of it, 352.  
 Stage, or theatre, the convenience, use, and advan  
     regulation, 443.  
 Statira, account of her distress, 335.  
 Stocking, the custom of throwing it at weddings.  
 Story-tellers, why accounted bagpipes in convers  
     in Mr. Bickerstaff's bedlam, 427.  
 Summer-house described, 437. The plan of one  
 Swearing, a folly without temptation, 352.

**T**ABLE, who keeps the best, 375.

Tea, not used in the time of Queen Elizabeth  
 Telemachus, his discoveries in the Regions of E  
 Temper, command of it the greatest human perf  
 Temple of Lust, 319. Vanity, 324. Virtue, ib  
 Avarice, 325.

Theatres, English, censured, 347.

Timoleon, his discourse concerning honour and

Tintores, Tom, the vintner, instances of his art

Tiptoe, Mr. a stage-coach to his dancing-school

Tiresias, his advice to Ulysses, 381.

Titles, the significancy and abuse of them, 421

Tittle, Sir Timothy, the proud critic, his indig  
     mistress, concerning a new play, 410.

Toasts, a new religious order in England, 337.

Tories, a new religious order in England, *ibid.*

- Violins, who to be accounted such in conversation, page 384. With what instrument matched, 394.  
 Virgil, his beautiful allegories founded on the Platonic philosophy, 387.  
 Virginal, who so accounted in female conversation, 393. With what instrument matched, 394.  
 Visits, when unseasonable, 399.  
 Ulysses, his adventures in the Region of the Dead, 389.  
 Upholders Company, their civility to Mr. Bickerstaff, 322.  
 Upholsterer, Mr. Bickerstaff's neighbour, the great news-monger, broke, 389.  
 His conversation in the Park, *ibid.* His early visit, 399. Much esteemed in alley coffee-houses, 434. Carried to Bedlam, 435. Letter of news from him, 400.  
**WAGS**, the lowest pretenders to wit, 448.  
 Waiting-maids, a petition from them, 351, 352.  
 War, religious, discussed, 390.  
 Welsh-harp, an instrument in a female consort, 393. Matched with a trumpet, 394.  
 Whetters reprov'd, 355.  
 Whigs, a new religious order in England, 337.  
 Wine presented to Mr. Bickerstaff, and the reason of it, 372. Mischiefs attending the adulterating of it, 340.  
 Wine-brewers, the fraternity tried, *ibid.* A request to them, 341.  
 Winter-gardens described and recommended, 437.  
 Women, the happiness or misfortunes of mankind depend on their education, 360.  
 Have ill fancies in their dress, 379. Unmarried women, instructions to them, 448.

## V O L. IV.

- A**BSTINENCE the best physic, page 554.  
 Adversity, an ease for it, 541.  
 Advertisements of great use to the vulgar, 526. A collection of them, a kind of miscellany, 527. Specimens of them, 533, 562.  
 Affection distinguished from esteem, 493, 494. Nearly related to esteem in the fair-sex, 495.  
 Alexander the Great, his character and irregularity of temper, 466. A remarkable incident between him and his physician, 499.  
 Alexander the Great, account of that play, 466.  
 Alexander Truncheon, foreman of the jury in the Court of Honour, 577.  
 Ambition, the true object of laudable ambition, 574. No true happiness in the success of that insatiating and insatiable passion, 486. It's refuge when disappointed, *ibid.* In grotesque, what, *ibid.*  
 Aminadab the Quaker, his admonition, 463.  
 Apollo, the god of verse and physic, 553.  
 Apothecaries great orators, 554.  
 Appetites, how to be governed, 491, 492.  
 Atræa, an unfortunate wife, 556.  
**B**ACON, Lord, a nobleman of extraordinary learning and qualifications, 605.  
 A prayer composed by him, 606.  
 Banbury, famous for cakes and zeal, 519.  
 Beans, why to be abstained from, 555.  
 Beauty, the town overstocked with it, 474.  
 Bickerstaff, Mr. a benefactor to Grub Street, 534. Entertains his three nephews and a young lady, 496. Writes to the French king, 464. His adventures in a journey to the Land's End, 467.  
 Billingsgate scold, her behaviour and defence before a magistrate, 490.  
 Bisset, Brigadier, his good offices to Mr. Steele acknowledged, 513.  
 Booksellers, their complaint against Parson Plagius, 610.  
 Breeding, fine, often mistaken, 509.  
 ———, good the highest point whereof, *ibid.*

Bridget Howd'y's. her lady's advertisement concerning her, page 562.

Britain particularly fruitful in religions, 585.

Busy, Lady, described, 569.

**CÆLICOLO**, wherein of the same use to his friends as an angel, 503.

Callicoat, Edward, tried and acquitted in the Court of Honour, 591.

Cambrick, Charles, the linen-draper, indicted in the Court of Honour by Lady Touchwood, 590. His defence and sentence, *ibid*.

Cafe, Doctor, got more by a short distich than Dryden gained by all his writings, 554.

Cate, jun. his advice to Mr. Bickerstaff, 473.

Celamico, his will, 595.

Celibacy, a great evil to a nation, 594.

Chances, character of that comedy, 466.

Chaplains, a discourse concerning them, 581.

Chearfulness, necessary in a married state, 468.

Children, a scheme to provide for them, 594.

Chloe, the fortunate, disappointed in the lottery, 497.

Church-mutes censured, 556.

Church-thermometers, when invented, 518. Description and use of a church weather-glass, *ibid*.

City shower poetically described by Dr. Swift, 550.

Clarinda makes an ill choice of a lover, 567.

Clement, Thomas, his proposal to provide for poor children, 594.

Clergymen, the vanity of some of them in wearing scarves and powdered wigs, 612.

Common-prayer, advice to the readers thereof, 537.

Companions, what sort most desirable, 497. Their essential qualities, 561.

Company, it's greatest perfection, 516.

Conitancy very necessary in the married state, 468.

Conversation, a general rule to be observed therein, 600. Rules for it, 608. The use and abuse of it, 527. Humdrums in conversation, who, 600.

Coupler the conveyancer, his account of jointures and marriage-settlements, 481.

Court of Honour erected, 572. Account of it's members and proceedings, *ibid*.

Cowley, Mr. his judgment of a poem, 544.

Craft, when it becomes wisdom, 465.

Critics, a people between the learned and the ignorant, 564.

Cunning, the greatest cunning of some people is to appear so, 491. A contemptible quality, 465.

**DATHAN**, a Jew, tried in the Court of Honour, 584.

Davenport, Major-general, his good offices to Mr. Steele, 613.

Defiance natural to the English, 505.

Desire, two most prevalent ones implanted in man by nature, 491.

Devotion, the pleasure and dignity thereof represented by Dr. South, 503.

Diana Forecast, her letter, desiring to be provided for, 483.

Dinner-time postponed, 598.

Discourse, the general subject of it, 564.

Disimulation distinguished from simulation, 505.

Dittaff, Jenny, Mr. Bickerstaff's half-sister, her apology for the fair-sex, 566, 567.

Dogget, Mr. his conversation with Mr. Bickerstaff at the playhouse, 469.

Donne, Dr. his saying of Guicciardini, 600.

Downes, the prompter, his letter to Mr. Bickerstaff, describing the state of the stage, 469, 470.

Dozers, who, 492.

Dramatists, unskilful, remarks on them, 466.

Dress, plainness therein recommended, 504. Improprieties therein censured, *ibid*.

Drinking,

Drinking, a dissertation thereon, page 555.  
 Drunkards die by their own hands, *ibid.* A proviso against them in insuring lives, *ibid.*  
 Drunkenness, the ill effects of it, 492. What may be esteemed a sort of incest therein, 576.  
 D'Urfey, Mr. mistaken in a dedication, 507.

**EARTHQUAKE**, pills against them, 554.

Eaters, great, sacrifice their sense and understanding to their appetite, 492.  
 Education, proposals for reforming the education of females, 568.  
 Elbow-chair, where and for what purpose to be provided, 608.  
 Elliot, Mr. master of St. James's Coffee-house, a project of his relating to the lottery, 485. His request granted on certain conditions, *ibid.*  
 English, when they begin to sing, 523.  
 English tongue much adulterated, 535.  
 Envy deforms every thing, 531. Occasioned often by avarice, *ibid.* How softened into emulation, *ibid.*  
 Esteem distinguished from affection, 493.  
 Evil, the greatest under the sun, 465.  
 Examiner animadverted on, 531.

**FAIRLOVE**, Joshua, his request to be an Esquire, granted, 517.

Familiarity, how distinguished, 528.  
 Fan, verses on a fan, 552.  
 Fardingale, Lady, her advertisement concerning Bridget Howd'ye, 562.  
 Fashion, absurd when too strictly followed, 504.  
 Feasts considered, 491.  
 Female library proposed, 569.  
 Flatterers, true meaning of that word, 498. Few good ones, *ibid.* The qualities of a good flatterer, *ibid.* Distinguished from cockcombs, 499.  
 Flavia, a truly fine woman, 88.  
 —, a widow, her jars with her daughter, 504.  
 Fools, the way to make them madmen, 498.  
 Forbes, Lord, his good offices to Mr. Steele, 613.  
 Forecast, Diana, desires to be quickly provided for, 483.  
 Fortitude described by Mr. Collier, 574.  
 Fortune, good, the ready path to it, 487.  
 Fox, policy of that animal, 534.  
 Fox-hunter, motives for his hospitality, 437.  
 Freemen have no superiors but benefactors, 497.  
 Frogs, methods used to import them and propagate them in Ireland, 547.

**GATTY**, Jack, Gainly's sister, her character, 494.

Gimcrack, Sir Nicholas, a virtuoso, his will, 511.  
 — widow, desires Mr. Bickerstaff's assistance in the disposal of her late husband's curiosities, 520.

Glass, state weather, 507.  
 Gluttony, modern, 492.  
 Good-fortune, the ready path to it, 487.  
 Goodly, Lady, her partial fondness for her children, 545.  
 Good-nature, an essential quality in a satirist, 557.  
 Good-will, mutual, the basis of society, 526.  
 Grammar not rightly taught, 543.  
 Great Britain particularly fruitful in religions, 585.  
 Great men, behaviour of some of them to their dependants, 475.  
 Greenhouse, a defence of one, 489.  
 Guicciardini, the historian, a prolix writer, 600.  
 Gyges's ring, the use Mr. Bickerstaff made of it, 559.



**HAPPINESS**, where the foundation of it must be placed, page 574.

**Haddock**, disputes concerning one determined in the Court of Honour, 590.

**Hats**, haberdashers of, their petition against laced ones, 611.

**Heroic** virtue, wherein it consists, 487.

**History**-paintings, the great advantage of them, 500.

**Honesty** as necessary in conversation as in commerce, 517.

**Honour**, who is possessed of the highest, 487. Court of, 572. Account of proceedings of that court, 577, 583, 596, 601.

**Horace**, some account of him and his writings, 557.

**Humdrums**, who, 600.

**Humphry**, Trelooby, his complaint against a sexton at St. Paul's, 556.

**Hunger**, one of our strongest desires, how it may be satisfied agreeably to the dignity of human nature, 492.

**Husbandman**, his pleasures next to those of a philosopher, 541.

**JACK** Such-a-one, what sort of men pass under that title, 494.

**Jester** distinguished from a flatterer, 509. The richest generally the best, 527.

**Imperfection**, what idea that word should convey, 564.

**Incest** in drunkenness, 576.

**Incense**, Rev. Mr. Ralph, a letter to him, 612.

**Indenture** of marriage drawn up by Mr. Bickerstaff, 482.

**Initial** letters on a tombstone, 486.

**Injuries**, scales for weighing them, 573.

**Innocence**, it's safest guard, 568.

**Inquietude**, natural, how cured, 486.

**Jointures**, the mischievous effects of them, 480, 523.

**Joseph** the patriarch, his history, 541.

**Joshua** Fairlove, his petition to be an Esquire, granted, 517.

**Journey** to the Land's End, account of one, 467.

**Jethuriel**, the use Mr. Bickerstaff made of his spear, 548.

**Juvenal**, some account of him and his writings, 557.

**LAW** case answered, 464.

**Lazy**, Lady, described, 569.

**Letter** from friend Aminadab to friend Isaac, 463. From Cato Junior to Mr. Bickerstaff, 473. From Penitence Gentle to the Rev. Mr. Ralph Incense, 612.

**Lady Gimcrack** to Mr. Bickerstaff, 520. **Tranquillus Felix** to cousin Bickerstaff, 611.

**Library**, female, 569.

**Lie**, a pernicious monosyllable, 584.

**Lillie**, Charles, his reports, 572.

**Linen**-draper tried in the Court of Honour, 590.

— of Westminster, their petition, 510.

**Literature**, the proper effects of it, 478.

**Lloyd's** Coffee-house, proposals from thence, 607.

**Long-heads**, who, 465.

**Lotus**, had rather be esteemed irreligious than devout, 503.

**Love** inseparable from esteem, 495. How to judge aright in it, 566.

**Lucia**, a rival to her mother, 495.

**Lyfander**, disturbed in his solitude, 508.

**MAKEBATE**, Elizabeth, indicted and punished in the Court of Honour, for the affair of the haddock, 590.

**Male coquette**, his bed equipage described, 559.

**Mandeville**, Sir John, some of his remains, 579.

**Marriage**, the caprice and hazards attending it, 467, 481. Unhappy marriages, from what proceeding, 467, 523. Marriage settlements, by whom introduced, 481.

481. Ill consequences attending them, 523. A proposal for regulating them, 524. A settlement drawn up by Mr. Bickerstaff, *ibid.*  
 Matrimony, rendering it cheap, discourages vice, 525.  
 Monosyllables, a disgrace to the English language, 536.  
 Morning described by Milton, 599. The beauties of it, *ibid.*  
 Mountebanks, their artifices to ensnare the vulgar, 554.

**N** A B, Ralph, the haberdasher of hats, his petition, 611.  
 Newman, Richard, indicted by Major Punto in the Court of Honour, 584.  
 Night, longer formerly in this island than at present, 598.  
 Noses, a dissertation on them, 591, 592.  
 Nottingham, why young ladies cannot sleep there, 522.  
 Nova Zembla, account thereof, 579.

**O** LD age, wherein delighted, 495.  
 Old Bachelor, account of that comedy, 469.

**P** A L A M E D E, his infamous adventure in having two wives, 478, 479.  
 Pantomimes, what sort of persons to be esteemed such, and what liberty to be allowed them in conversation, 608.  
 Paradise, fills the mind with good thoughts and pleasing ideas, 548.  
 Parents, the folly and injustice of their partial love to their offspring, 545.  
 Wherein they may be allowed to be particular in their affection to their children, *ibid.* Generally err in marrying their children, 480.  
 Party, all parties composed of the Rigid and the Supple, 507. The prevalence of parties and party prejudice in England, 540.  
 Partridge, John, certificate of his death, to prevent counterfeits, 511.  
 Patrick, Saint, a great destroyer of frogs, 547.  
 Patrons, their general behaviour to their dependants, 475.  
 Penitence Gentle, her letter to the Rev. Mr. Ralph Inceuse, 612.  
 Peter Plumb, merchant, indicted and sentenced in the Court of Honour, 583.  
 Pictures, the true use of them, 500. When just and useful ornaments of an elegant apartment, *ibid.*  
 Piety, perfect pleasure arising from it, 502. Meanness to endeavour to conceal it, *ibid.*  
 Pinners, a treatise on them recommended to the modern head-dressers, 504.  
 Plagius, parson, complaint of the bookfellers against him, 610.  
 Plainness in dress recommended, 504.  
 Platonist, a forewoman of the jury of the Court of Honour, 577.  
 Politeness, the affectation of it exposed, 535.  
 Politics, universally prevail, 540.  
 Polypragmon, makes it the business of his life to appear a cunning fellow, 465.  
 Pompey, a black boy, his letter to Mr. Bickerstaff, 563.  
 Prayer of Lord Chancellor Bacon, 606.  
 Proctorstaff, Mr. admitted Mr. Bickerstaff's kinsman, 613.  
 Pyrrhus, King, reproved by a philosopher, 486.  
 Pythagoras, a pleasing apothegm of his, 508.

**Q** U A C K Doctors, their artifices and cheats, 554, 594. Great friends to the upholders, *ibid.*

**R** A L P H Shallow, the fine speaker, 477.  
 Recipe of Mr. Bickerstaff to preserve health, 554.  
 Recreations, the necessity and advantage of them, 568.  
 Religion, Great Britain particularly fruitful in religions, 585.  
 Retirement requires greater talents than business, 569, 570.  
 Ridicule, the ill effects of it, 517.

Riding,

Scold denoted, 32.  
 witches, *ibid.* Defence made by one at Billing  
 Scolding, a great enemy to womens features, 512.  
 Scriptures, the style of them more than human,  
 Scudamore, Sir, in Spenser, the allegory of his a  
 Self-regard, when most contemptible, 463.  
 Serenades, condemned as a silly custom, 522.  
 Settlements, marriage, their ill effects, 524. R  
 settlement drawn by Mr. Bickerstaff, *ibid.*  
 Shallow, Ralph, the fine speaker, account of him  
 Shield of love, what, 471. Obtained by Sir Sci  
 Shilling, the adventures of one, 569, 570, 571.  
 Show in Germany described, which represented  
 in wax-work, 585.  
 Simplex Munditiis, the meaning of those words,  
 Simulation, distinguished from dissimulation, 505  
 Slattern, described in bed, 559.  
 Smith, Dr. Mr. Bickerstaff's corn-cutter, cases 1  
 Snuff, how, and when, it ought to be offered, 4;  
 South, Dr. his sermons characterized, 493. Quo  
 Spenser, the tenth-canto of his fourth book of th  
 Stanhope, General, wounded, 505. A query c  
 State weather-glass, description and use of it, 5  
 Steele, Mr. his acknowledgments of the assistan  
 Style, depraved by modern writers, 535. Of  
 541.  
 Summer-house, the plan of one defended, 489.  
 Supper encroached on by dinner, 598.  
 Supple, the, a compound in all parties, 507.

**T**ABLES of respect and civility, 509.  
 Talicotius, the first clap-doctor, 593. A  
 Talkativeness, a sign of folly and ill breeding,  
 Temperance, the best preservative of health, 51  
 Temple of Love, described by Spenser, 471.  
 Tirewomen, their ignorance of dress, 504.  
 the impertinent use of them ridiculed,

**V**ERSES. A valuable distich by Doctor Case, page 554. From Cowley, 575. On Flavia's fan, 552. From Hudibras, on Talicotius, 592. From Milton, 513, 514, 523, 548, 599. Describing a shower in the city, 550, 551. From Spenser, 471, 472.

Virginity, how properly to be dated, 501.

Virtue, heroic, wherein it consists, 487. In common life, 507.

Virtuosos censured, when their studies are ridiculous, 510. A virtuoso's will, 511.

Visits, Sam Trusty's visits to two old widows, with an account of the accidents that befel him there, 603, 604.

Umbratilis, the imitator of Urbanus, 561.

Upholsterer, Mr. Bickerstaff's neighbour, letter of news from him, 539.

Urbanus, his great modesty and condescension, 561.

**W**ATCH to measure the length of a discourse, for the use of clubs, 601.

Wax-work in Germany, shewing all the religions in England, 585.

Wealth, a distinction only in traffic, 489.

Weather-glass, state, 507.

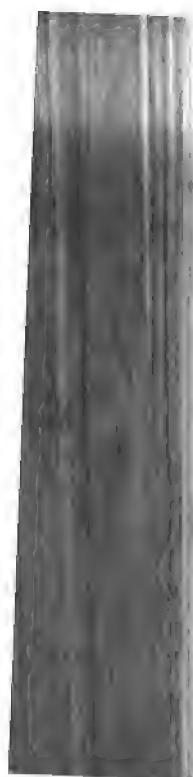
Wine, to whom, and when to be allowed, 575, 576.

Woman's-man, the whole of his merit, 567.

Women, have not the favourable allowances men take to themselves, 483.

The villainy of deluding them exposed, *ibid.* Their common failing, 566.

**Y**OUNG, Margery, alias Doctor, her life and adventures, 529.

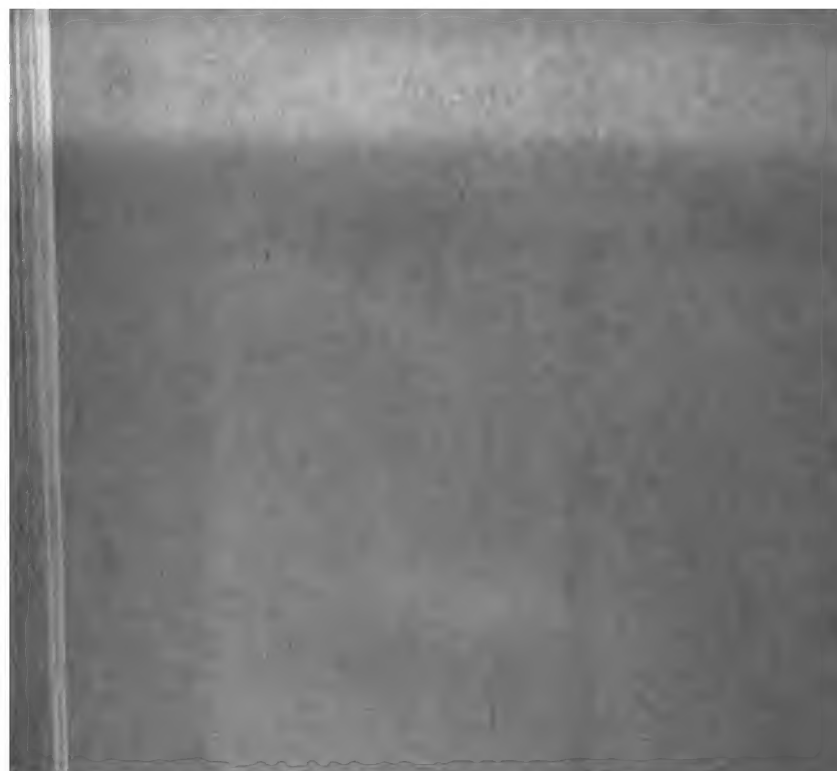












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